Saturday Evening Post · October 21, 1967 · 35c

POST

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EGE

SPIES
How Russian and Chinese espionage really works

CHARLES ADDAMS
creates a bewitching version of
MOTHER GOOSE

HUNTING
'It's a dirty business'

Novelist John Cheever interviews
SOPHIA LOREN

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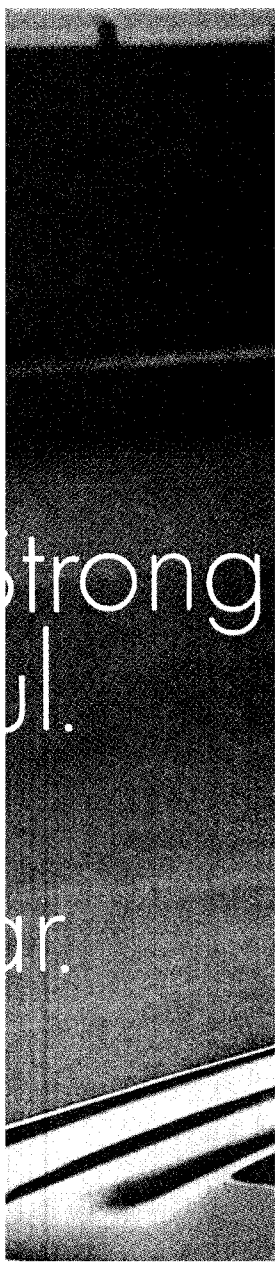

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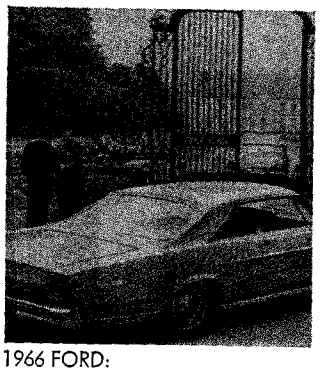
1965 FORD:
Showed itself quieter—by actual test—than a Rolls-Royce.



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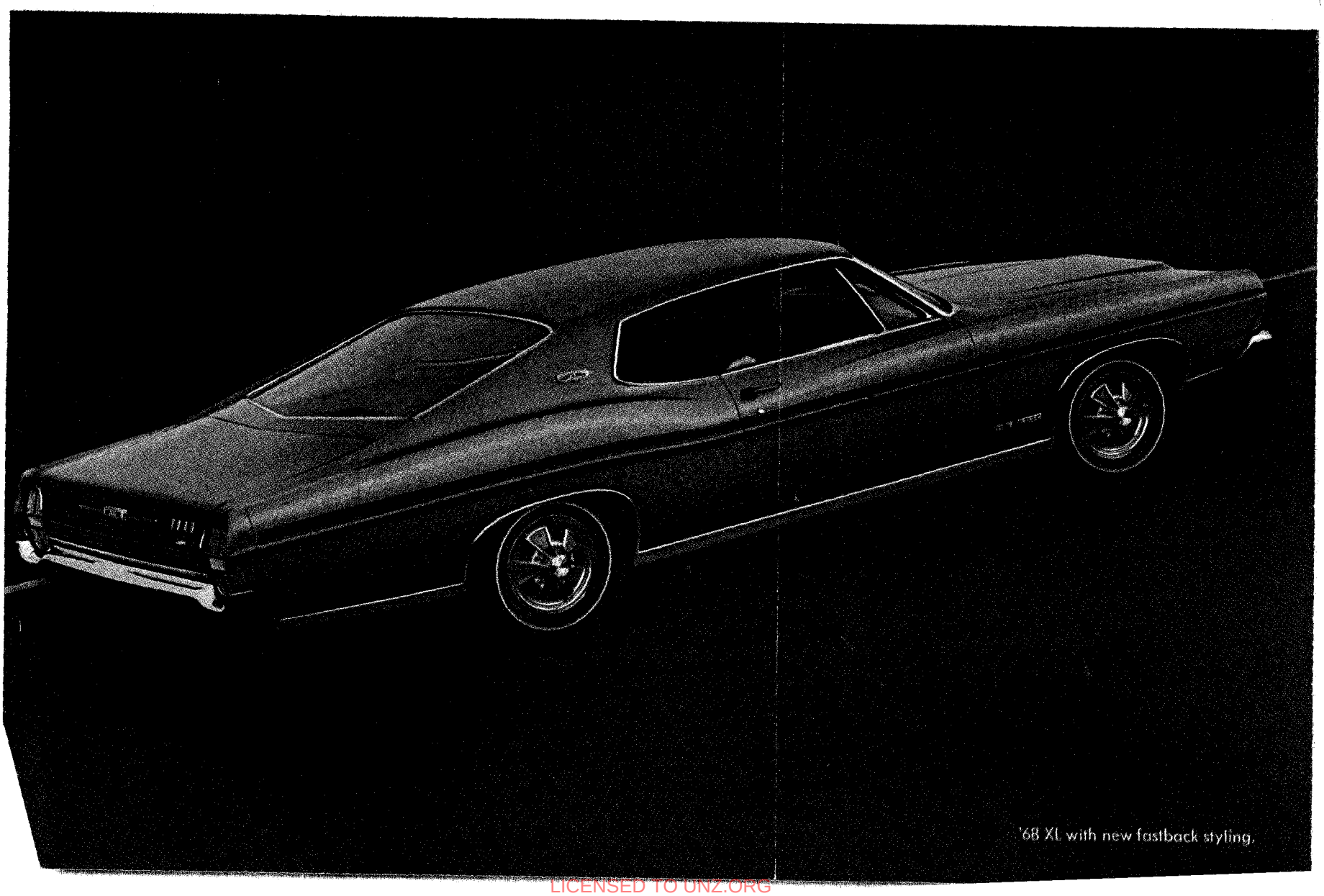

'68 XL with new fastback styling.

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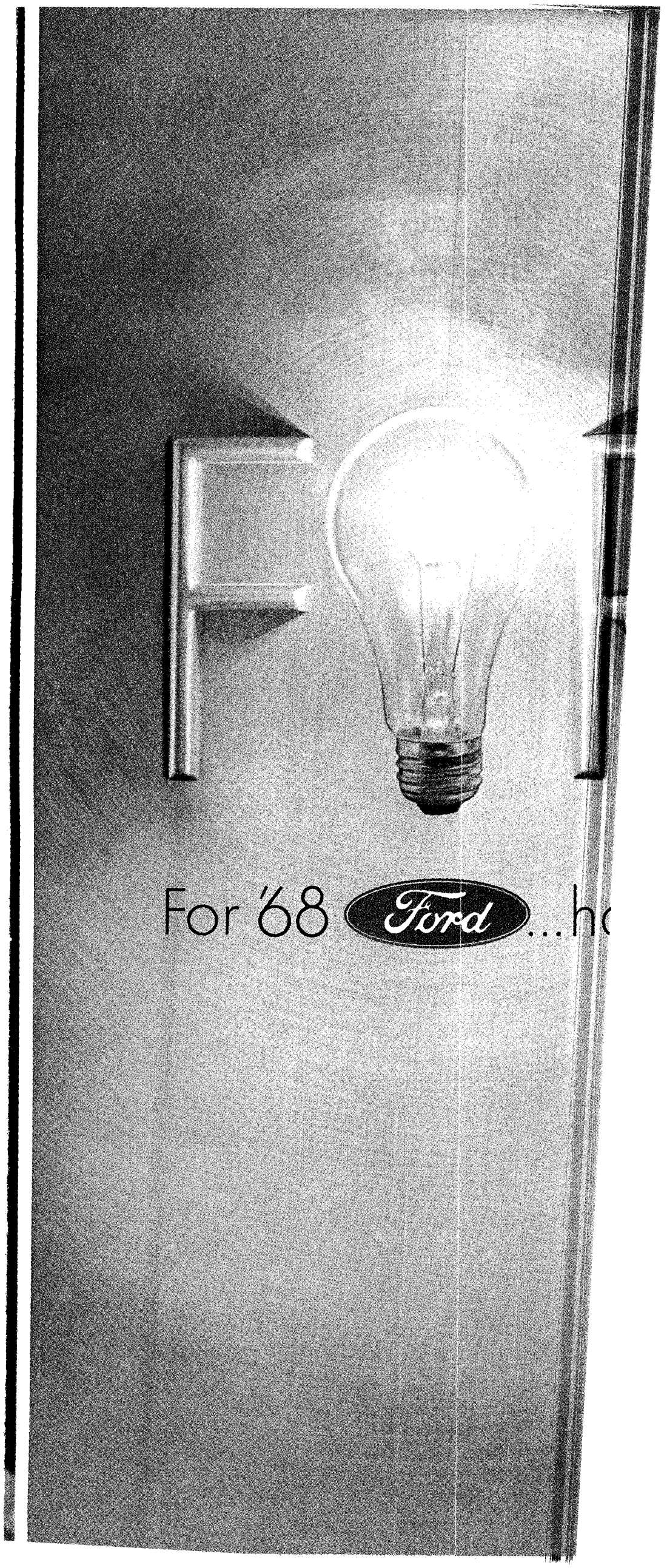

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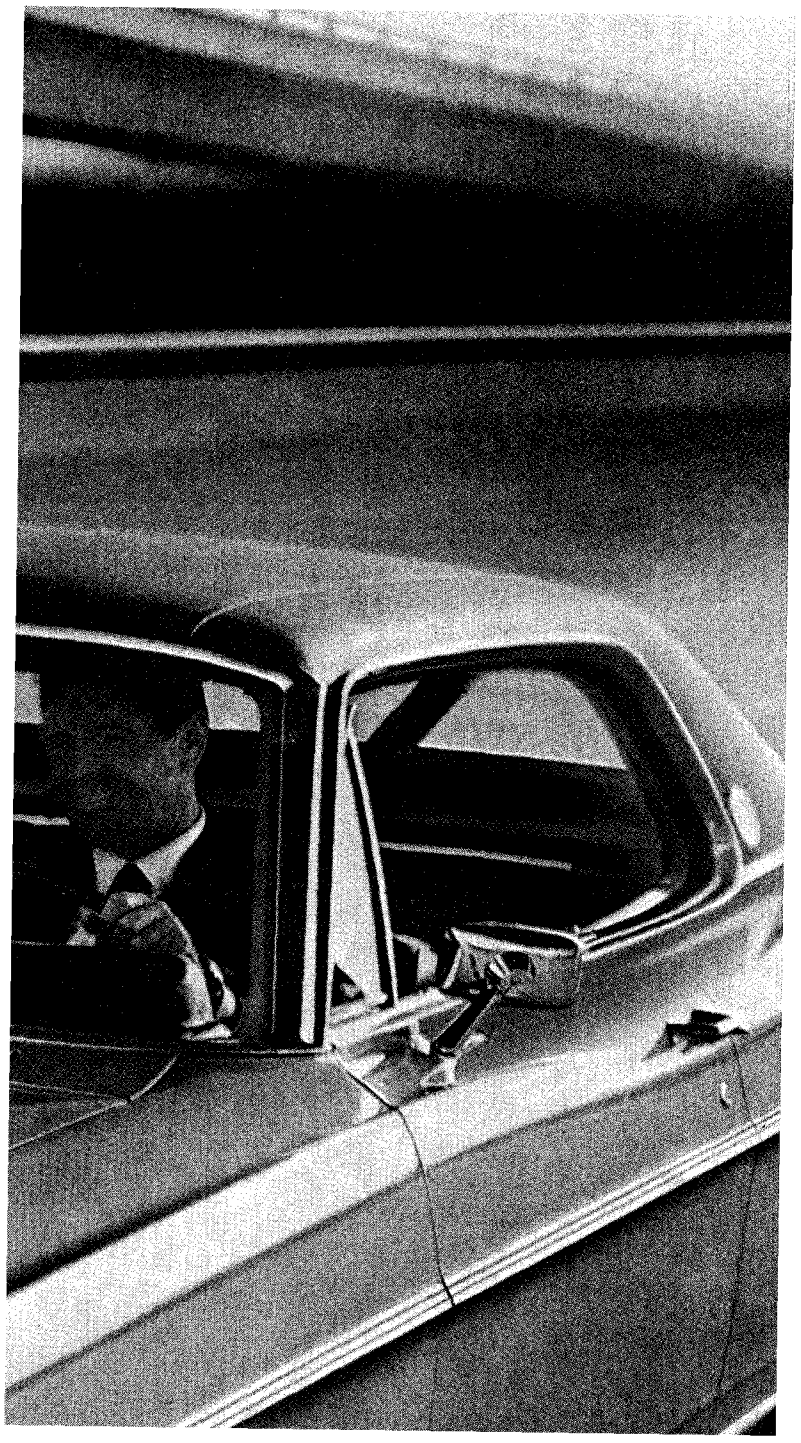

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POST

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From the Editor

Crime is a horrid, sordid subject, and the *Post* has devoted so much space to it that I feel guilty by association. We practically invented the Mafia, although I will admit that it is catching on now. Once we published a bigger-than-life-sized portrait of J. Edgar Hoover on the cover of the *Post*, and felons all over the country turned themselves in at newsstands. Our writers have worked as detectives and flushed criminals; they have worked as lawyers and freed the innocent. By and large, we have concentrated on the big crime, big criminals, big enforcement operations. But if the average citizen doesn't help enforce the law, the whole process comes to a screeching halt.

Today my barber was in a state of high agitation. A voluble, freckled man with close curly hair and the demeanor of a peckerwood sawmiller, he was radiating fury. Obviously he had been the victim of some outrage. He pointed to a scimitar-shaped scar on his forehead and told me all about it.

"I was having a VO and ginger in a bar on Sixth Avenue," he said. "And I paid for it from a wallet that I took from my coat pocket. Evidently this man in the telephone booth at the other end of the bar was watching me, and he must have thought that I had a good bit of money." Having paid his debt to the establishment, my barber moved toward the door of the bar. A figure stepped from the booth and swung a beer bottle.

"I put my arms up and deflected it," my barber says, "but it still hit me with a terrific wallop, and I went down on one knee with stars in my eyes." More indignant than hurt, my barber saw this fuzzy figure bending over him and felt an arm rummaging in his coat. "This character was trying to get my wallet, so I naturally grabbed his head in a headlock and tried to choke him to death. All the while he was beating me on the underside of my arm, and I was hollering bloody murder: 'I'm being robbed. I'm being robbed.' Do you think anybody else at the bar came to my assistance? No. I can think of a thousand things I should have done now," he says. "I should have put his eyes out with my fingers."

The upshot of this violent scene was that the assailant broke loose and ran into the arms of a policeman who collared him. And my barber ran into the workings of the law which floored him. The man had his money in his pocket—$125—and there was a witness. There was no question of guilt. But it wasn't as simple as that.

My friend had his head fixed at a local hospital for $30; he spent four working days testifying at total loss of income; the suit that he was wearing and which he treasured was ruined. The man from the D.A.'s office decided to reduce the charge to assault third degree and petty larceny to avoid the trouble and expense of a court trial.

"Look," my barber screamed at him, "I lose four days. He tries to kill me. Crime is up seventeen percent, and you turn this man loose. I want him to go to jail for three years."

"I don't mind a little scuffle," he said to me, "but this really burns me up." And he flicked his razor through a tight figure eight just opposite my ear.

Bill Emerson

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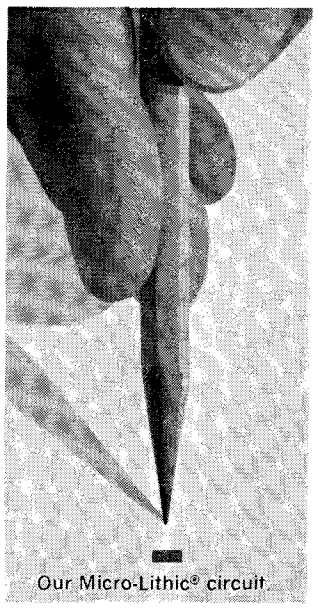

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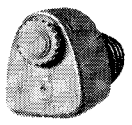

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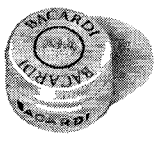

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Letters

A closer look at wildlife

Dear Sir:

For too long now, the people of America have taken our vast wildlife resources for granted—as though they will be here forever. But Bil Gilbert's article [A CLOSE LOOK AT WILDLIFE IN AMERICA, Sept. 9] has brought out the need for strict wildlife protection. I believe those who appreciate God's creation are not a minority but rather an unspoken majority—a majority that will begin speaking because of your fine and timely piece.

CHARLES BEAUCHAMP
Chiefland, Fla.

Editors:

Gilbert has done a great service for conservation. He has put the spotlight on the real problem at hand—i.e., not the preservation of wildlife, but the preservation of the environment we humans must share with our wild neighbors. It is time to turn our attention to the land, air and water upon which we all depend.

LEE DALTON
Park Ranger-Naturalist
Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.

Dear Mr. Emerson:

We had the pleasure of meeting author Bil Gilbert during the early stages of his research and travel. We were tremendously impressed with his ability, objectivity and knowledge of wildlife at that time; we are even more impressed after seeing the final results of his long work.

THOMAS L. KIMBALL
Executive Director
National Wildlife Federation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

All I expected of your wildlife feature was pictures and some expanded captions. But I was mistaken. Bil Gilbert has a facility for explaining the intangible values that have left conservationists embarrassed or tongue-tied. In a way I feel frustrated. Here is an article of great interest and importance which will be off the newsstands within 10 days. I am alerting as many persons as possible and buying up extra copies.

CHARLES E. MOHR,
Executive Director
Delaware Nature Education Center
Greenville, Del.

Dear Editor:

In our beautiful Quapaw Valley coyotes roam in the fields as we work. In 35 years of raising cattle, we have never lost a calf to a coyote. Coyotes will develop an appetite for lambs and calves, but those are individuals to be destroyed—not the whole class. We do not kill everyone because one of us commits a murder, do we?

RUBY E. RAY
Harrah, Okla.

Dear Mr. Emerson:

This is perhaps the finest piece on conservation the *Post* has run. I only wish that Bil Gilbert could somehow become enough of a hunter to realize that many such wildlife consumers themselves "stand ravish'd at the beautie and delicacie" of nature.

WARREN PAGE, *Shooting Editor*
Field & Stream
New York, N.Y.

A picnic with the quints—

Gentlemen:

The quintuplet pictures were truly outstanding [THE QUINTS ON A PICNIC, Sept. 9]. Your photographer, John Launois, must be as skilled in child psychology as he is expert with a camera. The charming tots and beautiful scenery have been perfectly blended. I wish Mr. Launois would give us a few hints on photography. If he ever saw me trying to get snapshots of my wiggly, squiggly, giggly grandchildren. . . . Whew!

MARGARET CARLSON
Nashwauk, Minn.

Dear Bill:

The Fischer quints, you say, have no need for an "imaginary playmate." So who's flying that sixth kite on page 24?

BOB CROSSLEY
Editor, Popular Mechanics
New York, N.Y.

There is no invisible child. The quints have six other brothers and sisters, and one of them wandered off, leaving the "extra" kite tied to a stake.—Ed.

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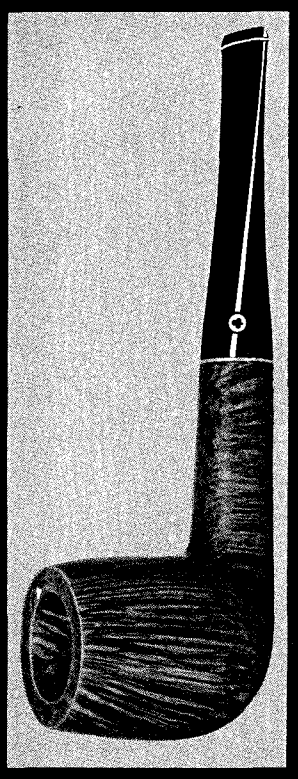

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Letters

Big-city schools

Sir:

I read with great interest and a lot more frustration your WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR BIG-CITY SCHOOLS by Martin Mayer [Sept. 9]. I am a school secretary, also hemmed in by rules difficult to follow—rules which force us to transfer pupils in the middle of a term simply because they move out of our "district," though they are still within walking distance of our school. The mobility problem is great. Imagine the record-keeping alone; not to mention the disrupted education of the children.

MRS. DOROTHY GRECCO
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Mayer certainly had a checkered career. If he had allowed professional personnel to handle the problems of school administration he would have had fewer worries. A lay advisory group, properly chosen, can contribute much.

Let's now hear from school people who are not disillusioned and will continue to give service to education.

C.D. JENKINS, ED.D.
Department of Public Welfare
Danville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Martin Mayer finds that after five years of trying he is bailing the bay with a thimble. So he resigns. Too bad. We need more men like him who will try.

S. G. NELSON
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Mr. Emerson:

Mr. Mayer is a highly intelligent person, and while I do not attempt to comment on all parts of his article, I can weigh his overall criticisms.

I am the John J. Ferris mentioned in the piece. For many years prior to my retirement on April 10, 1967, I was Administrator of Business of the New York City school system. Among my many responsibilities were the preparation and administration of the school budget. Mr. Mayer's statement that "nobody knows how school money is spent" is very inaccurate. Annual statements of expenditures are published, and law requires that periodic reports are submitted to the city and state educational officials.

JOHN J. FERRIS
Jamaica Estates, N.Y.

My kind of people?

Dear Sir:

I hate to be a wet blanket, but Barsotti's Kind of People ain't my Kind of People. I presume even humor has to be intellectual nowadays, but for us belly-laughers couldn't you at least provide a translation for Barsotti which would tell when to laugh and at what?

JAMES HORNING
Montreal, Canada

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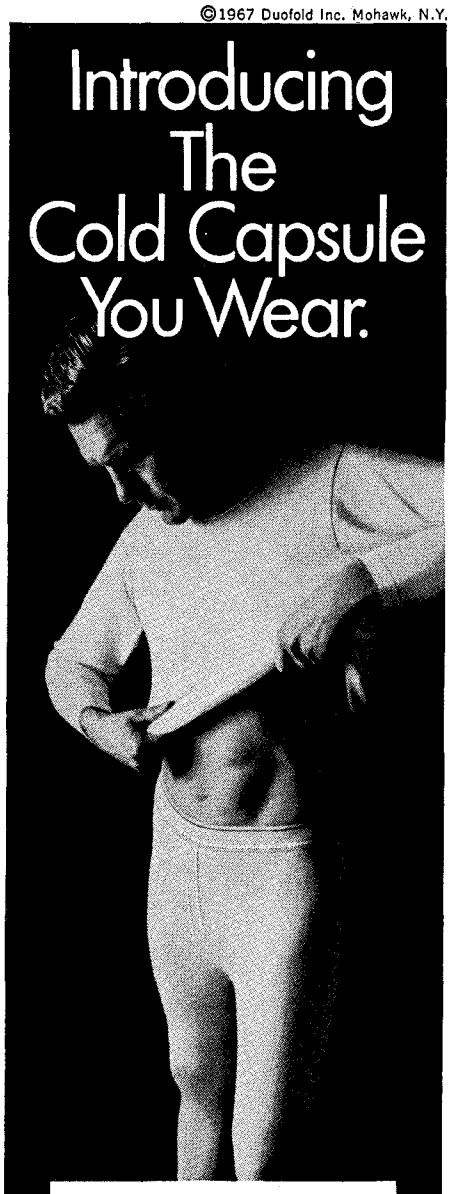

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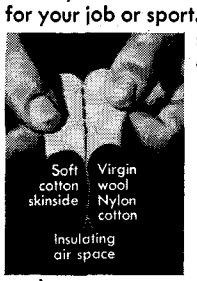

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Letters

'Mr. Genocide'

Dear Editor:

The more I read of Negro militancy, Black Power, and the entire "black revolution," the more I fear the future of these United States. Perhaps we are reaping what we have all too knowledgeably sown, but certainly burning, looting and killing are not the answer. Nor are the bellicose attitudes and war cries of the Black Power leaders, so well pointed out in Alsop's 'MR. GENOCIDE' [Sept. 9]. An excellent job of reporting by Mr. Alsop. But now the time has come for less reporting and more positive action.

LESLIE FORBES
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

The Negro militants seem so preoccupied with hate, violence and ideas of total segregation that they forget that along with Black Power there should be black responsibility; that along with leadership there should be education and character; and that along with progress there must be cooperation and compassion.

FRANK STRELECKY
Masaryktown, Fla.

Points West

Dear Editor:

Thank Mr. Dunne for telling America about the utterly shameful way of treating our men on their way overseas [SHIPPING OUT, Sept. 9]. What is the matter with the Defense Department that they send these boys out like cattle driven through the gates of a slaughterhouse? Why aren't these mournful barracks discontinued? Where are the ministers and townspeople who should be there to bid them Godspeed? Must we make our boys' last two days on U.S. soil so disagreeable that they are glad to leave it?

MRS. H. D. MOWERS
Lake Mills, Iowa

Cliff-hanging

Dear Sir:

I have been climbing for 20 years and will be climbing for another 20 years. I seldom fail to observe some new flower or plant, some novel birds or animals characteristic of high altitudes. Interesting rocks, minerals and geological features are there for anyone with eyes for them. There is the immense solitude which calms the spirit, and magnificent views which can only be found from great heights. One would naturally expect some appreciation of these beauties from a poet, but they are entirely ignored by Mr. Alvarez [I LIKE TO RISK MY LIFE, Sept. 9] in favor of the joys of cliff-hanging.

BRUCE STEWART
Lansing, Mich.

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If your car is a 1963 model, or newer, it has one of these little valves.

It's called the P C V valve.

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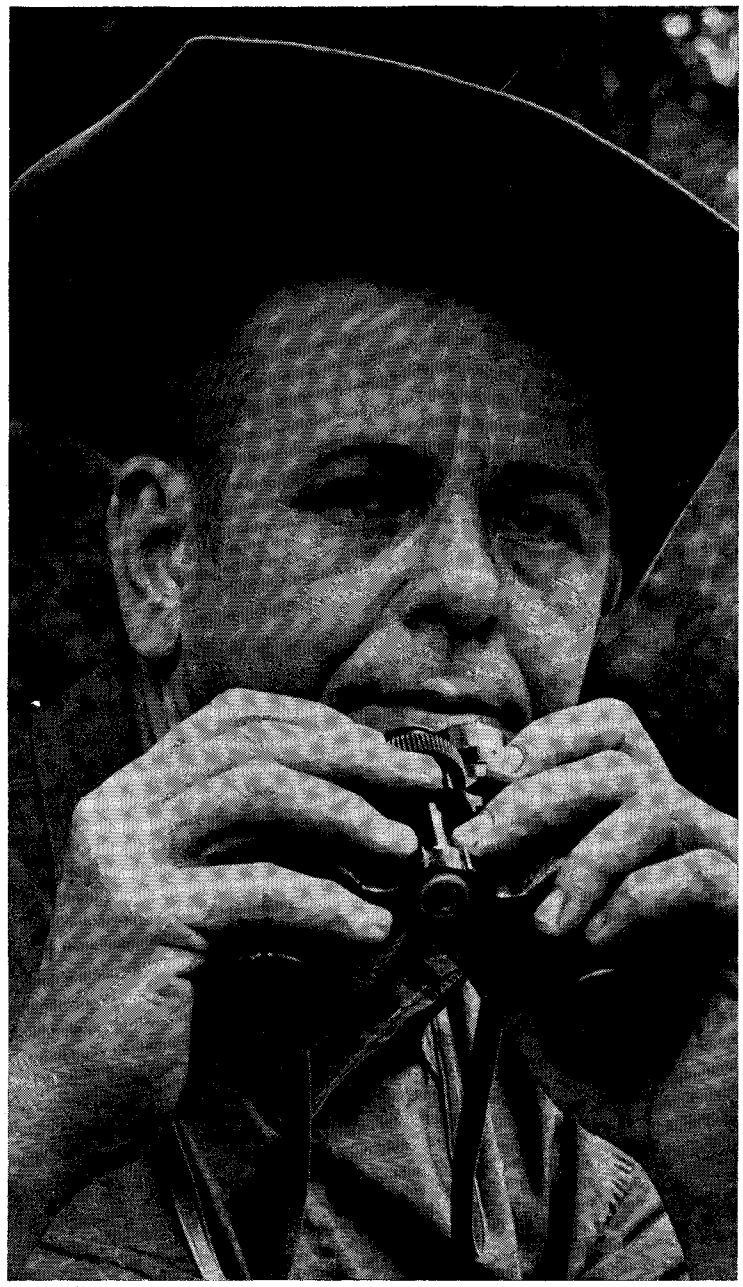
Hunting is a dirty business

BY BIL GILBERT

A native resident of rural Pennsylvania, naturalist and author Bil Gilbert has taught survival techniques to members of the Peace Corps.



The sports-hunting Establishment—the numerous private and public agencies, industries and lobbies whose life depends upon the killing of our native fauna for pleasure—is the most pampered, privileged, subsidized recreational group in existence. Nevertheless, it has a paranoiac fear of even the mildest criticism. As far as hunters are concerned, every critic is a sentimental old lady (regardless of sex). She is also most probably a vegetarian agent of the socialist conspiracy.

I grew up among a clan whose first instinct upon encountering a creature was to blow a hole in it. Now I earn my living as a naturalist, although when I am in the bush and hungry I will kill and eat anything I can. I have no moral objections to killing various species for legitimate purposes. But I think a live mallard is a thing of beauty and wonder and a dead duck an object of limited interest. The usual hunter does not see the difference.

At the lowest critical level, in my experience, the average hunter is a hypocritical nuisance. Unfortunately I have intimate knowledge of the common, suburban-garden type of sport. Each year the easterly spur of the central Appalachians on which we live is invaded by several regiments of gunners from the wilds of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia. Each one seems to believe that because he is trying to shoot an inoffensive animal, he is a tough, crafty, courageous woodsman whose chest is covered with hair, a figure out of James Fenimore Cooper by Ernest Hemingway. Frankly I suffer these clowns more as a composite of Studs Lonigan and Walter Mitty.

Physically they run to paunch and red faces. They are slow of foot, expensively dressed from the tips of their down bootees to the knobs of their silver hip flasks. They have little desire to search for game, but a great desire to kill something that can be tied to a fender or held up in a barroom. They shoot from the road ("Don't slam the door, Jack, you'll scare him"). They rarely pursue wounded game, and after a hunting season the woods are filled with cripples. Hunters are noisy, belligerent and the dirtiest of all outdoors-users, littering the landscape with bottles, corn plasters and aspirin tins. They are also dangerous.

Stories about hunters shooting cows, goats, poodles, Volkswagens and people are part of the folklore, but unfortunately they are frequently true. One fall I foolishly ventured out with three small children into our overgrown pasture. Suddenly there was the report of a gun, the zing-zing of slugs passing through the underbrush a foot or so over our heads. One satisfaction of the whole scary incident was proving that at least one bird watcher was hardy enough to run down one 17-year-old hunter. I took the gun away from the boy and took him to his father, who was sporting nearby. The old man mildly admonished the boy and lectured me sternly about letting "unmarked" children wander about our own posted field.

Beyond the fact that sports hunters are, as a rule, disreputable, the most obvious complaint against them is that they are destructive of wildlife. Several species—the passenger pigeon, heath hen, Eskimo curlew—were simply hunted into extinction. Many more—buffalo, antelope, grizzly bear, wolf, mountain lion, eagle, certain waterfowl—now barely survive.

Hunters say that these were merely atrocities of the past, committed by gunmen who had not been saved by the National Wildlife Federation or the National Rifle Association. Today's hunters are said to be enlightened conservationists whose fees and political support make possible all sorts of wildlife research, protection and preservation. In fact, about half of the funds of state game agencies is spent to hire, equip and arm wardens to protect wildlife from gunners. Hunters are therefore in the position of would-be bank robbers who, upon encountering armed guards in front of a vault, decline to blow it open and then demand a good-conduct medal.

While traveling throughout the country recently, I got in the habit of asking state wildlife officials what they thought would happen if they suddenly halted all their enforcement activities. Eventually all admitted that without wardens the sports gunners would probably come close to wiping out all game and a variety of other species. Actually, removing all hunting restrictions might be the quickest, most effective and natural way of solving the whole hunting problem. It is likely that after a year or two there would be scarcely any conspicuous animals left alive within a quarter of a mile of any road. Surviving wildlife could then be left for nature lovers and those who have sufficient pride, endurance and patience to master the skills of true hunting.

The most irksome aspect of all of this is that, unlike bridge players, Boy Scouts, pool hustlers or any other sporting group, hunters are more or less public wards. I, you, we are required to subsidize hunters with our taxes and set aside large chunks of our increasingly scarce wild lands and wildlife for their use. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 25,000 public wildlife "conservation" workers, state and federal, consume upwards of a half-billion dollars a year mostly to make it easier and quicker for gunners to gun things. No other sport comes anywhere close to being so pampered and coddled.

Take, for example, the National Wildlife Refuge system operated by the Department of the Interior. Some 29 million acres of public land (2 million more than are in the National Park system) are set aside for wildlife refuges. Much of this land is managed and maintained for the primary benefit of waterfowl gunners. Hunters point out that they buy duck stamps and assert that this money pays for the refuge system. The *(continued on page 16)*

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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The Twelve Days of Christmas
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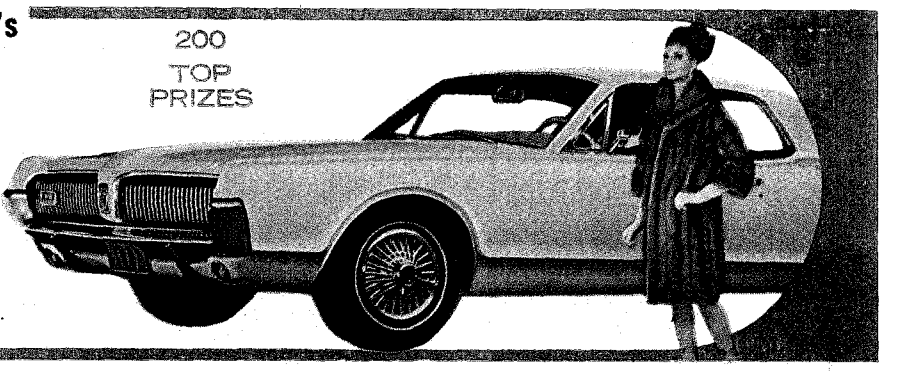

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Lo How A Rose	O Holy Night
Dance Of The Sugar Plum Fairies	March From Babes In Toyland
O, Little Town of Bethlehem	For Unto Us A Child Is Born (Messiah)
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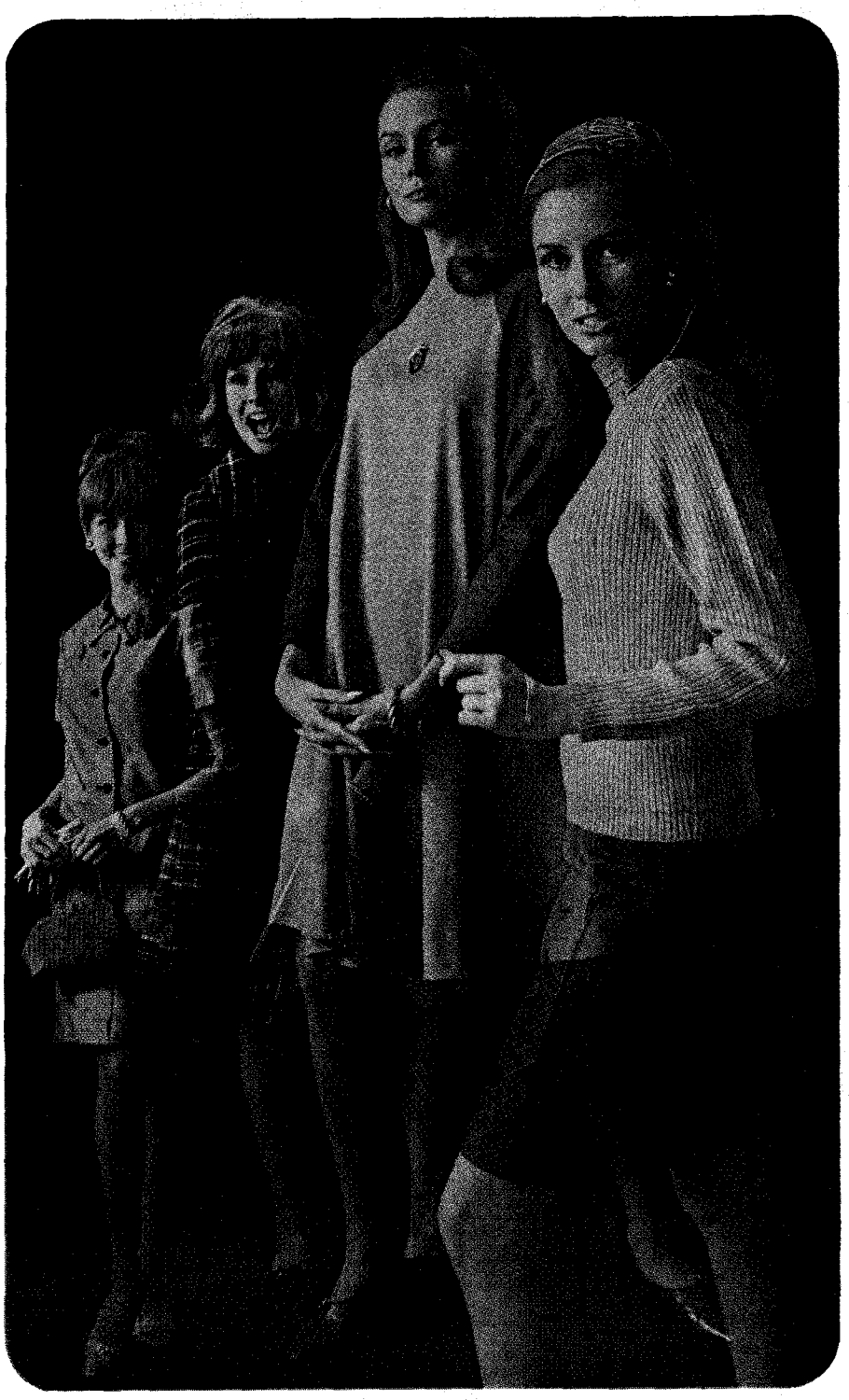

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truth is that the annual refuge budget is about $30 million, and the annual income from duck stamps is $5 million. In other words, about 85 percent of the refuge money comes from general tax revenues. So far as I know, there are no state game agencies that do not need appropriations which issue from people who do not hunt at all.

Hunters attempt to justify this obvious inequity by explaining that the work of state and federal wildlife agencies benefits all wildlife. It is claimed that state and federal hunting lands also serve as a sanctuary for many nongame birds and mammals. They do sometimes, but it is largely accidental. For example, Michigan is contemplating creating about a half-million acres of new deer habitat. This will involve bulldozing the land, turning it into deer-browse scrub. Some other species will find this scrub hospitable, but the variety of wildlife that can use the land will decline. From the standpoint of the nature watcher, these acres will be about as attractive as a housing development in preconstruction stages.

The record of research and management of nongame species carried on by public wildlife agencies is all but nonexistent. You seldom find public wildlife employees out ministering to a bluebird, chipmunk or owl, since they are occupied almost exclusively with about 30 shootable species (out of approximately 1,000) of North American birds and mammals. "You may be hired as a wildlife manager, biologist or whatever, but you soon find that you are paid to put out so much meat on the hoof," explains a man who until last year was an official in a "conservation" department. He is now employed by a private *conservation* foundation. "I just got tired of being a butcher's assistant and quit."

The results of our national wildlife policy, almost totally dominated by hunters, have been disastrous. A few months ago, for example, the Secretary of the Interior published a list of 169 species of animals judged to be either rare or endangered; that is, they have come perilously close to extinction as public wildlife agencies mismanage or decline to manage nongame species. Another fact that should be considered is that hunters, despite their many privileges, are minority users of wildlife, and their numbers are declining. In 1960 the Department of the Interior estimated there were 14½ million sports hunters. In the 1965 edition of the department's report the number of hunters had dropped by a million, and by now the department has finally counted others who appreciate our wildlife, without violence. There were 11½ million nonhunting users of our fauna, to whom must be added the 120 million national-park users (most of whom hope to encounter a bear in the Smokies, an elk in Yellowstone, a moose on Isle Royale) and the uncountable number whose Sunday stroll can be made memorable by the sight of a pheasant, fox or hawk.

Despite their declining numbers and importance, the hunters are grabbing successfully for still more privileges. When federal legislation for study and management of rare and endangered wildlife was finally enacted in 1966, the price of its passage was a rider that permitted all of the National Wildlife Refuge system to be opened to hunting. Previously, hunting had been allowed on no more than 40 percent of any given refuge. Many of our new and proposed national parks—Pictured Rocks in northern Michigan being an example—are administered by the National Park Service, and commonly called national parks, and yet federal administrators explain that these lands are not "national parks" but "national recreation areas." Through semantics, hunting is not being introduced into forbidden parks, only into recreational areas.

An obvious solution to many of these inconsistencies and inequities is to remove the financial—and thus political—stranglehold that hunters and many public wildlife men believe they have on wildlife agencies. The crucial need is for all the operating funds for wildlife agencies to be appropriated from general revenues. Freed from the bondage of hunters' money, state and federal wildlife agencies should be required to initiate research and habitat-development-and-preservation programs which would benefit all our fauna, not just those creatures that hunters shoot. There is no reason why some public refuges could not be managed for the pleasure and instruction of small boys who want to climb trees to see crows' nests, of butterfly collectors, deer photographers and those who simply enjoy seeing and contemplating the ways of species not classified as human.

The increase in numbers of nonhunting wildlife-users suggests a source of conservation funds that might more than compensate for the loss of hunters' fees. Already the Federal Government, in a quiet attempt to free itself from hunters' pressure, has begun to tap this source. Last year some nine million dollars was collected from campers, bird watchers, picnickers and scenery viewers and funneled into the Land and Water Conservation Fund. I concede that hunters, whatever their failings, still constitute a recognizable recreational group, and some provision should be made for them. However, they should, proportionately, receive no greater privileges than are granted other sports—pleasure boaters, campers, golfers. Perhaps their share should be a little less since hunting is an aggressive, exploitive use of resources, and the land where ducks are being shot is unsafe for other fun and games. If a fair share of public land, money and services seems to hunters to be insufficient for their needs, then they would be free to buy and stock their own land and pay fees to private landowners or hunting clubs.

None of these changes in wildlife policy and use will occur simply because they are logical and equitable. Hunters are so firmly entrenched in our wildlife bureaucracy that only a concerted, aggressive campaign will flush them. A philosophical basis for this campaign might be the realization that despite a lot of pious, self-congratulatory propaganda, hunters generally are a destructive, dangerous lot, who have made a mess of our wildlife resources. They may or may not have hair on their chests, and maybe some do. But hunters all must be skinned of the right to use the forests and fields as if they were a personal preserve, a private butcher shop.

Bil Gilbert

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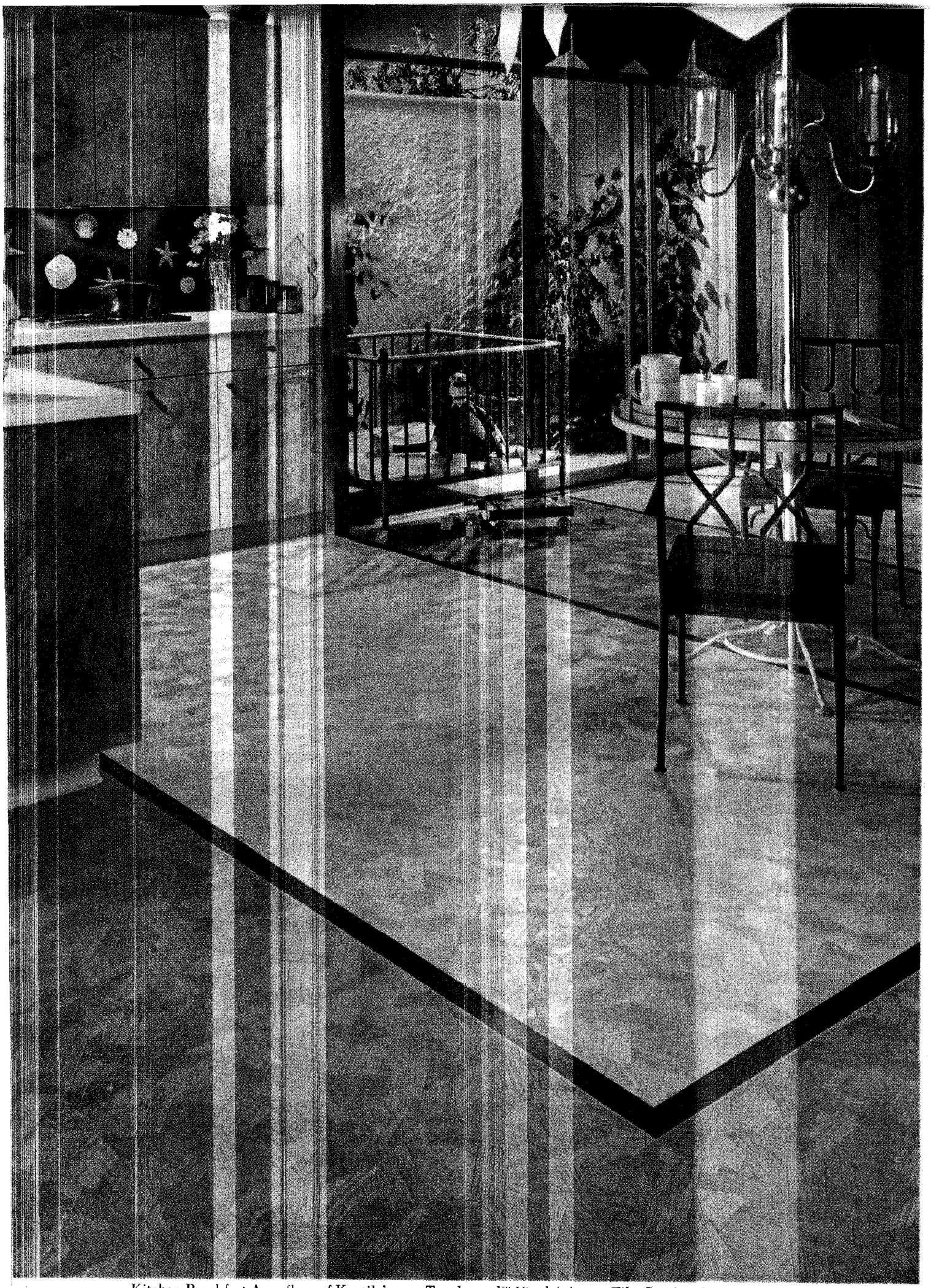

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

'But if 25 trucks fanned out . . .

WASHINGTON:

The following exchange between Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is excerpted from the record of a recent Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing. The subject of their conversation was a grim one—the planting of nuclear bombs in American cities by stealth.

SEN. PELL: Is it not conceivable that missiles could be planted within our cities . . . no matter how good our antiballistic-missile screen was?
GEN. WHEELER: This is a possibility . . . (*deleted*).
SEN. PELL: But if twenty-five trucks fanned out over the United States they could do the same job and negate the most excellent ABM device, could they not?
GEN. WHEELER: If they could get the devices into the country, assemble them and fan them out, the answer is yes.

This colloquy has inspired the following experiment in science fiction:

From a document marked *LONDON, MOST SECRET, Eyes Alone: From MI 6 for PM, FS, and M only:*

The records we have been enabled to obtain indicate that neither the Hertz nor the Avis auto-rental companies had the slightest suspicion that the American-International Shrimp Corporation was anything other than an authentic business concern. At the request of the corporation, Hertz therefore unhesitatingly delivered 13 refrigerated lorries to a dock in the vicinity of Port Isabel, Tex., while Avis supplied 12 lorries to the shrimp corporation's representative, at the unloading platform on the Caloosahatchee River, near Fort Myers, Fla.

According to a reconstruction of the event by our agents, 13 heavy containers smelling strongly of shrimp were hoisted aboard the Hertz lorries from three shrimp boats. The Avis lorries were similarly loaded from two shrimp boats tied up in the Caloosahatchee River. The loading of all 25 lorries was completed between 2 and 3 A.M. on July 11, 1971.

The lorries thereafter fanned out over the then excellent U.S. highway system, the Hertz lorries heading for Chicago and points West, whilst the Avis lorries sped toward the 12 largest Eastern cities. Only one lorry failed to reach its destination.

We have obtained a still legible copy of the Washington Evening *Star* of July 12, 1971, which on page 2 reports a "mysterious explosion of a refrigerated truck" 110 miles south of Pittsburgh, Pa. The explosion apparently killed the driver and two policemen. Presumably the police had, for some reason, stopped the vehicle and begun to investigate its contents, thus triggering a "dead-man" fuse. In any case, alone of the major Eastern cities, Pittsburgh survived physically intact, although the majority of its citizens subsequently succumbed to the heavy fallout from Cleveland.

The driver-agents (who were doubtless unaware of the contents of their lorries) must have been exceedingly well briefed, for all the remaining 24 lorries arrived at their assigned destinations 36 hours after the start, give or take a half hour or so. It has been established from blast patterns that the Avis lorry in Washington was parked near the intersection of 16th and K streets, a few blocks from the White House, while the Hertz lorry in Chicago was parked a block from the Tribune Tower. Other locations were chosen with similar care.

The timing devices must have been extremely accurate, for all 24 explosions occurred within less than a minute of each other.

MI 6 has been able to obtain a portion of the tape recording of the final conversation between the general commanding the Strategic Air Force, in his underground command post near Omaha, Nebr., and the commanding general of North American Air Defense, in a cave in Colorado:

SAC: No word from the Classified Locations, General?
NORAD: Not a word, General. Congress was in session and the President was in the White House. The Vice President had the Second Satchel, but he must have got it too.
SAC: Then I guess it's up to us.
NORAD: Yes. . . . Must have been the Russians, of course. Funny we got nothing on the radar—never did trust that goddamn radar.
SAC: Anything from NUDETS?*
NORAD: NUDETS estimates fatalities in the eighty million range. Only preliminary, of course.
SAC: I guess we've got to go. You concur?
NORAD: I concur. Over and out.

Within 28 minutes the first missile in the U.S. salvo exploded on its programmed target in the U.S.S.R. The salvo delivered 400 megatons on Soviet targets, the megatonnage calculated by the Pentagon's cost-effectiveness analysts as the minimum required to destroy the Soviet Union as a functioning society. The Soviet counter-salvo, on top of the great damage already done, achieved the same purpose in the United State Several of the larger American cities suffered th ignominy of being destroyed twice over.

*NUDETS; Nuclear Detection and Reporting System currently being emplaced in more than 50 U.S. cities.

In the opinion of MI 6 there is no question tha the American-International Shrimp Corporatio was the cover name for an elaborate Chine Communist operation. Although Fidel Castr hotly denied it before he died of fallout from th mainland, there is little doubt that there wa some element of Cuban collusion—the shrim boats certainly embarked from Havana.

In his 78th year at the time, the late Ma Tse-tung was near death and unquestionabl mad. But in destroying at one stroke both th hated "modern revisionists" and the "America imperialists" Mao surely displayed a certai genius in his madness. He was doubtless actin according to one of his favorite precepts, fro Sun Tzu's *Art of War:* "Make a Noise in th East, Attack in the West."

The Chinese, of course, have never acknow edged their role in the catastrophe, which utter destroyed the world's two greatest power Given the unchallenged global domination of th People's Republic of China today, the Chine role, on orders of the PM, may only be mentione in a Most Secret document, such as this on DESTROY ON READING.

This little nightmare is not, of course, a pr diction of things to come. And yet, as the co loquy between Senator Pell and General Wheel indicates, there is no purely *technical* reason wh something of the sort might not take plac According to the intelligence estimates, by th early 1970's the Chinese Communist inte continental missile capability will still be ruc mentary, but the Chinese by then should ha been able to stockpile a considerable number multimegaton thermonuclear devices. A thre megaton device should weigh on the order one ton, and could easily be carried in a truc

We Americans harbor a stubborn illusion th everybody else must do it our way—because v depend on an elaborate and immensely cost missile system to deliver nuclear warheads, v assume that every other country must do lik wise. The above nightmare may serve as a r minder that there are more ways than one skin a cat—or kill a country. Finally, it m also be worth noting that most U.S. intelligen experts believe that the senile genius, Mao Ts tung, is already, to a degree which cannot be precisely determined, insane.

Stewart Alsop

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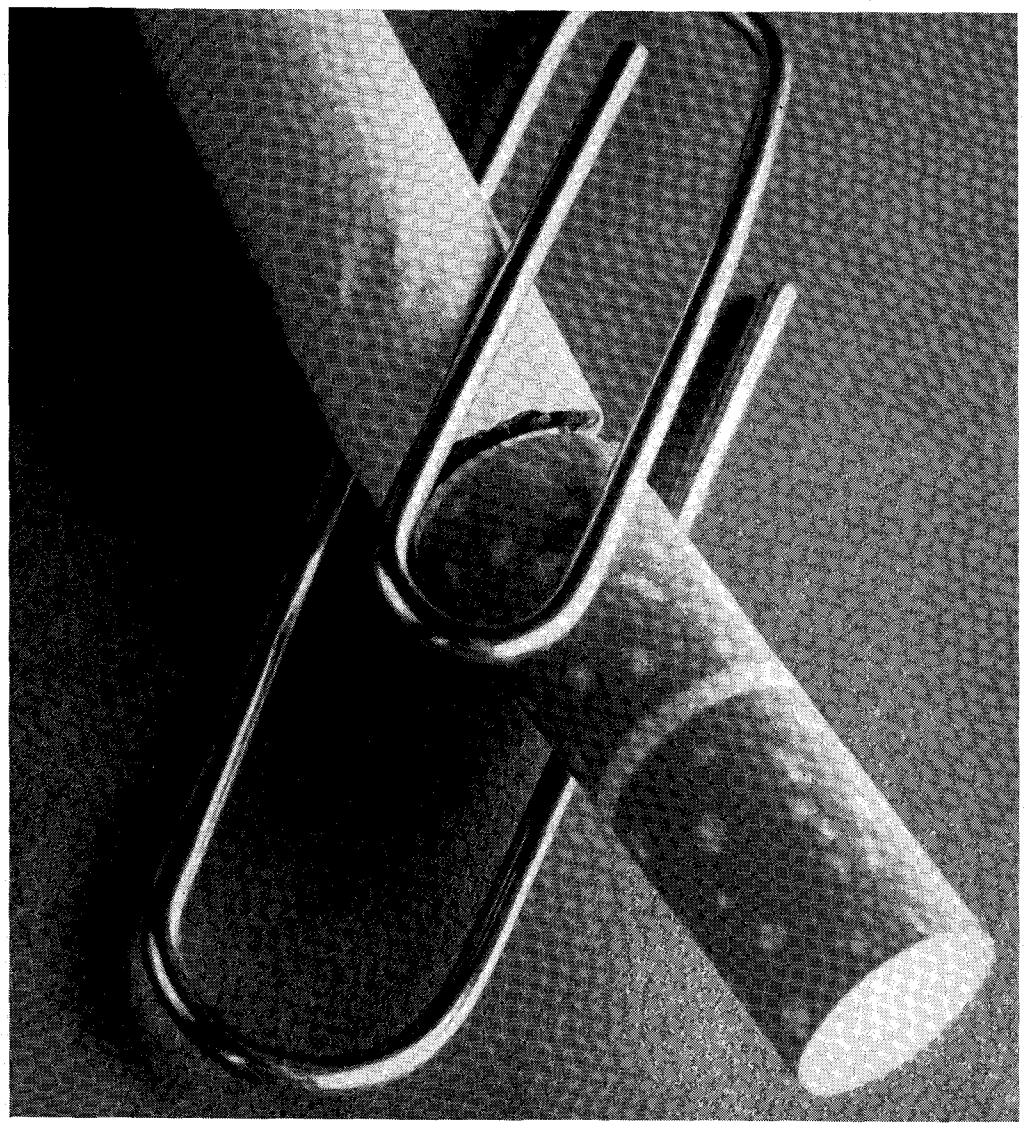
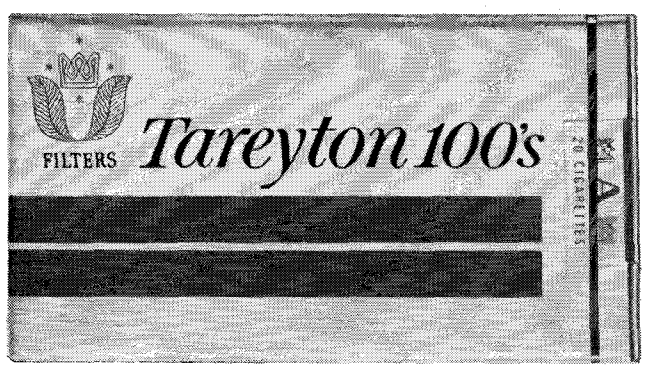
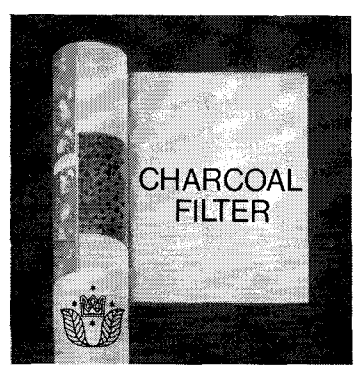
If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



Of course we can't guarantee it'll smoke as smooth as a Tareyton.





New Tareyton 100's with the charcoal filter.

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1968 Buick. Now we're

We changed the Skylark from front to rear, we gave it a whole new look, simply because we believe you want a car like this. In other words, we're talking your language.

We thought you'd like to have a little easier time parking. So we shortened the wheelbase of the two-door Skylark down to 112 inches.

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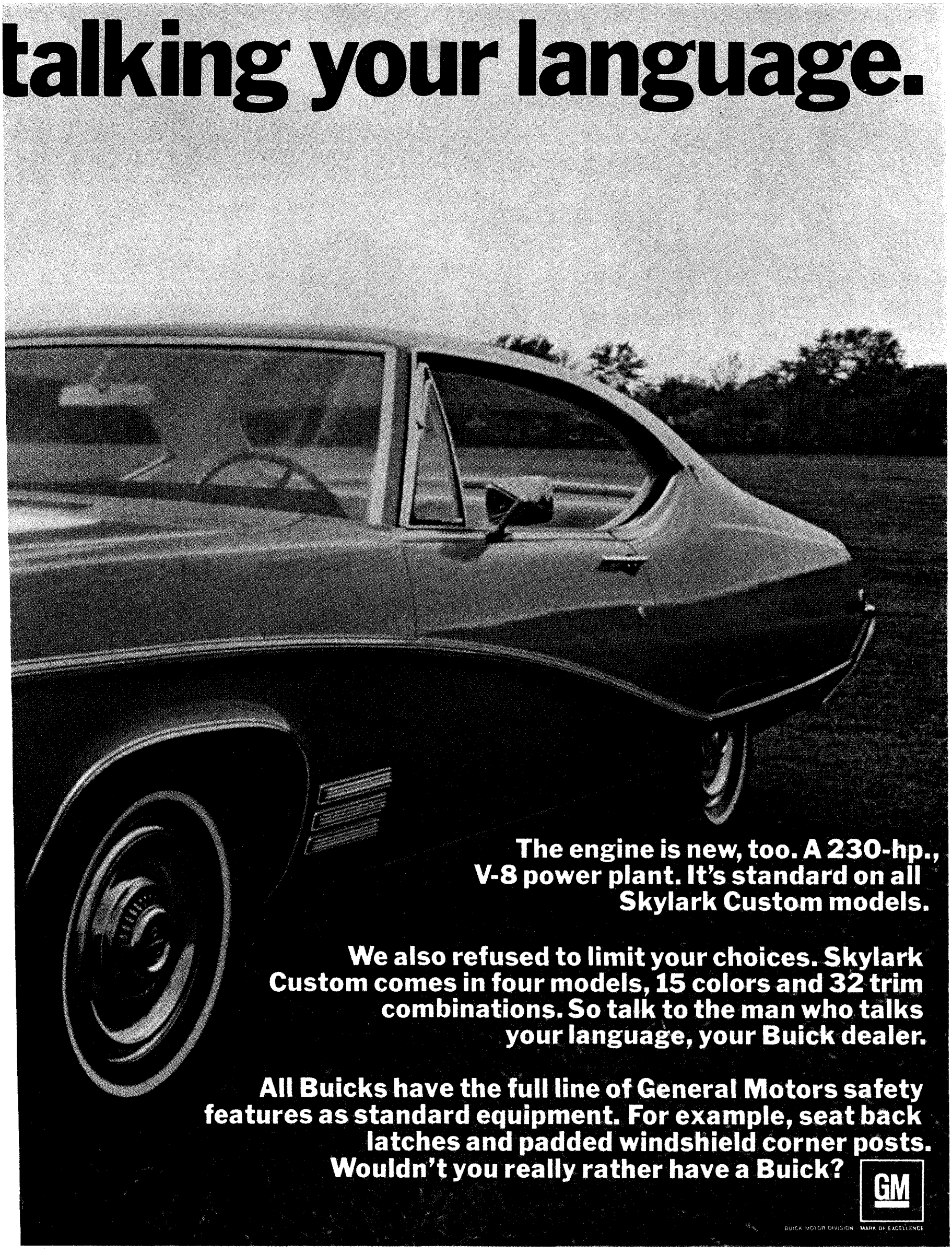
talking your language.



The engine is new, too. A 230-hp., V-8 power plant. It's standard on all Skylark Custom models.

We also refused to limit your choices. Skylark Custom comes in four models, 15 colors and 32 trim combinations. So talk to the man who talks your language, your Buick dealer.

All Buicks have the full line of General Motors safety features as standard equipment. For example, seat back latches and padded windshield corner posts. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

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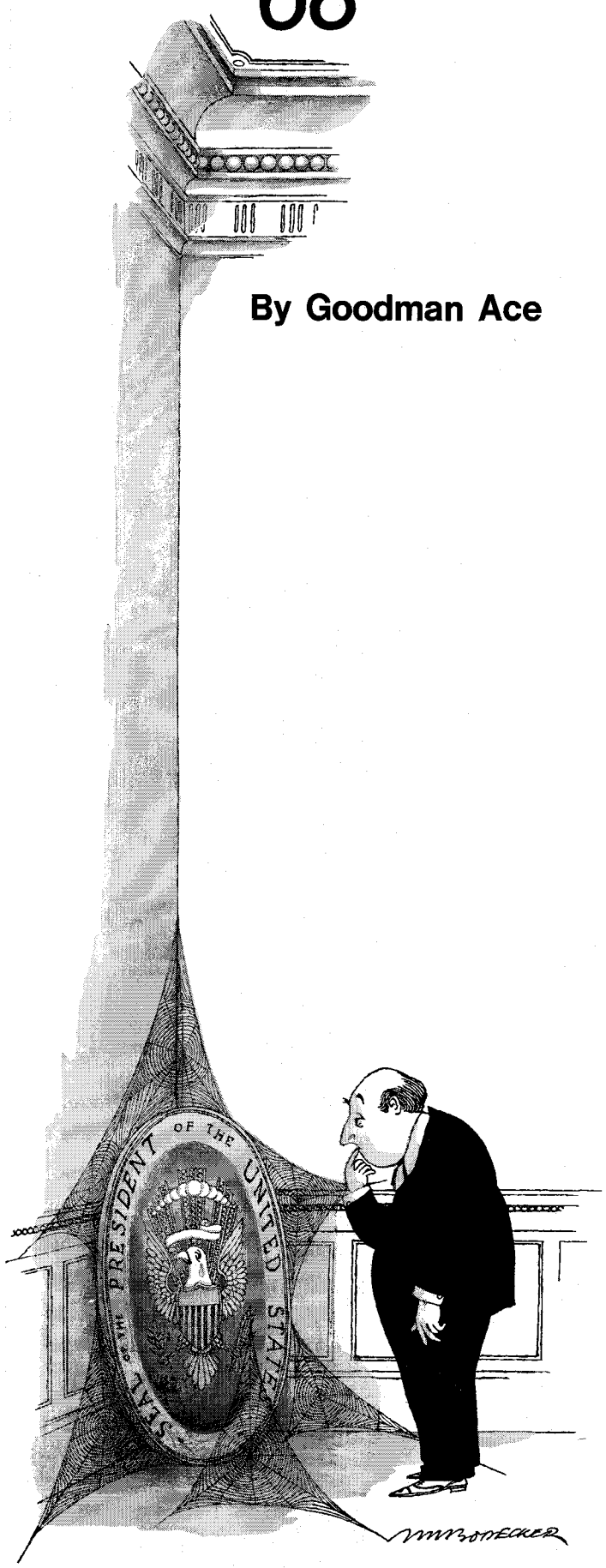
WAY BACK IN '68



By Goodman Ace

It is being bruited about that if George Wallace runs for President on a third-party ticket in 1968, there is a possibility that no candidate will get a majority in the election or in the Electoral College or even in the House of Representatives. Thus nobody will be elected in November, 1968.

That this is not merely a wild conceit is indicated by the resignation of two computers from a TV network last week. They left notes reading, "645 BLM!!!***XYZ30." Translation: "We refuse to be a party to a contest in which we will be unable to compute and project a winner. We have OUR image to think of too, you know."

No President? Let's try that for size:

Scene: A typical midwestern town.

Time: The year A.D. 2018.

"Grandpa," asks an inquisitive tot, "I looked at *The World Almanac* where it has all of our Presidents listed. But in 1968 there is a blank. Who was our thirty-seventh President, Grandpa?"

"Well now," says Grandpa, "I'm glad you asked me that, inquisitive tot. We had no President those four years."

"No President? Well, how did the country get along without a President?"

"Not bad, not bad at all. We just adopted a mood. We sort of imagined our President was off some place playing golf, or cascading down the Colorado River, or running a ranch down South somewhere. But we never thought about it too much, one way or another."

"But who ran the country, Grandpa?"

"Ran it? Well, the country kind of ran itself. We didn't have a Chief Executive, but we did have a whole lot of opinion polls. Whenever we needed a top-level decision, we had the pollsters take polls of public opinion, and then we took a poll of the pollsters to see what should be done."

"Well, we still had Congress, didn't we?"

"Congress? Oh, sure. They were very busy. The House of Representatives, of course, was busy debating the election results. That took them deep into 1972, when the next election came up and they went back home to mend fences. Meanwhile the Senate, Lord love 'em, they solved most of the country's problems by passing bills. And the problems they couldn't solve—well, they just proclaimed a Day of Prayer for those. There was a lot of praying going on back in those years, all over the country. Except in schools, of course."

"Did any bills get to be laws?"

"Oh, yes. Congress could pass anything they wanted, because there was nobody around to veto it. The first thing they passed was a bill cutting out all welfare. They decided we couldn't afford to have welfare and fight wars at the same time."

"Oh, did they have wars then?"

"That's the part that backfired on Congress. With all the money saved from welfare, Congress kept declaring wars. But we couldn't fight any wars because we didn't have any President. The President, you know, is Commander in Chief of the armed forces, and you can't fight a war without a Commander in Chief."

"So what happened, Grandpa?"

"Well, we just kind of had peace. It was sort of relaxing. I remember, people didn't smoke as much during those four years."

"But Grandpa, I read in the history book that there was a lot of rioting back in those days. Did Congress do anything about that?"

"They showed a lot of imagination there, boy. They passed a bill that legalized rioting."

"Legalized it? And then what happened?"

"Well, when the young people found it was legal to riot, they resented it. At first they demonstrated against it. They said this bill deprived them of their right to nonconform, and they decided they'd show Congress nobody could tell them they could riot. So they just stopped rioting. That's the time nonviolence swept across the country in every town and village."

"Was that OK with Congress?"

"Oh sure. Congress was quick to grasp the mood of the people. They went right along with it, and they even passed a gun-control bill—outlawed all mail-order sales of foreign-made artillery pieces. Except to bona fide hunters, of course."

"Life was nice back in 1968, wasn't it, Grandpa?"

"Yes, but we had our problems. Like that big transportation strike. The railroads, airlines and automobile industry were all struck at the same time. Nobody could get around. But Congress finally settled the airline and railroad strikes."

"How about the automobile strike?"

"Congress couldn't solve that one. So they proclaimed a Day of Prayer for the auto makers. That was one of our hardest praying days. And our prayers were finally answered, as most prayers generally are. Thanks to Walter Reuther."

"Tell me more, Grandpa. It sounds exciting."

"Yes, those were mighty interesting days. I'll never forget the day Congress passed a rat bill. You see, they were criticized when they voted down President Johnson's bill asking for forty million dollars to exterminate rats in the slums. The mail was pretty bitter. So with the help of a strong landlord lobby, they finally came out with a bill that didn't cost the country anything. The bill just decreed that rats were household pets. That was another forty million Congress saved."

"Well, what did they do with all the money they saved, Grandpa?"

"At first that was a big question. With no wars and no welfare, the country was saddled with all this unused money. The Internal Revenue complained that the United States was becoming a profit-making corporation and it would have to either diversify or declare a dividend to the stockholders, who are the taxpayers of our country. Well, that didn't set too well with Congress—returning money to the people. So they diversified."

"What's diversified, Grandpa?"

"It's a gimmick to beat the tax. If you're a going corporation you invest your profits in some other line of business. So they did. They added billions to the space program and ——"

"Billions, Grandpa?"

"Oh, I know that doesn't sound like much these days when we're up to quadrillions. But that was back when the dollar was really worth something—you could get a haircut for three dollars. Anyway, we could only spend so much in space, so Congress started a program to dig a hole to the center of the earth. Our military experts pointed out that the center was the same distance from every place on the surface, so we had to get there first for strategic purposes. Our scientists said there would be all sorts of fall-in benefits since no one could tell *what* might be down that hole. Pretty soon the National Excavation & Boring Agency was spending more than the National Aeronautics & Space Administration, and in those four years we had a balanced budget."

"Really? Did Congress do that?"

"Yes, but it wasn't easy. After cutting all those expenses, Congress almost made it the first year. But the budget was $150,000 over. They went to work on it again the second year. And, do you know, it came to $150,000 over again?"

"So what did they do?"

"What they always did in an emergency. They proclaimed a Day of Prayer for a balanced budget. And do you know that very Sunday night, right in the middle of the prayer, a deacon down in South Carolina shouted, 'Hallelujah, I got the Word.' The congregation gathered about him and he said, 'You know what that hundred and fifty thousand is? They're still making out paychecks to the President and Vice President.'"

"And were they, Grandpa?"

"Yes. Just force of habit. As soon as they stopped that, the budget was balanced. To the penny."

"Gee, Grandpa, those sound like wonderful days back in 1968. Maybe we ought to have a Day of Prayer for 1968 to come back."

"Not a chance of that, boy. We'll never have a balanced budget while that Kennedy is in the White House. With Caroline calling the signals, Congress doesn't have a prayer." □

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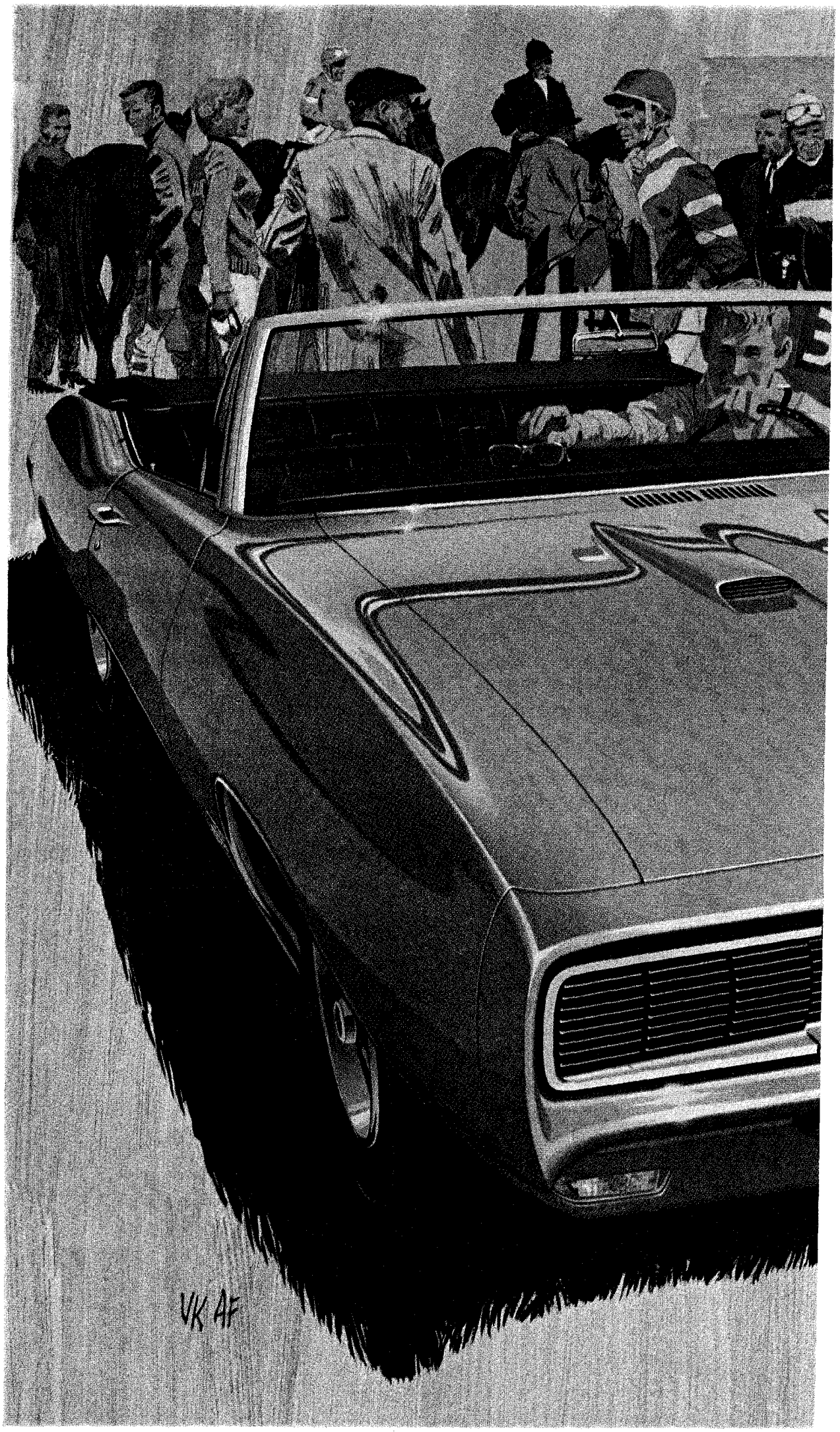
'68 Pontiac GTO. The quickest way to learn the difference



Wide-Tracking is also taught in these other Pontiac editions: LeMans, the Five Firebirds, Catalina, Grand Prix, Bonneville, Brougl

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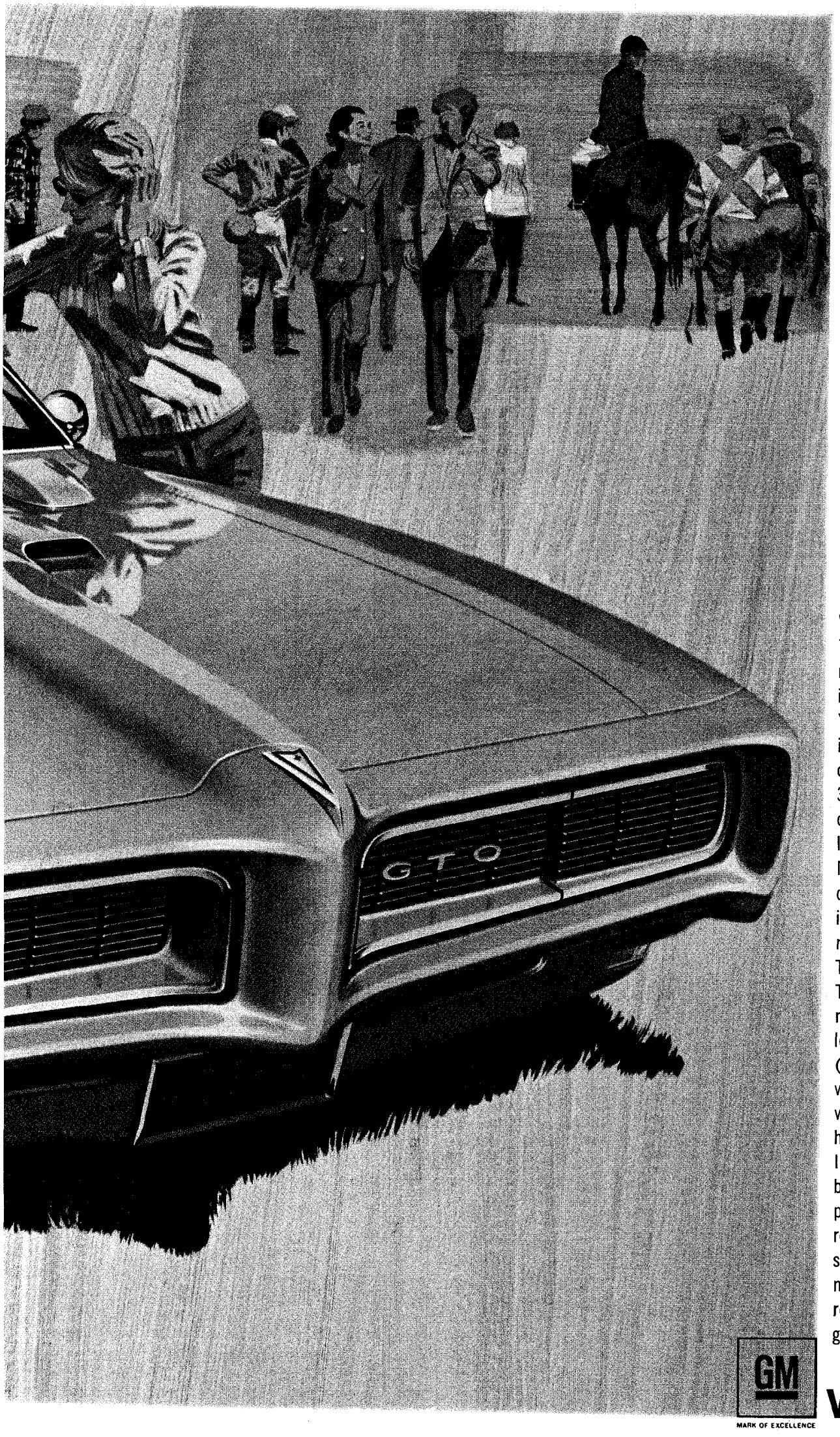
between Wide-Tracking and just plain ordinary driving.



We've got a machine that teaches Wide-Tracking instantaneously. Everything you need to know is wrapped up in that one sleek, inimitable package labeled 1968 Pontiac GTO. You'll find a new 350-hp 400-cubic-inch V-8 inside with new standard Quadra-Power carburetion. (Or you can specify either a 360-hp version or our exclusive Ram Air option.) Turn the key and you've learned lesson one.

Now try it out on the road and note the difference GTO's Wide-Track stance makes in handling and stability. That's lesson *number two.*

Then step back and admire the lines that put The Great One in a class by itself. With a revolutionary new bumper that dramatically lengthens the visual sweep of the hood. (It's the same shiny color as the car, but it won't chip, fade or corrode.) Vanishing wipers are standard . . . order disappearing headlights for even more of a custom look.

If performance, handling and uncompromising beauty aren't enough, check out the new padded safety armrests, front and rear side marker lights and myriad other safety features that make '68 Wide-Tracking more secure than ever before. When you're ready to give up ordinary driving and graduate to Wide-Tracking, turn on a GTO.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wide-Track Pontiac

Pontiac Motor Division

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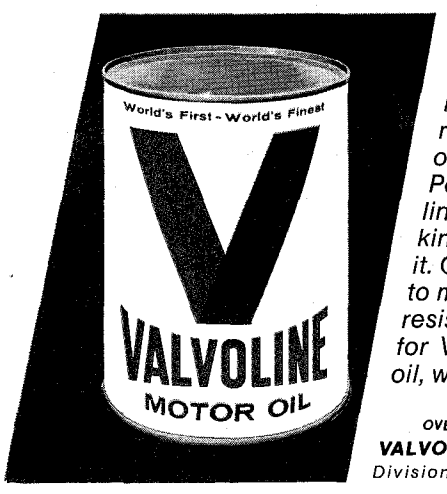

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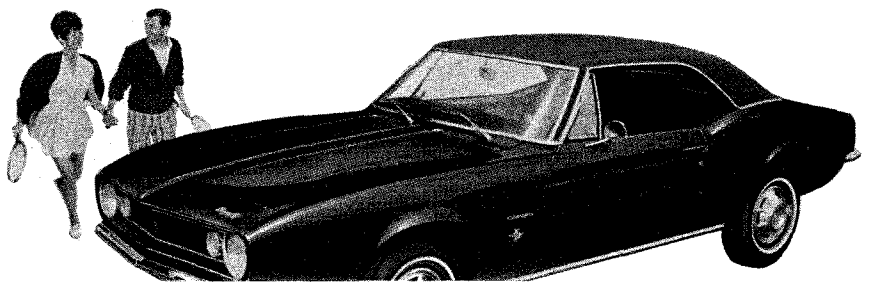

Points West

By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

California dreaming

Every weekday morning at 11 o'clock, just about the time the sun burns the last haze off the Santa Barbara hills, 15 or 20 men gather in what was once the dining room of a shirt manufacturer's mansion overlooking the Pacific Ocean and begin another session of what they like to call "clarifying the basic issues." The place is the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the current mutation of the Fund for the Republic. Since 1959, when the Fund paid $250,000 for the marble villa and 41 acres of eucalyptus, it has been a favored retreat for people whom the Center's president, Robert M. Hutchins, deems controversial, stimulating and, perhaps above all, cooperative, or *our kind*. "If they just want to work on their own stuff," Hutchins has said, "then they ought not to come here. Unless they're willing to come in and work with the group as a group, then this place is not for them."

Those invited to spend time at the Center get an office (there are no living quarters at the Center) and a salary, the size of which is reportedly based on the University of California pay scale. The selection process is usually described as "mysterious," but it always involves "people we know." Paul Hoffman, who was at one time president of the Ford Foundation and then director of the Fund for the Republic, is now the Center's honorary chairman, and his son is there quite a bit, and Robert Hutchins's son-in-law. Rexford Tugwell, one of the New Deal "brain trust," is there ("Why not?" he asked me. "If I weren't here I'd be in a rest home"), and Harvey Wheeler, the co-author of *Fail-Safe*. Occasionally someone might be asked to the Center because he has a built-in celebrity value, *e.g.*, Bishop James Pike. "What we are is a group of highly skilled public-relations experts," Harry Ashmore says. Harry Ashmore is a fixture at the Center, and he regards Hutchins—or, as the president of the Center is inflexibly referred to in the presence of outsiders, Dr. Hutchins—as "a natural intellectual resource." What these highly skilled public-relations experts do, besides clarifying the basic issues and giving a lift to Bennett Cerf ("My talk with Paul Hoffman on the Coast gave me a lift I won't forget," Bennett Cerf observed some time ago), is to gather every weekday for a few hours of discussion, usually about one of several broad areas that the Center at any given time is concentrating upon—The City, say, or The Emerging Constitution. Papers are prepared, read, revised, reread, and sometimes finally published. This process is variously described around the Center as "pointing the direction for all of us toward a greater understanding" and "applying human reason to the complex problems of our brand-new world."

I have long been interested in the Center's rhetoric, which has about it the kind of ectoplasmic generality that always makes me sense that I am on the track of the real soufflé, the genuine American *kitsch*, and so not long ago I arranged to attend a few sessions at the Center. It was in no sense time wasted. The Center is the most perfectly indigenous cultural phenomenon since the Encyclopaedia Britannica's

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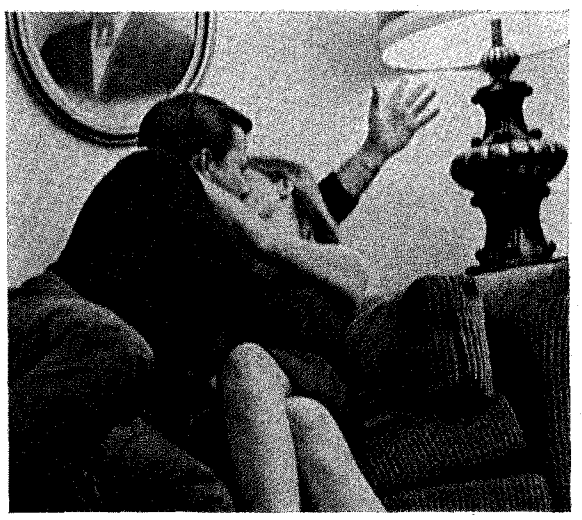
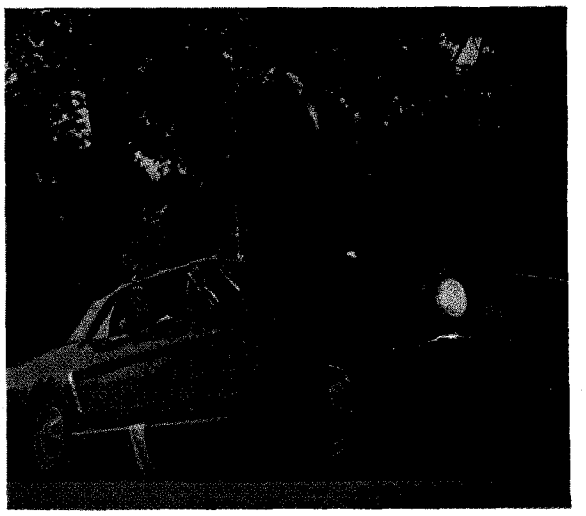
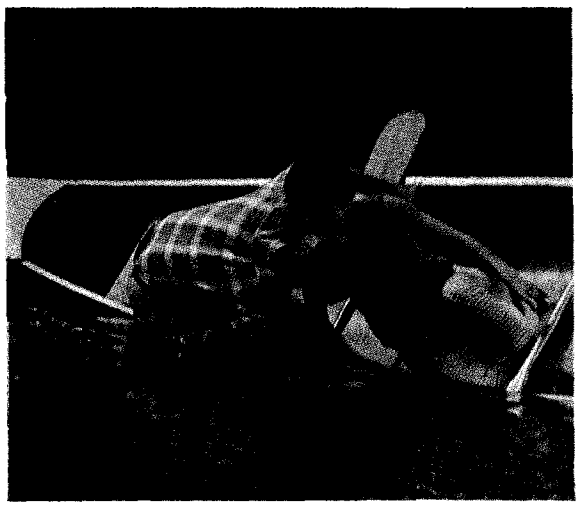
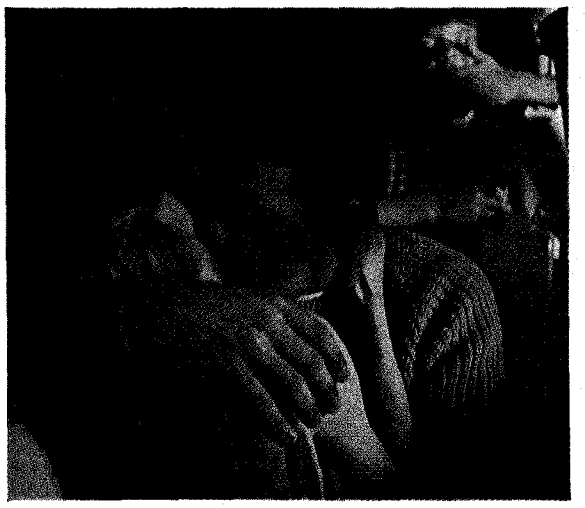

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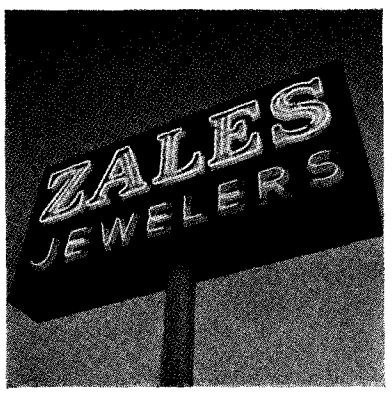
See the award-winning Zale Diamond designs available on convenient terms at your local Zale's Jeweler or write Zale Jewelry Company, Box 2219, Dallas, Texas 75221 for our newest color brochure. Even if you're not quite through playing games yet.



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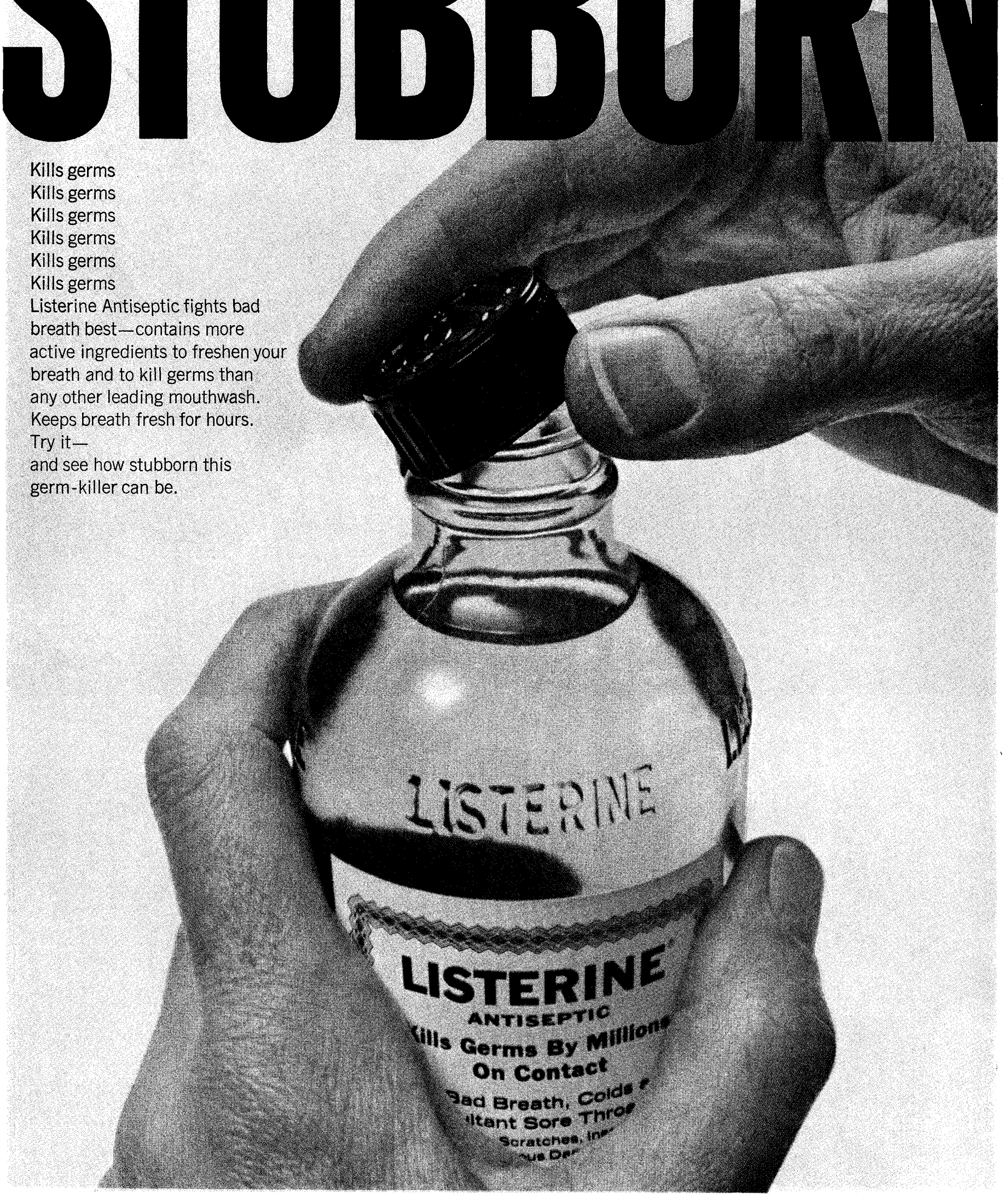

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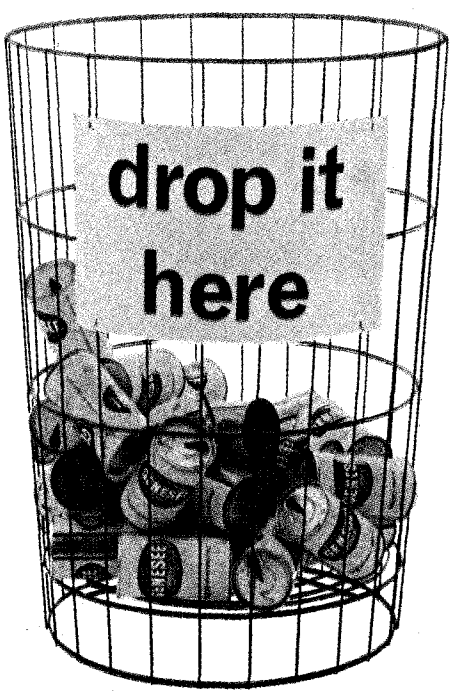

Keep America Beautiful

THE GENESEE BREWING CO., INC., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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Syntopicon, which sets forth "The 102 Great Ideas of Western Man" and which we also owe to Robert, or Dr. Hutchins. "Don't make the mistake of taking a chair at the big table," I was warned *sotto voce* on my first visit to the Center. "The talk there is pretty high-powered."

"Is there any evidence that living in a violent age encourages violence?" someone was asking at the big table.

"That's hard to measure."

"I think it's the Westerns on television."

"I tend (*pause*) to agree."

Every word uttered at the Center is preserved on tape, and not only colleges and libraries but thousands of individuals receive Center tapes and pamphlets. Among the best-selling Center pamphlets have been A. A. Berle Jr.'s *Economic Power and the Free Society*. Clark Kerr's *Unions and Union Leaders of Their Own Choosing*, Donald Michael's *Cybernation: The Silent Conquest*, and Harrison Brown's *Community of Fear*. Seventy-five thousand people a year then write fan letters to the Center, confirming the staff in its conviction that everything said around the place mystically improves the national, and in fact the international, weal. From a Colorado country-day-school teacher: "I use the Center's various papers in my U.S. history-current events course. It seems to me that there is no institution in the U.S. today engaged in more valuable and first-rate work than the Center." From a California mother: "Now my 15-year-old daughter has discovered your publications. This delights me as she is one of those regular teen-agers. But when she curls up to read, it is with your booklets."

The notion that providing useful papers for eighth-grade current events classes and reading for regular teen-agers might not be at all times compatible with establishing "a true intellectual community" (another Center aim) would be considered, at the Center, a downbeat and undemocratic cavil. "People are entitled to learn what we're thinking," someone there told me. The place is in fact avidly anti-intellectual, the deprecatory use of words like "egghead" and "ivory tower" reaching heights matched only in a country-club locker room. Hutchins takes pains to explain that by "an intellectual community" he does not mean a community "whose members regard themselves as 'intellectuals.'" Harry Ashmore frets particularly that "men of affairs" may fail to perceive the Center's "practical utility." Hutchins likes to quote the late Adlai Stevenson on this point: "The Center can be thought of as a kind of national insurance plan, a way of making certain that we will deserve better and better."

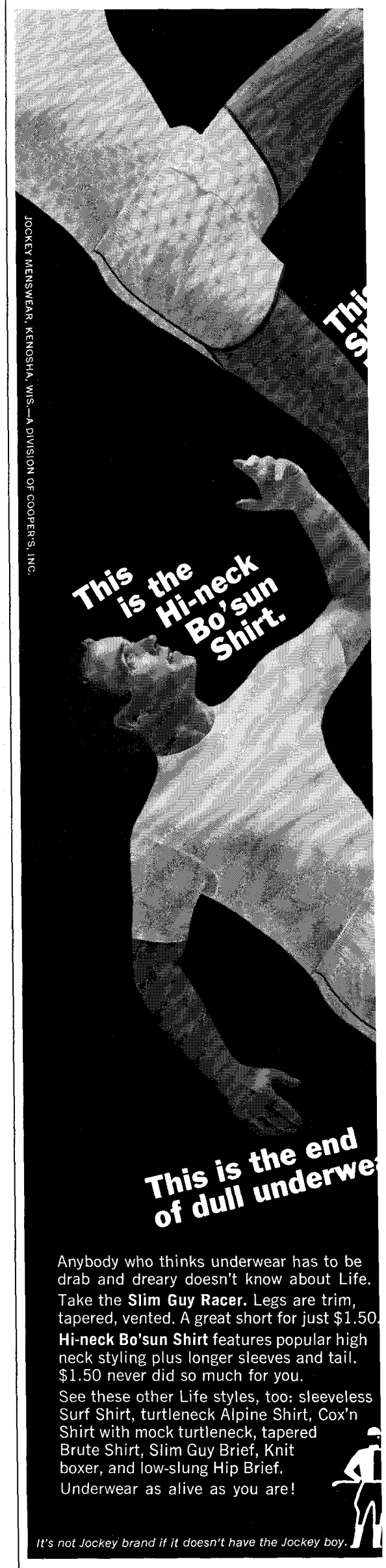
Although one suspects that this pragmatic Couéism as a mode of thought comes pretty naturally to most of the staff at the Center, it is also vital to the Center's survival. In 1959 the Fund for the Republic bequeathed to the Center the $4 million left of its $15 million Ford Foundation grant, but that is long gone, and because there was never any question of more Ford money, the Center must pay its own way, and its own way costs about a million dollars a year. Some 12,000 contributors provide the million a year, and it helps if they can think of a gift to the Center not as a gift to support some visionaries who never met a payroll but "as an investment [tax-exempt] in the preservation of our free way of life." It helps, too, to present the donor with a fairly broad-stroke picture of how the Center is besieged by the forces of darkness, and in this effort the Center has had an invaluable, if unintentional, ally in the Santa Barbara John Birch Society. "You can't let the Fascists drive them out of town," I was advised by an admirer of the Center.

Actually, even without the Birch Society as a foil, Hutchins has evolved the $E=mc^2$ of all fund-raising formulae. The Center is supported on the same principle as a vanity press. People who are in a position to contribute large sums of money are encouraged to participate in clarifying the basic issues. Dinah Shore, a founding member, is invited up to discuss civil rights with Bayard Rustin. Steve Allen talks over "Ideology and Intervention" with Senator Fulbright and Arnold Toynbee, and Kirk Douglas, a founding member, speaks his piece on "The Arts in a Democratic Society." Paul Newman, in the role of "concerned citizen," is on hand to discuss "The University in America" with Dr. Hutchins, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Arnold Grant, Rosemary Park, and another concerned citizen, Jack Lemmon. "Apropos of absolutely nothing," Mr. Lemmon says, pulling on a pipe, "just for my own amazement—I don't *know*, but I *want* to know ——" At this juncture he wants to know about student unrest, and, at another, he worries that government contracts will corrupt "pure research."

"You mean maybe they get a grant to develop some new kind of *plastic*," Mr. Newman muses, and Mr. Lemmon picks up the cue: "What happens then to the humanities?"

Everyone goes home flattered, and the Center prevails. Well, why not? One morning I was talking with the wife of a big contributor as we waited on the terrace for one of the Center's ready-mixed Martinis and a few moments' chat with Dr. Hutchins. "These sessions are way over my head," she confided, "but I go out floating on air."

Joan Didion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This is the Hi-neck Bo'sun Shirt.
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Anybody who thinks underwear has to be drab and dreary doesn't know about Life.
Take the **Slim Guy Racer.** Legs are trim, tapered, vented. A great short for just $1.50.
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Underwear as alive as you are!
It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy.

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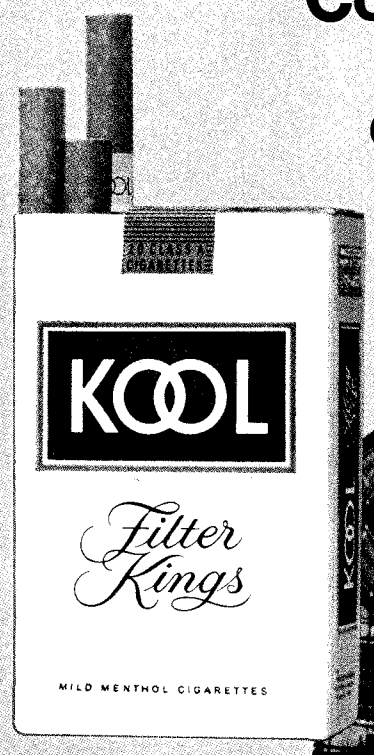
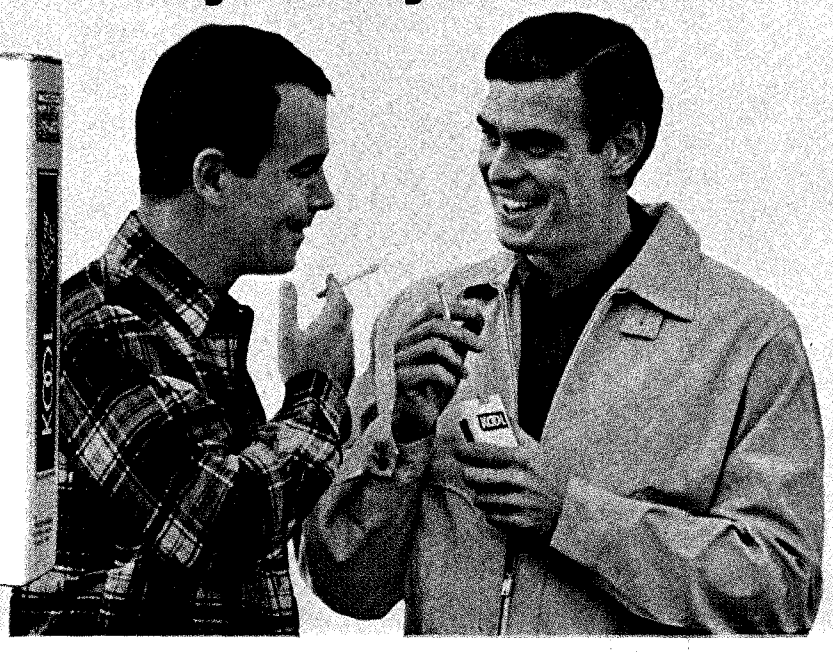
"When we get back, I'm gonna change my brand of cigarettes. These taste flat."

"You should have said something sooner. Here, have one of my Kools."

Come up to the Kool taste. Taste extra coolness every time you smoke.





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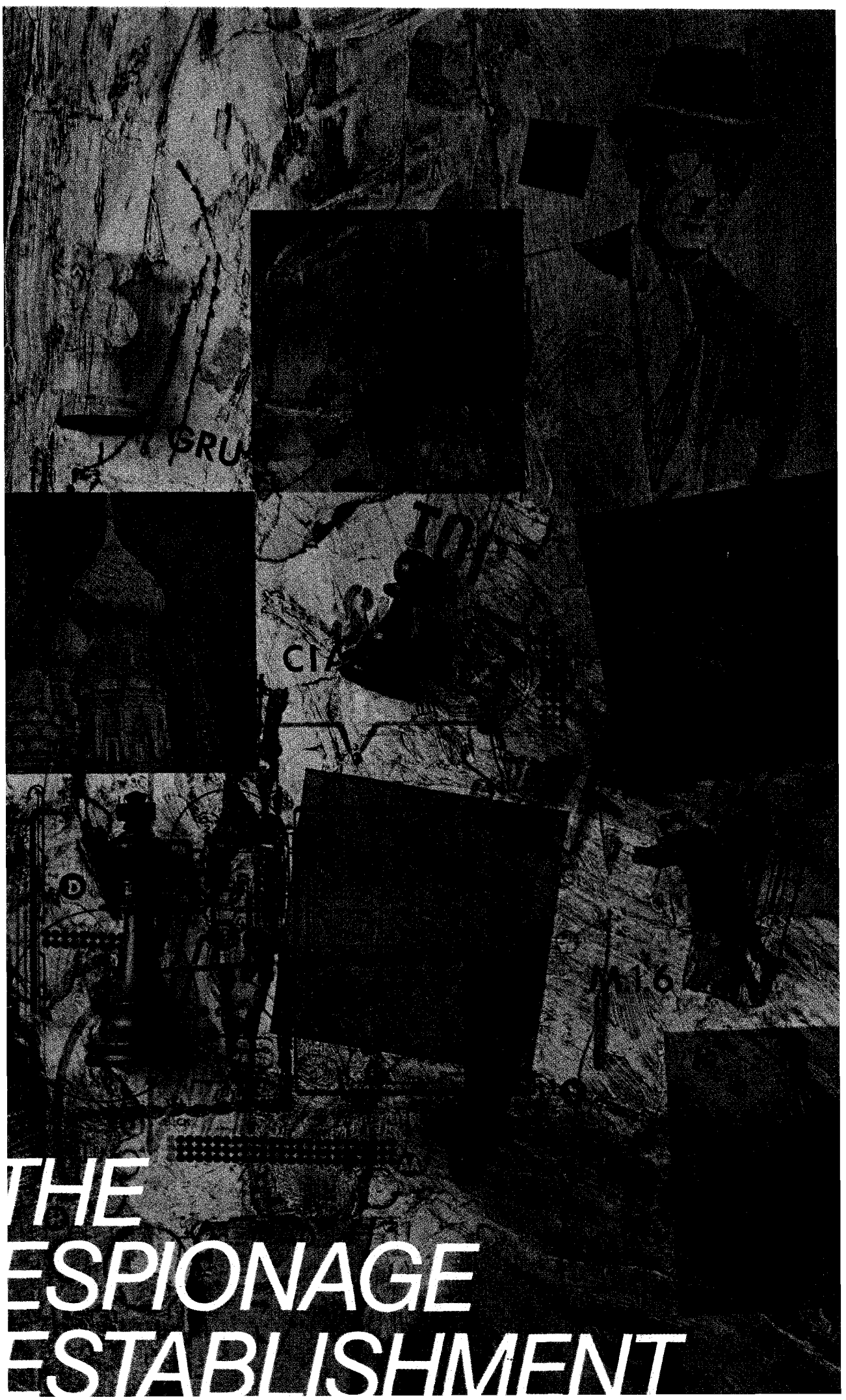

THE ESPIONAGE ESTABLISHMENT

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THE ESPIONAGE ESTABLISHMENT

How the world's most powerful secret agencie

PART ONE

Intelligence work is not just adventure, it's not some kind of stunt, it's not gay trips abroad.—Rudolf Abel

On May 19, 1967, shortly after 1 A.M., the wires of Tass, the Soviet press agency in Moscow, tapped out a surprising announcement. There had been a shake-up in Soviet intelligence. Yuri V. Andropov, who had served as ambassador to Hungary during the ill-fated revolt of 1956, had just been made the new chairman of the Committee for State Security of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union, the Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti, better known as the KGB.

On the back page of that morning's *Pravda,* beneath the sports news, an eight-line item cryptically disclosed that Vladimir Y. Semichastny had been relieved of his post as head of the KGB and transferred to unspecified new duties.

Thus the world learned of the change in command of what is generally accepted as the most sinister intelligence, espionage and secret-police organization in existence today.

Few Americans and, for that matter, not many Russians had ever heard of Yuri Andropov. At 52, the veteran party official could pass, with his businesslike appearance and fluent English, for an American corporation executive. But the organization he heads, while vast, bears little resemblance to I.B.M. or General Motors.

The KGB has been described by Allen W. Dulles, who competed against it for eight years, as "a multipurpose, clandestine arm of power . . . more than a secret-police organization, more than an intelligence and counterintelligence organization. It is an instrument for subversion, manipulation and violence, for secret intervention in the affairs of other countries."

That the description might, in part, also fit the Central Intelligence Agency was doubtless unintentional but not without significance. For the KGB is one of two espionage giants operating today; the CIA, which Mr. Dulles directed, being the other. The two are deeply engaged in a struggle involving at least 30,000 full-time employees, a contest that takes place largely out of view, with the noise of battle sounding only occasionally to remind the world that it is going on.

The appointment of Andropov, a Communist Party secretary since 1962, as head of the KGB came as a complete surprise to American intelligence, and very likely to the man he replaced, Vladimir Semichastny, who had held the job for six years. There were several theories within the western intelligence community on the reason for the shake-up, but the most convincing explanation was that the leader of the Soviet Union, Communist Party chief Leonid I. Brezhnev, wanted his own man to head Soviet espionage and intelligence. Semichastny, after all, was a former protégé of Nikita S. Khrushchev's (even though he had assisted Brezhnev and Alexei N. Kosygin in ousting Khrushchev as premier on October 15, 1964).

An impressive public speaker with a reputation for being outgoing and at least superficially pleasant, Andropov might best be described as a dependable ideological administrator. The vast espionage, intelligence and police organization that Andropov directs has its headquarters near the Kremlin at 2 Dzerzhinsky Street, named for the first head of the Cheka, the first secret police agency established after the revolution, of which the KGB is the lineal descendant. The size of the KGB is hard to assess; it combines under one roof the functions of the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service, the U.S. Border Patrol, and several agencies that don't even exist in the American governmental structure. For example, Soviet experts in the U.S. Government believe that there are 300,000 KGB border troops, although the estimate fluctuates and is revised from time to time.

In testimony made public in 1959, Peter Deriabin, a former KGB agent, was questioned about his former organization by a House committee:

Q. Can you tell us something about its size, responsibilities, and methods?

A. I would say the size of the foreign section of the Soviet civilian intelligence is about three thousand officers in headquarters in Moscow and about fifteen thousand officers around the world, working as representatives of the Soviet government abroad. The foreign section of the Soviet civilian intelligence is responsible for espionage and counterespionage abroad; also for surveillance of Soviet and satellite citizens who travel abroad; and is responsible for carrying out occasional assassinations, kidnapping, blackmail and similar activities.

Allowing for the fact that Deriabin's estimate is several years old, the figure today might be 20,000 to 25,000 KGB men and women in the espionage and intelligence section.

The KGB operates overseas chiefly through an extensive network of agents placed in its embassies, missions and official agencies. These "legal" KGB operators have official cover and, often, diplomatic immunity. A KGB officer in a Soviet embassy abroad may hold high rank or he may occupy some menial post. Pavel P. Lukianov, KGB station chief in Washington from 1964 to 1966, had the title of counselor of the Soviet embassy. On the other hand, Igor Ivanov, a high-ranking KGB officer, was a chauffeur for Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency headquartered in Manhattan.

Other legal covers used by KGB officers in the United States, besides Amtorg and the Washington embassy, are the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, the Byelorussian Mission to the U.N., both in New York, and Tass, the official Soviet news agency. Only those at the embassy and the U.N. missions have diplomatic immunity from arrest, however.

The percentage of spies under legal cover in the United States is not a figure that the Russians might be expected to announce. But J. Edgar Hoover told a House appropriations subcommittee in March, 1965, that "the great bulk of official positions abroad" are used by Soviet intelligence for cover. In testimony a year later he added:

The head of the New York residency of the KGB is a member of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and as such he is immune to arrest and prosecution . . . I might say over one hundred personnel engaged in espionage activities are attached to the KGB in New York City.

Legal agents under diplomatic cover at the Soviet embassy in Washington, and at the two Russian U.N. missions in New York, can operate with relative ease. Because they enjoy diplomatic immunity, they cannot be arrested or imprisoned.

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;ather intelligence, spread propaganda and dispose of enemies . . .

The information they gather can routinely be transmitted in code to headquarters in Moscow, via normal Soviet diplomatic communications channels. Instructions are just as easily received.

It is the "illegals" who are the most interesting of Russia's agents. They are the highly trained men and women who are "inserted" into another society, much like a wartime parachutist jumping behind the lines. Sometimes they are given a completely false background, or "legend," complete with documentation.

Illegals are akin to actors with espionage training, although they risk death or imprisonment rather than bad reviews. At best they are brilliant men, such as Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. At worst they are incompetents, such as Abel's assistant Reino Hayhanen, the drunk who ultimately turned him in.

The good ones are artists, perhaps closer in motivation to astronauts, mountain climbers or speedboat racers, taking risks for reasons that are not entirely clear to themselves or their fellowmen. The illegal must live out his part for long years, often away from his family, facing prison, perhaps worse, if captured or if the Center (espionage headquarters) becomes disenchanted with his work.

Although there are cases where Soviet intelligence provides an illegal with a totally invented identity, current practice of the KGB is to clothe an illegal agent in the identity of another person—often, but not always, a dead man.

The KGB obtains identities for some of its illegals from the passports of American tourists. Russian hotels and many European hotels retain the passports of tourists overnight, and it is simple enough for a Soviet agent working in a hotel to photograph or copy down American passport data. Although all major intelligence agencies are capable of manufacturing a near-perfect passport of any nation in the world, it is far easier to alter a valid passport, or to fill out a blank one, if a blank can be stolen.

Why should the KGB go to such lengths to collect real names and documentation for its illegals? Why not, for example, simply invent a person? The answer is that in today's society, with computers, punch-card identification numbers, and the like, it is safer to use someone else's identity, someone, for example, who already has a Social Security number, who has filed income-tax returns, and who has a valid history of education and employment. The Soviet agent then literally claims to be that person. In a country with a large population, such as the United States, the danger of a Soviet illegal bumping into his namesake at a cocktail party is minimal.

KGB illegals communicate with the Center in Moscow by a variety of means: by courier, by ordinary mail sent to cover addresses in Western Europe, by microdots, and in some instances, by channeling information to the legal station chief, called the *resident*.

A microdot is a speck of film that must be optically magnified many times to be read. With the use of microdot photography, a document can be reduced to the size of the period at the end of this sentence. A microdot can be glued over a period in an ordinary typewritten letter, for example, and mailed anywhere with little fear of detection.

Because meetings between agents can be risky and conspicuous, and because members of a network are not usually permitted to know one another by sight, Soviet intelligence favors a system of "dead drops" to pass along espionage data within the *apparat*. A hollow tree, a loose brick on a stairway, any small cache not likely to be disturbed by children, squirrels or passersby generally will serve.

That the KGB must worry about such chance calamities was illustrated by an episode in the Abel case. Abel and Hayhanen had been using a hole in a flight of cement steps in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. Park Department employees noticed the hole and filled it with cement while a message from Abel was still inside. When Hayhanen arrived at the spot, he couldn't get the message out.

After he defected, Hayhanen told the FBI about the incident. The FBI cracked open the cement, and sure enough, there was the message inside a hollowed-out bolt.

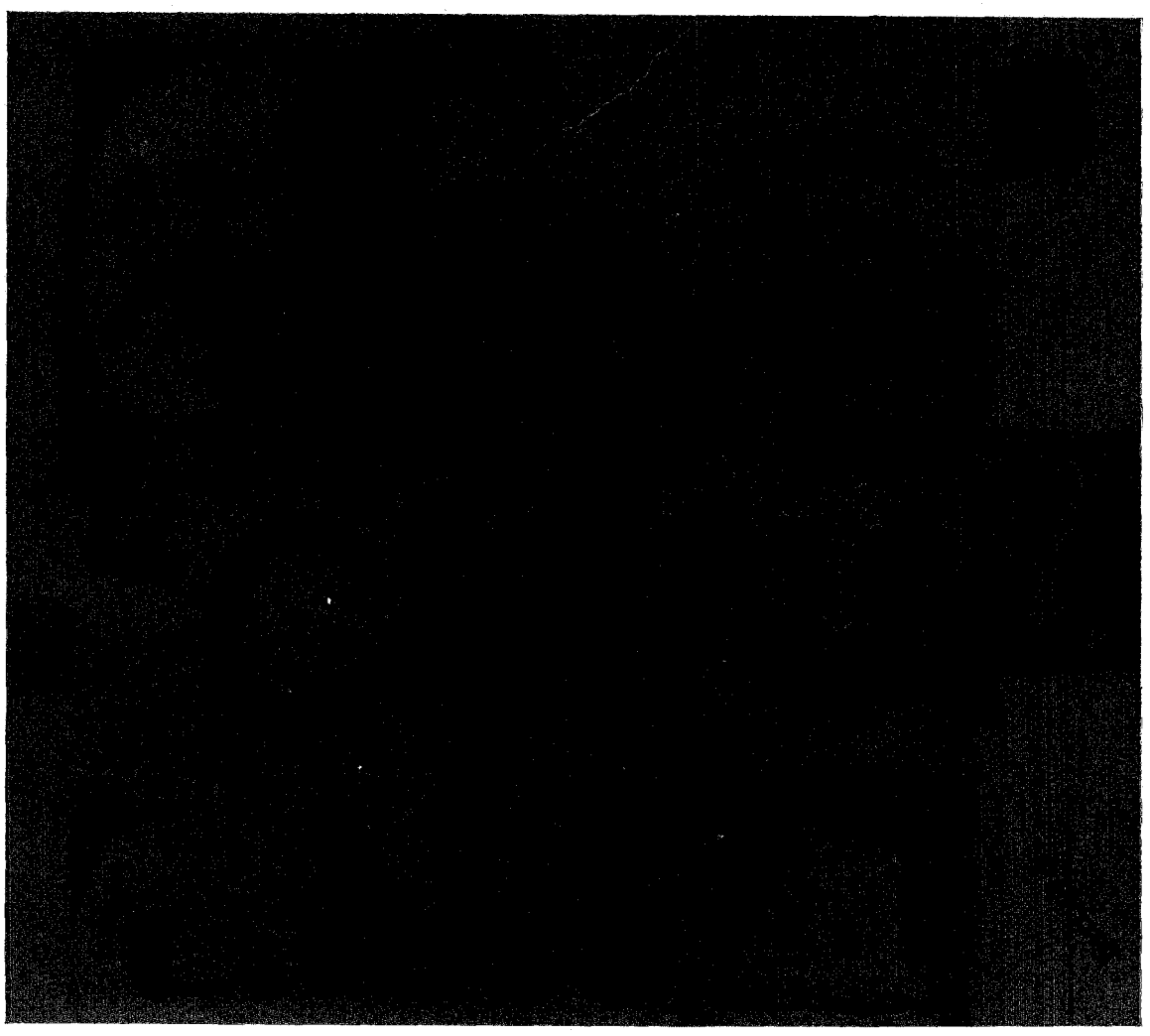
KGB illegals normally receive their instructions by shortwave transmissions from Moscow at stated intervals. Contrary to the popular notion about Russian spies, however, an illegal rarely sends information to Moscow by radio. His transmission might be overheard. And a transmitter aerial might arouse suspicion.

Although it is sometimes thought that an illegal will never go near a legal Soviet agent, that is not the case. Like a pre-atomic submarine that has to come up for air, an illegal needs periodic "servicing." He may require new passports or other documentation, money or urgent instructions. In almost every Soviet mission abroad there is an "illegal support officer" whose job is to provide this kind of assistance.

Soviet agents communicate with the Center in code and cipher. Their intelligence ciphers are extremely sophisticated, employing miniature cipher pads known as "one-time pads," or "gammas." The ciphers are unbreakable—even by the spectacular electronic code machines and computers of the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Md.—because each page is used only once and then destroyed.

But even elaborate precautions do not guarantee against human failure. On the evening of June 22, 1953, James F. Bozart, a newsboy for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, knocked on the door of a lady customer at 3403 Foster Avenue in Brooklyn to collect a bill. As he was leaving, he dropped his change on the staircase. One of the coins, a 1948 Jefferson nickel, split apart. Inside was a tiny bit of microfilm barely more than a quarter of an inch square. The newsboy turned the coin over to the police, who gave it to the FBI. The coin contained a microscopic hole in the letter *r* in the word "Trust," through which a needle could be inserted to push open the nickel. When the microfilm was enlarged, it proved to be a page with 21 rows of five-digit numbers, 207 number groups in all.

For four years the FBI was baffled by the cipher, and the best human and mechanical brains in the intelligence community could not unscramble it. Not until Hayhanen defected in 1957 and began talking about his cipher was the FBI able to read the message in the coin. It proved to be the first message from Moscow to the bibulous KGB man, who claimed he had no idea how the coin had gotten into circulation. *(continued on page 82)*



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SOPHIA, SOPHIA, SOPHIA

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An eminent writer visits a great beauty and she talks about Streisand, poker, Sinatra, pep pills and Marilyn Monroe.

By JOHN CHEEVER

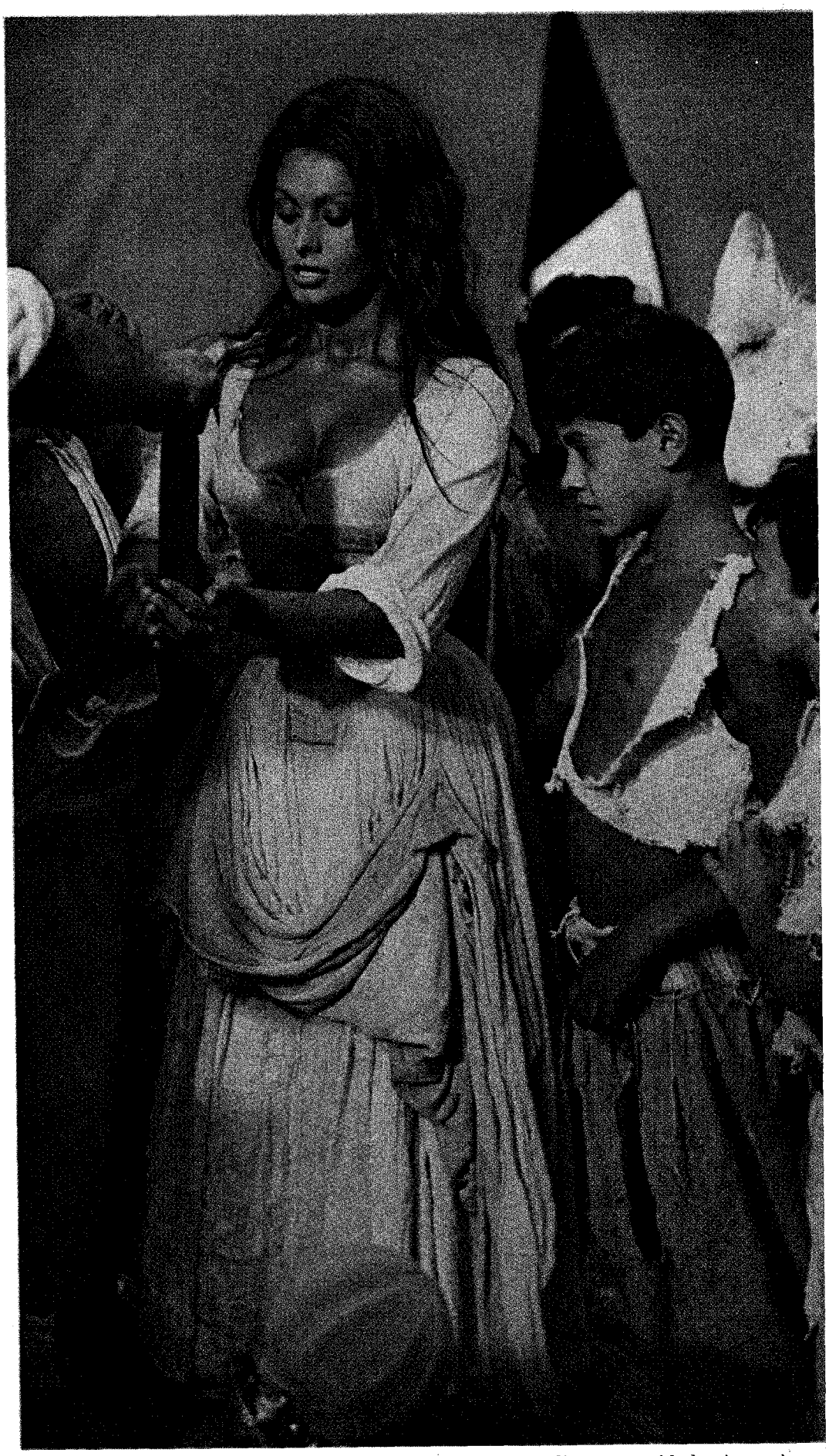
Naples is a city where you can, on a principal street, change into your bathing trunks and dive into the sea, and it is on the sea that the monuments of statesmen, generals, kings and gods have set their eyes. One leaves the Palazzo Municipale, seat of the local government, and goes up a narrow street, much older than the majestic and linear boulevards of the Bourbons. The air smells of roasting coffee, new bread, wine dregs and the sea. At the head of the street there is a 17th-century palace whose gates are topped by two enormous mermaids. Time and the weather have spared their breasts, but one of them has lost an arm. In front of the gate is a crowd of a hundred Neapolitans. Now and then they shout, "Sophia, Sophia, Sophia." Two policemen push aside the crowd, and when the gate within the gate is opened you slip in like a trout and slam it shut.

The palace courtyard is large. There are four open galleries at the back with vaulted and painted ceilings, and every window is topped by a granite scallop shell—that talisman of pilgrims, princes and fishermen. Wash hangs from a crisscross of clotheslines and throws a shadow on the walls, shifting and transparent like the shadow of smoke. In the middle of this stands Sophia Loren, possessing more sovereignty than any minister in the Palazzo Municipale.

She is there for the shooting of a movie, *The Best House in Naples*. She is what used to be known as an eyeful. She stands on the cobbles, her feet apart, her hands on her hips. She wears scuffed shoes and a threadbare dress designed, I was told, by a Neapolitan couturier and produced to some specifications established by Dior. It is difficult to take one's eyes off her front, but there seems to be no exploitation involved. She takes a strand of hair and playfully pulls it down along her nose. Then she gives her head a rousing toss. Her legs seem to gleam. Some actresses exist only as they appear on the screen, but Sophia has a margin of vivacity and beauty that escapes the camera.

In Rome, and especially in Naples, there are men and women who, whatever their circumstances, present themselves with esteem and clarity. They may be going home to a one-room basement flat that smells of drains and cheese rinds—they may be going home to much worse—but they carry themselves with the style and grace of a people who know their destiny. Loren has this. She seems at first to be a quintuple image. Here is the actress; the slum child; the chatelaine of a great villa; the beauty whose pictures, cut from magazine covers, lonely men carry around in their wallets; and the wife of Carlo Ponti. She brings all this into focus with a shake of her head.

To any bystander the mechanics of making a movie seem unconscionably confused, tedious and inefficient. Why burn smoking and hissing arc lamps in the brilliance of a Neapolitan morning? Why use reflectors for such a pure light? Why scribble chalk marks on the cobbles, why measure every



In recent film, MORE THAN A MIRACLE, *Sophia Loren plays a tatterdemalion peasant girl who wins a prince.*

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space, why suspend shooting until the sound of a plane—the sound of life—has faded away? Behind the cameras, women with groceries and babies come and go. A rooster who lives in the palace crows loudly, and the crowd outside the gates continues to shout, "Sophia, Sophia, Sophia." Renato Castellani, the director, is harried and disheveled, and gentle with his star. Sophia is a natural actress, and her performance on the sixth take is spontaneous and breezy.

When Castellani is satisfied with the scene, I go over and introduce myself. I light her cigarette with an overloaded Zippo that goes up like a torch. "My God," I say, "did I burn off your eyelashes?"

"No," she laughs. "I hear you're a professor."

"I used to be," I say.

"Well, perhaps you can teach me something," she says. "When we're finished here, I'm going to have lunch with my grandfather in Pozzuoli, but I can see you at the hotel at four."

Sophia's room at the Excelsior is like any hotel room—vaguely familiar, vaguely disinfected. There are flowers on a table and a broad view of the bay and Vesuvius. She is taller than I, but she is adroit at making her height seem variable. "*Sono nata a Roma ma sono cresciuta a Napoli,*" she says. "*Napoli è la mia città . . .*"

She is known as a property and is a more compact and profitable property than anything on the Italian bourse. She is Loren—and the wife of Ponti—and it would be foolish to pretend that she is a beautiful woman you happened to meet on a train. Reporters for *Epoca, Paris-Match* and *Photoplay* wait in the corridor, and she will say again: "*Sono nata a Roma ma sono cresciuta a Napoli. Napoli è la mia città.*" She has the tact and discretion of a public figure. She will not break the dishes, get stoned, do a belly dance or calumniate Lollobrigida and Mia Farrow. It may be easier for women to interview her than it is for men. Women write freely about the Tears and Laughter on Her Road to the Top, discuss her recent miscarriage and talk about spaghetti; but her miscarriage, and all the rest of it, seem to me highly private matters. Some journalistic portraiture depends upon catching the subject at a serious disadvantage. Will her face, bent over the poker table, be haggard with avarice? I doubt it. Does she use a facial surgeon? No. Is she afraid of snakes? No. Does she know the score? She does. She can give you the grosses on *Zhivago* and *Blow-up*—including record sales—and she knows the difference in overhead percentages between Hollywood and Rome.

Her biographical facts have been published repeatedly in every known language, but there is more continuity in Italian life than there is in less traditional societies, and Sophia, in the Excelsior, is what she was. She was born out of wedlock in a charity hospital in Rome and taken by her mother to Pozzuoli near Naples to live with her grandparents. Without a father to provide any sort of support or status, her beginnings were grueling, even for a poor Neapolitan. She was seven years old when the three-year bombardment of Naples began during World War II, and she and her mother suffered the hazards of poverty and war. She speaks with great affection of her mother. "She is very beautiful. She looks like Garbo, but she has a beautiful body. Garbo has a body like a *horse*. . . ." Excepting Garbo, she speaks affectionately of every name mentioned: Marilyn

Sophia and Vittorio Gassman in BEST HOUSE IN NAPLES, her first movie since her miscarriage last January.

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Monroe, Charlie Chaplin, Barbra Streisand, Michelangelo Antonioni, Jayne Mansfield and the Queen of England. The picture she is making, *The Best House in Naples*, will be her 38th. The *double entendre* of the title is wasted, since she plays, humorously, the poor and virtuous wife of Vittorio Gassman, and the house of the title is a haunted Neapolitan palace.

"I don't want to know your opinions on politics, religion, motherhood, marital fidelity, miniskirts or spaghetti sauce," I said. "I want to know what you like."

"What do I like? What do I like? I like thunderstorms," she exclaimed. "I love thunder and lightning. Waterfalls depress me...." Her English is unaccented, fluent and musical. Her skirt is short and her legs are luminous and elegant. Her arms and legs seem to lead a spendthrift life of their own. "I like all kinds of smells," she said. "I like the smell of the sea, and I like Patou's 'Joy,' and I love the smell of stables. I like the smell of stables, I think, because it reminds me of the milk my mother got for me during the war. It kept me alive. I like bright colors. They all have meanings for me. Red is the color of courage and love. Black is the color of pain. I think of names as colors. Loren is orange. Ponti is blue. I would like a good part in a play, but they are hard to find. I like Albee. I like Williams. I did not like *After the Fall*. It was a bad play. The only character in the play was poor Marilyn. She was the only one you remembered. A play would be very different from films, of course, but it must be exciting to have a new audience every night. I would like to do a tragedy. This might be for me a death leap, but I know about tragedy and I would like to try. I like in a performance to have the sense of giving something. I am always frightened, and I am never confident that I have been successful. I like to sing. This frightens me because I am a perfectionist and I know my voice is limited, but I could not live without singing. I sang a song in a television show, and some critic said that I was no Barbra Streisand, but when I met Barbra in London she told me not to worry. She said that if she looked like me she wouldn't bother to speak.

"I liked working with Charlie Chaplin. The picture—*A Countess from Hong Kong*—was not well received, but I think the critics may have been wrong. He did some very subtle things, some very fine things. I think perhaps in ten years the picture will seem better. I like Antonioni—he is an intelligent and a charming man—but I would not want to be one of the women in his pictures. They are too abstract. I am not an abstraction.

"I like to fly, but I always make the sign of the cross. I like boats, but there is never any time to take boats. I like dogs, horses, cars, sailboats and swimming, but I am not a great athlete, and when I am working I have to keep out of the sun to stay pale. I like to win prizes when I think I deserve them. I was very excited to get an Oscar for *Two Women*, and I would have liked one for *Marriage—Italian Style* but they gave it to *Mary Poppins*. (When I told her that one of the favorite graffiti in our town was, "Mary Poppins is a junkie," she laughed heartily.)

"I like San Francisco. I like New York. I like American women. They can be so many things. They can lead so many lives. I like trouble. In Naples more than in Rome, I have trouble with crowds, but I ask for it. There is a good restaurant in this hotel and I can have my dinner here, but I sometimes go out to restaurants and there are crowds and trouble. I like Frank Sinatra. I like the Beatles. I love to dance, but I mostly dance with my sister in the bedroom, because if I dance in a nightclub it will be a spectacle.

"I love to play cards. I love to play poker. When I play poker I love to bluff. But when I play poker I smoke too much. When I play poker I smoke *twenty* cigarettes. I liked Marilyn Monroe. She was alone when she died. I know what it's like to be alone. I liked Jayne Mansfield. People who say she was vulgar don't know what it's like to be frightened and unhappy. I like the early morning. Then everything seems so private. When I have a morning call, I get up at five-thirty, and then the streets are empty and everything seems so private."

I saw her on location the next day, but they were shooting in a confined area, crowded with technicians, and there was no chance to talk. She did wave to me. I had flown to Naples to see her, but so had 15 or 20 other journalists who were milling around an anteroom, waiting to ask about her miscarriage, her religion, her opinion of miniskirts and her choice in spaghetti sauce. A few days later, just before we both were to leave Naples, she called, and I went to her room to say good-bye.

"You know some of the things I like," she said. "What I don't like is harder. I don't like tranquilizers. I don't like pep pills. I don't like tape recorders. I always say something that shouldn't be published, and they always publish it. I wouldn't want a conversation with my grandfather to be taped. I don't like foolish propositions. For example, they are asking Anna Magnani to make a picture with Jerry Lewis. I don't like people who would use me to help themselves. They are dangerous. I don't really not like premieres—that sort of thing—but when I hear people say, 'There goes Sophia Loren,' I always think they are talking about someone else. I did not like being poor and hungry, but it is still more real, more vivid to me than having money. Compared to pain, money is never very real. I still dream about the war. . . ."

We all know the destiny of Venus to be tragic, and uncommon beauty to be a crushing burden, the cause of broken homes, sloth, drunkenness, improvidence and despair. The Sex Goddess herself, hooked on gin, amphetamines and promiscuity, will come to a grievous end and, opening the paper some morning, we will be saddened to read that she has died of a heart attack, an overdose of sleeping pills or an overturned Maserati. Less beautiful women will brood on the wages of sin. But there is nothing like that here, nothing like it at all. She wears no perfume, no makeup, her dress is simple and there is no trace of notoriety or gossip in her presence. She seems sincere, magnanimous, lucky, intelligent and serene. I lighted her cigarette with my overloaded Zippo again. "My God," I said, "did I burn off your eyelashes?"

"No," she laughed. "Why do you worry?"

"I always worry about burning off eyelashes."

Then her secretary came in to say it was time to go. "I have to put on my wig," Sophia said, and she walked me to the door as the bells of Naples rang noon. Her walk is lithe, youthful and difficult to forget. One might say that she walks like a dancer, meaning that she walks like someone who loves to dance. At the door I asked if I could kiss her. "Of course," she said. So I did. □

With her husband, producer Carlo Ponti. "I think of names as colors," she says. "Loren is orange. Ponti, blue."

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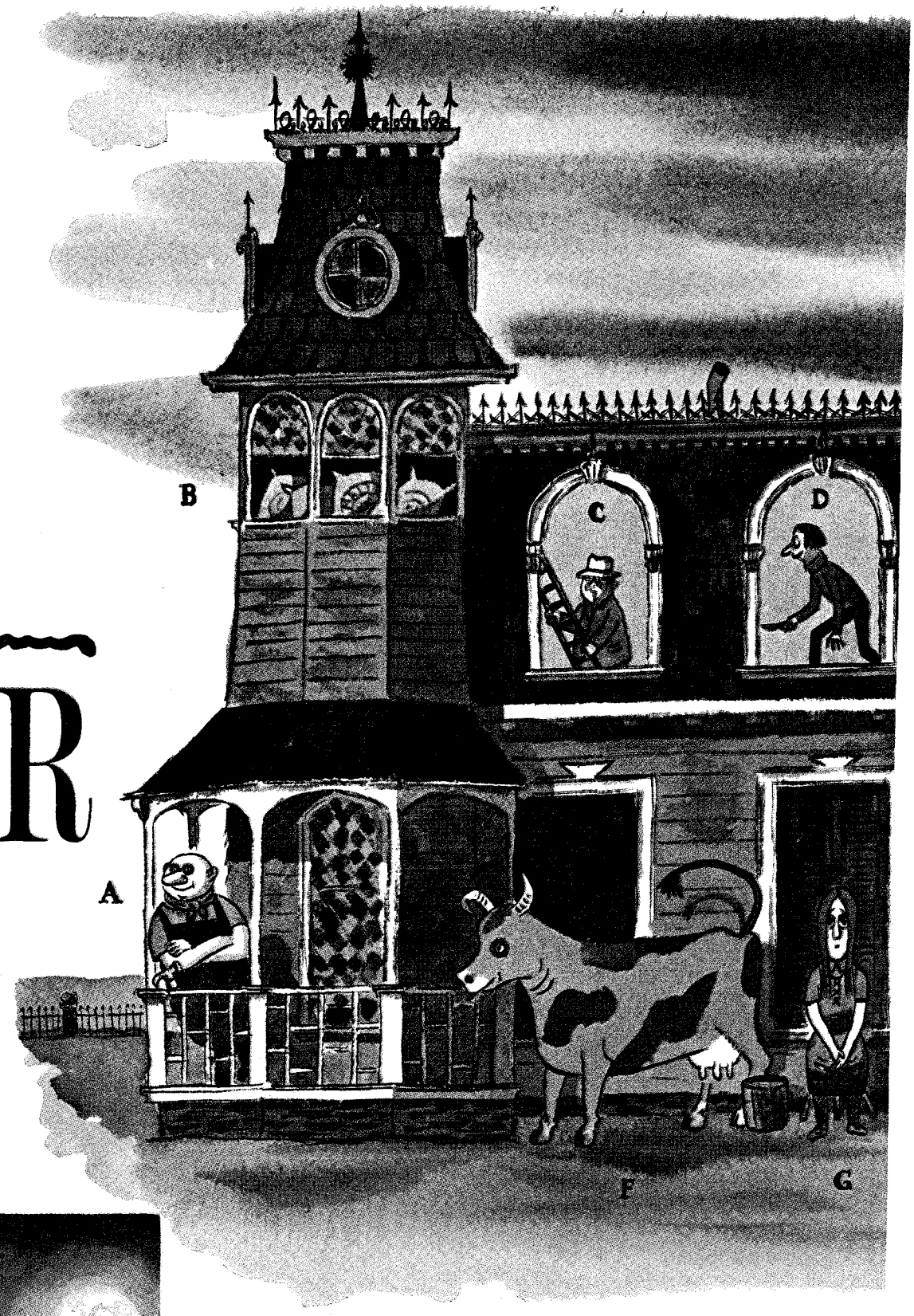
THE Ron Addams MOTHER GOOSE



Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice?

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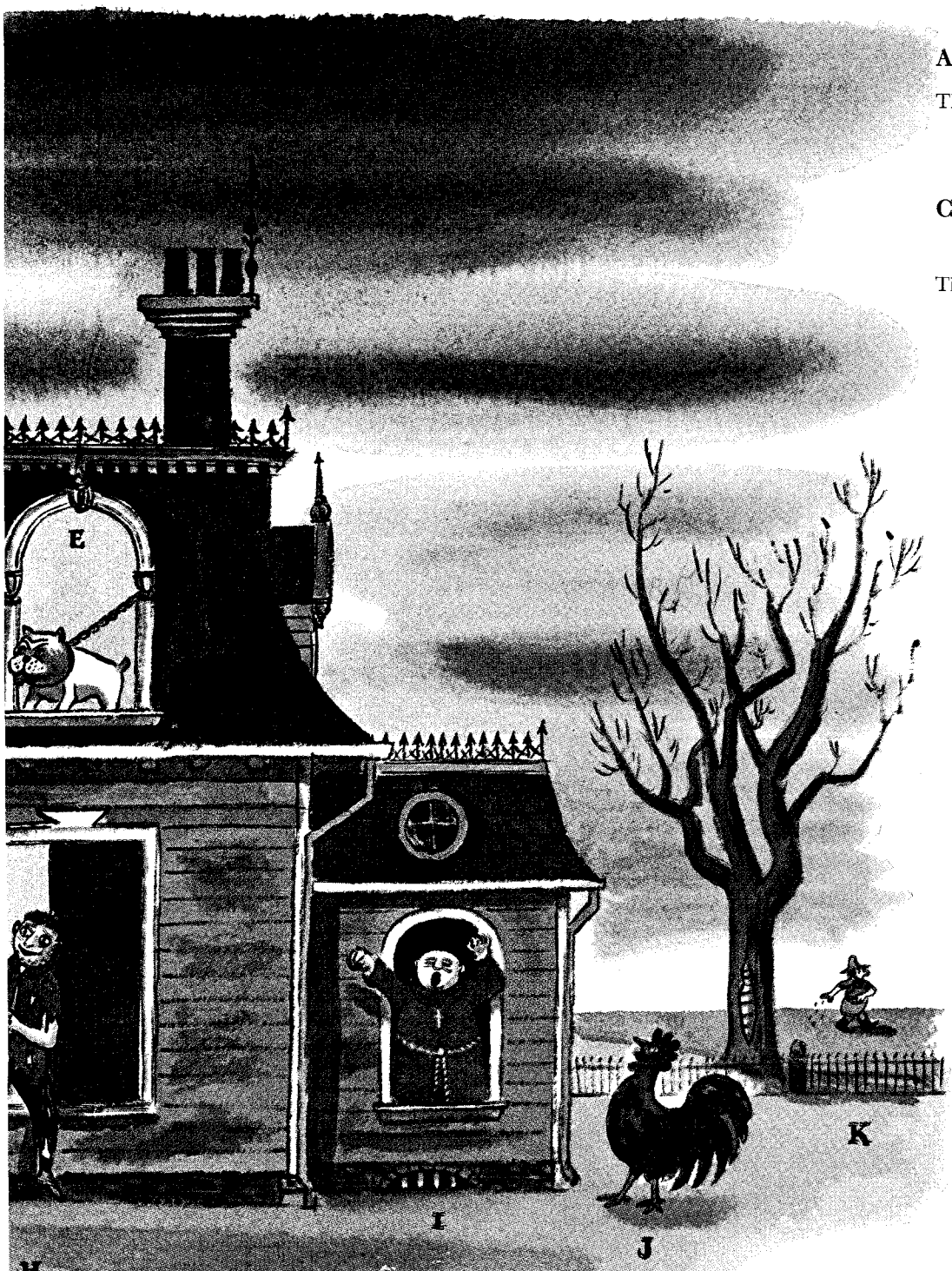


A

This is the house that Jack built.

B

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

C

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

D

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

E

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

F

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

G

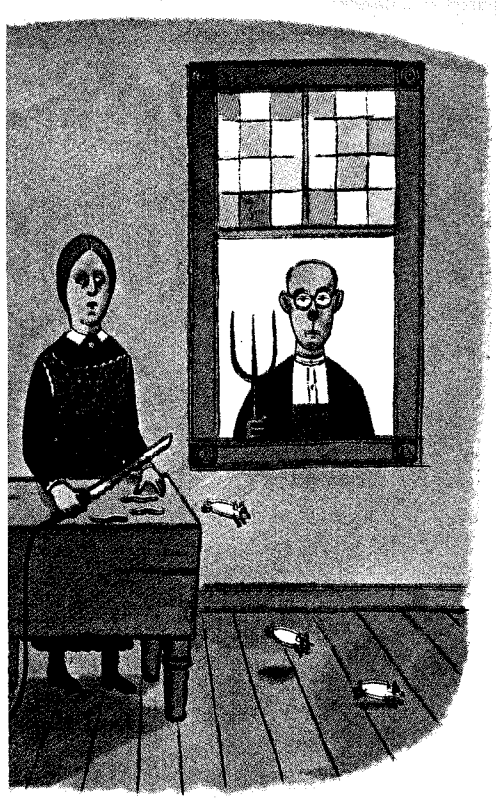
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

H

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

I

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



K

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

J

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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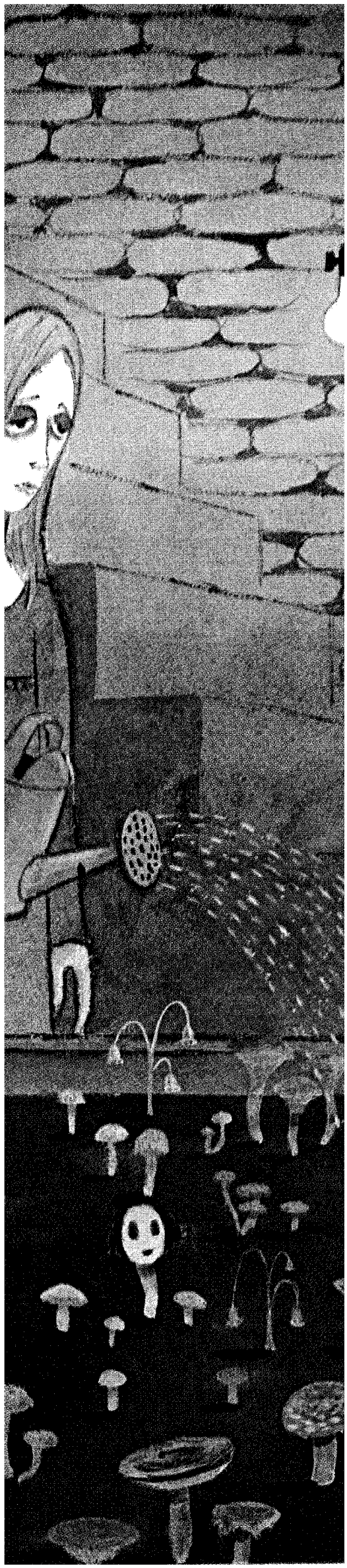

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Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children all in bed,
For now it's eight o'clock?"

Little King Pippin he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust that was the wall;
The windows were made of black pudding and white
And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like.

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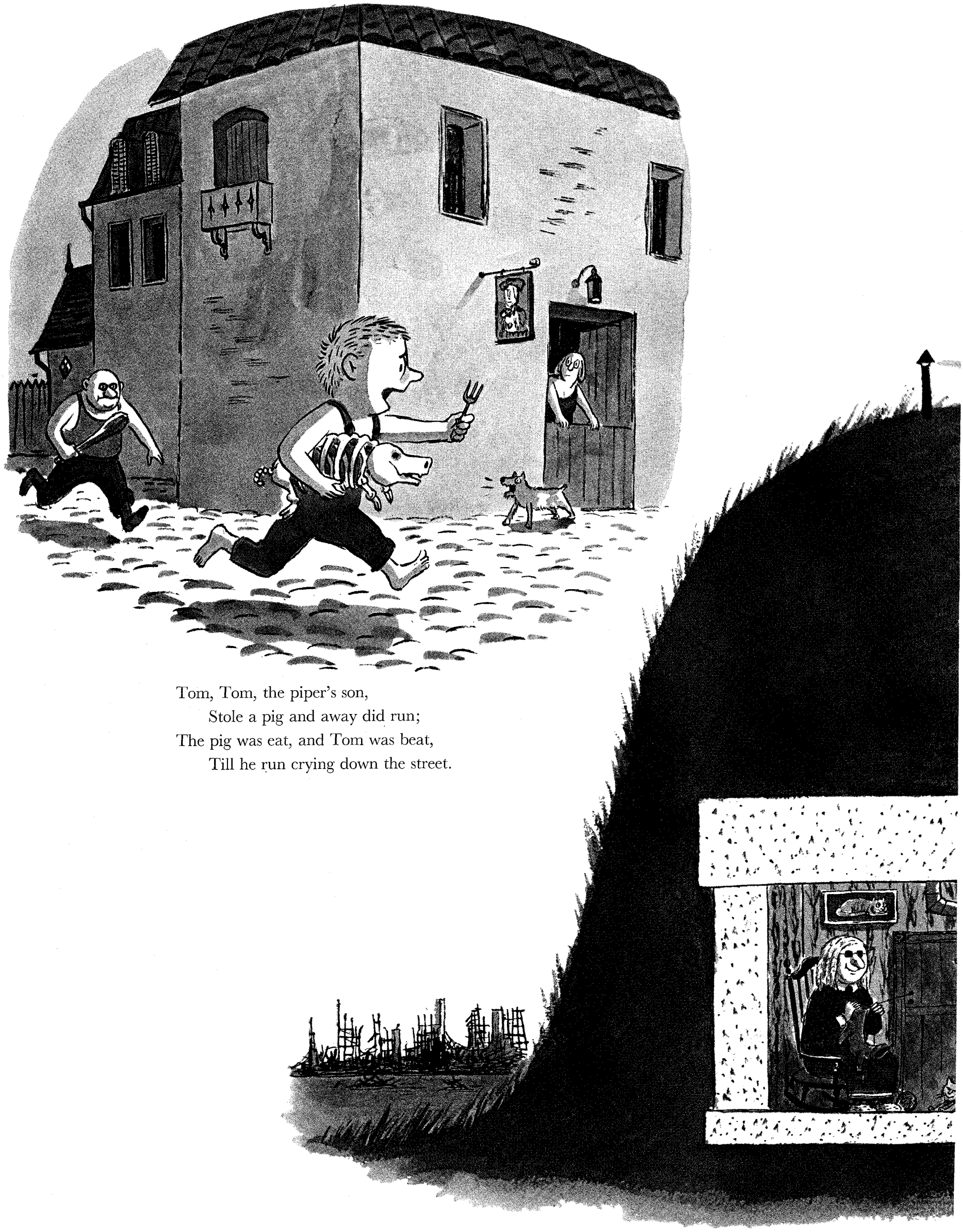

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run;
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
Till he run crying down the street.

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Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in the countinghouse, counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and snapped off her nose.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she isn't gone,
She lives there still.

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THE SUPREME COURT ASKS A QUESTION:

IS IT FAIR?

BY STEWART ALSOP

On the first Monday in October, when the Supreme Court reconvenes after the summer recess, the Court crier proclaims in a loud voice, as he has for nearly two centuries:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give attention. . . ."

This is an interesting time to draw near and give attention to the Supreme Court of the United States. Since 1954 the Court's decisions have had a deeper impact on life in the United States than just about all the legislation passed by Congress since that year. In the rather near future the Court may be asked to rule on certain bitterly divisive issues, and the result could be a direct power confrontation with Congress, and a great constitutional crisis.

The Court, in short, has become one of the American Government's great storm centers. Curiously enough, most people know very little about the Court. There are veteran Washington reporters who have never set foot inside the pompous marble mausoleum that houses the Court. Yet the story of what the Court has been up to, and what the deeply divided Justices have really been arguing about, is an interesting story, with its full share of human and political drama, once the tangled thickets of legal verbiage and ancient myth are cleared away.

In order to "draw near" the Supreme Court, you climb 42 marble steps, pass through a forest of Corinthian pillars and go through a pair of sculptured bronze doors. The first object to catch the eye is a sign, standing on a wooden pedestal. The sign bears an imperious, one-word command, painted in gilt letters: SILENCE.

The sign is obeyed. In the echoing marble halls, and in the pillared, curtain-draped courtroom itself, the tourists stand in reverent silence, or walk on tiptoe, whispering to each other, as in a cathedral. They have been transformed into worshipers at a shrine.

The transformation is the result of a shrewdly calculated exercise in atmospherics. The building was designed in the late 1920's under the direct supervision of William Howard Taft, the only American who has been both President and Chief Justice. Taft did not much like being President, but he loved the Court—the Court, he once wrote, "next to my wife and children, is the nearest thing to my heart in life." Taft knew what he wanted—a building that would impress the humble citizenry with the power and majesty of his beloved Court. And that is what he got.

Alexander Hamilton said of the Court that it had the power of "neither purse nor sword." But its *mystique* serves as a useful substitute for both. It endows the Court with an air of Solomonic wisdom above mundane political struggle, and this in turn serves as a shield for the Court in the fierce political struggle in which it has been intermittently engaged since it came into existence in 1790. This is the ancient struggle between the three supposedly coequal branches of the American Government for a bigger share of power.

Because the Court in recent years has been steadily extending its reach and authority, the struggle has rarely been fiercer, and the shield of the Court has been wearing rather thin. The Supreme Court is assailed everywhere—on roadside signs and bumper stickers (IMPEACH EARL WARREN, OUTLAW COMMUNISTS NOT PRAYERS) and in the halls of Congress (where the Justices have been called an "unpredictable group of uncontrolled despots," and their decisions described as "malicious, atheistic and sacrilegious").

The Court has been fiercely criticized by such important bodies as the American Bar Association, the Governors' Conference and the National Association of Attorneys General. The Court has also alienated by its decisions large and important segments of the American body politic—church groups, police and law-enforcement officials, virtually the entire white South, and conservatives everywhere in the country.

The Court has made its large collection of powerful enemies by its rulings in three chief areas: Negro rights in general and school integration in particular; voting rights, starting with the one-man-one-vote ruling in 1962; and crime and police methods. In other areas—Communist subversion, religion, censorship of obscenity—the Court's rulings have provided added enemies, as well as some friends and admirers.

To begin to understand the Court, it is first useful to clear away a hoary myth. This is the notion, promulgated by the first John Adams, that the American Government is a "government of laws, not men," a phrase often cited by worshipers at the Supreme Court shrine. In an indiscreet moment before he joined the Court, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes demolished this myth in one famous sentence: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the Judges say it is."

The nine men who say what the Constitution is are most interesting men. A wit has likened the black-robed Justices to "nine black beetles in the Temple of Karnak." In their majesty on the bench, or in their official photographs, they do look rather like nine more or less identical black beetles. But seen at closer range, they look a lot more like nine self-opinionated and highly idiosyncratic human beings.

They are a variegated lot. There are two men on the Court who may be responsible for the fact that Lyndon Johnson is President today; two men who might have been President themselves; the Negro son of a Pullman-car steward; a Jew; a Catholic; a former member of the Ku Klux Klan; a once-great athlete; nine lawyers of far above average competence; and nine men who are often in bitter and profound disagreement on basic constitutional issues. These men, appointed to the Court for life, live for most of the year more or less in each other's pockets. It is natural that, in their personal relations with each other, they experience what Justice Brennan has called "quite agonizing tensions at times."

One of the men who might have been President is, of course, the Chief Justice, Earl Warren, former governor of California. Warren was a presidential contender in 1948 and again in 1952. He was rewarded for throwing his support to Dwight Eisenhower in the 1952 convention with a promise of a seat on the Court when the first vacancy occurred. The first vacancy occurred when Chief Justice Vinson died in 1953. An attempt was made to fob off Warren with a promise of a seat when the *next* vacancy occurred, but Warren stubbornly insisted that a promise was a promise, and he became Chief Justice.

A constantly smiling, grandfatherly sort of man, Earl Warren is a living example of the curious chameleon effect which the highest bench produces on many of those who sit on it. It has happened again and again—a conservative President will appoint a conservative Justice, and the new Justice becomes increasingly liberal over the years; or vice versa.

As a young politician—he was district attorney of Alameda County in California before World War II—Earl Warren was known as "an L.A. *Times* Republican," which meant in those days a down-the-line right-winger. During the war, as attorney general of California, Warren played a leading part in one of the most disgraceful chapters of American history, when the state's citizens of Japanese ancestry were bundled off to concentration camps. Thereafter, in his three terms as governor, Warren moved steadily toward the

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political center. But Eisenhower certainly thought he was getting a fellow middle-of-the-road conservative as his Chief Justice. He got nothing of the sort.

The story of the Warren Court starts, of course, with the unanimous decision in 1954, ruling segregation in the public schools unconstitutional—one of the half-dozen most important decisions in the Court's history. In the years immediately following the school decision, the direction of the Warren Court was undoubtedly much influenced by a struggle for the heart and mind of Earl Warren. This spiritual wrestling match was between Justice Hugo Black, the Court's senior Associate Justice, and Justice Felix Frankfurter.

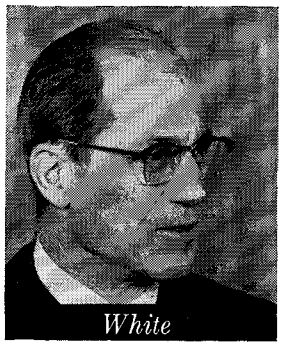
The brilliant, peppery little Frankfurter was another example of the Court's chameleon effect. When he was appointed to the Court by Franklin Roosevelt, he was viewed by conservatives as little better than a Bolshevik. But on the Court he became the chief defender of the conservative doctrine of "judicial restraint," and by the time he retired in 1962 he had become a minor deity in the conservative pantheon. But he had also lost his struggle with Hugo Black, and he knew it. In his first term Warren differed frequently with Black, but as the years passed, Warren and Black were increasingly on the same side, while Frankfurter found himself more and more often in the minority. Black, at 81, is still another example of the chameleon effect. A member of the Ku Klux Klan when he was a young man, he has, in his 30 years on the Court, consistently championed the rights of Negroes and other minorities. His convictions are deeply held, and his sometimes acidulous tongue is persuasive. In fact, today's Supreme Court is as much a Black court as a Warren court.

Second in seniority to Black is another Roosevelt appointee, William O. Douglas, still rugged at the age of 69. In the pre-Warren era Black and Douglas were the Damon and Pythias of liberal dissent—in decision after decision, "Justices Black and Douglas dissenting" became routine. Both felt so frustrated that they seriously considered resigning from the Court. Now, in their old age, their hour of triumph has come—they are no longer a beleaguered minority on the Court, but the chief architects of an almost-sure majority.

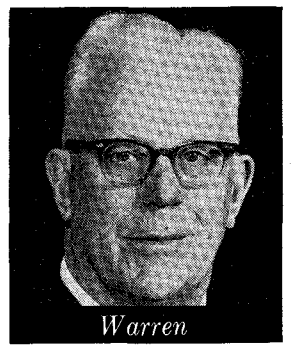
Douglas is the other Justice who might have been President. Franklin Roosevelt came within an ace of offering him the vice-presidential nomination in 1944. In those days Douglas was considered a much bigger man than Harry Truman. In recent years—perhaps unfairly, and certainly in part because of his April-and-November marriages—his political reputation has dwindled.

After Douglas in seniority is John M. Harlan, an able, elderly, quiet-spoken man who looks more like a Supreme Court Justice than any of his colleagues. He was President Eisenhower's second appointee, and this time Eisenhower got a conservative. Harlan, at 68, is the last consistent apostle of Frankfurter's doctrine of "judicial restraint." Eisenhower's third appointee, William J. Brennan Jr., 61, occupies the Court's "Catholic seat." He has a pleasant, map-of-Ireland face that conceals a sharp intelligence. From the first, Brennan joined the Warren-Black-Douglas liberals.

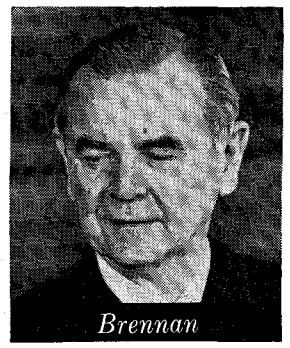
Potter Stewart, 52, another Eisenhower appointee, is an able big-city lawyer whose opinions are particularly well-written and pithy. He usually sides with the dwindling conservative bloc. So does Byron White who, at 50, is the youngest Justice and the only Kennedy appointee still serving on the Court. A former All-American football player, White has the rugged, he-man look that Kennedys prefer. He first got to know John Kennedy well when they went on a toot together in Munich before the war, when they were both scarcely out of knee pants. They got to know each other better in the Navy during the war, so that by the time Kennedy was elected President, White was one of the small band of honorary Kennedys.


White

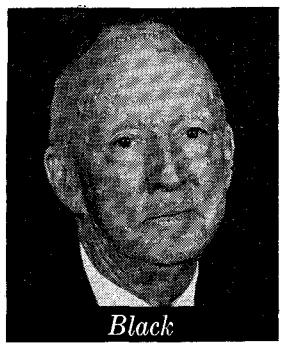
"He first got to know John Kennedy well when they went on a toot together in Munich before the war. . . ."


Warren

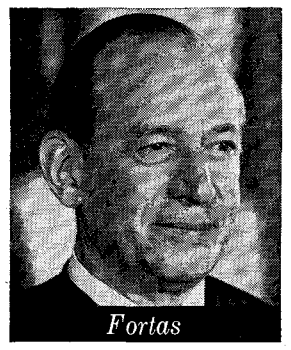
" . . . a living example of the curious chameleon effect which the highest bench produces on many. . . ."


Brennan

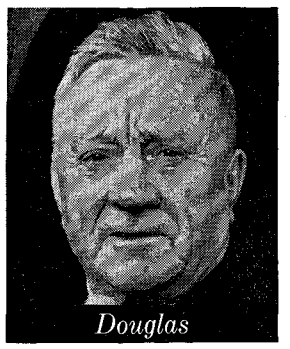
" . . . occupies the 'Catholic seat.' He has a pleasant, map-of-Ireland face that conceals a sharp intelligence."


Black

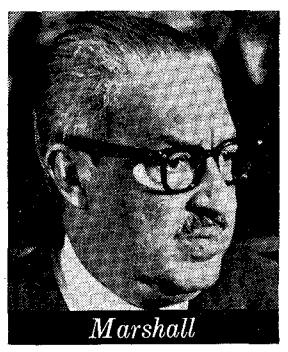
"His convictions are deeply held . . . today's Court is as much a Black court as a Warren court. . . ."


Fortas

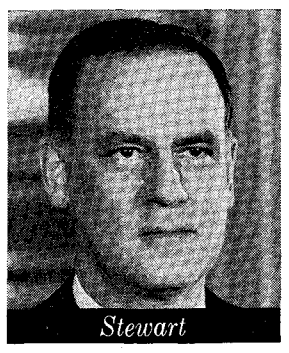
" . . . most of his fellow lawyers believe that Fortas . . . would make a good, and perhaps a great, Chief Justice."


Douglas

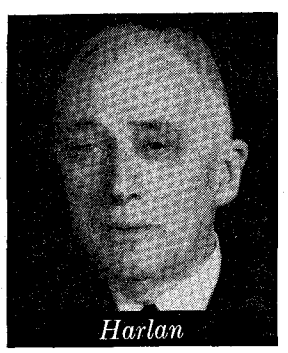
" . . . in part because of his April-and-November marriages, his political reputation has dwindled."


Marshall

" . . . his record indicates that . . . Marshall will side with the liberal-activists, giving them a safe majority."


Stewart

" . . . Stewart . . . is an able big-city lawyer whose opinions are particularly well-written and pithy."


Harlan

"Harlan, at 68, is the last consistent apostle of Frankfurter's doctrine of 'judicial restraint.'"

Abe Fortas, the first Justice appointed by Lyndon Johnson, occupies the "Jewish seat" once held by such brilliant men as Frankfurter and Brandeis. Fortas, 57, soft-spoken, with a long, intelligent face, is another brilliant man. He reluctantly gave up a highly lucrative law practice to go on the bench, when Lyndon Johnson, who is a powerful insister, insisted. He remains what he was before he went on the Court—one of Lyndon Johnson's closest advisers.

A very good case could be made for the thesis that Lyndon Johnson is President thanks to Abe Fortas and old Hugo Black. In 1948 Johnson was threatened with political oblivion when a Texas judge issued an injunction against his name appearing on the ballot as the Democratic candidate for the Senate, on the grounds that his tiny primary margin of 87 votes came mostly from the graveyard. Johnson sent an SOS to Abe Fortas in Washington. Fortas persuaded Hugo Black to issue a Supreme Court order staying the injunction, and thus Johnson's political career was saved.

If Warren dies or retires while Johnson is President, the betting is good that Abe Fortas will take his place. He has his critics, but most of his fellow lawyers believe that Fortas, who is a rare combination of political pragmatist and philosophical idealist, would make a good, and perhaps a great, Chief Justice.

The newest member of the Court is Thurgood Marshall, 59, the big, easygoing former Solicitor General who is the first Negro to sit on the highest bench. Marshall is no stranger to the Court. As counsel to the N.A.A.C.P., he argued 32 cases before the Court, winning 29, including the 1954 school case. The chameleon effect may work on him too. But his record clearly indicates that on all issues involving race, and on most other issues too, Marshall will side with the liberal-activists, giving them a safe majority of six.

Thus the Court has been wholly transformed in the 14 years since Warren became Chief Justice—a two-out-of-nine minority has become a six-out-of-nine majority, and on some issues Justice Harlan may be a lonely minority of one. But what does this change really *mean*, in terms of the balance of power within the American Government, and in terms of the relationship of the American

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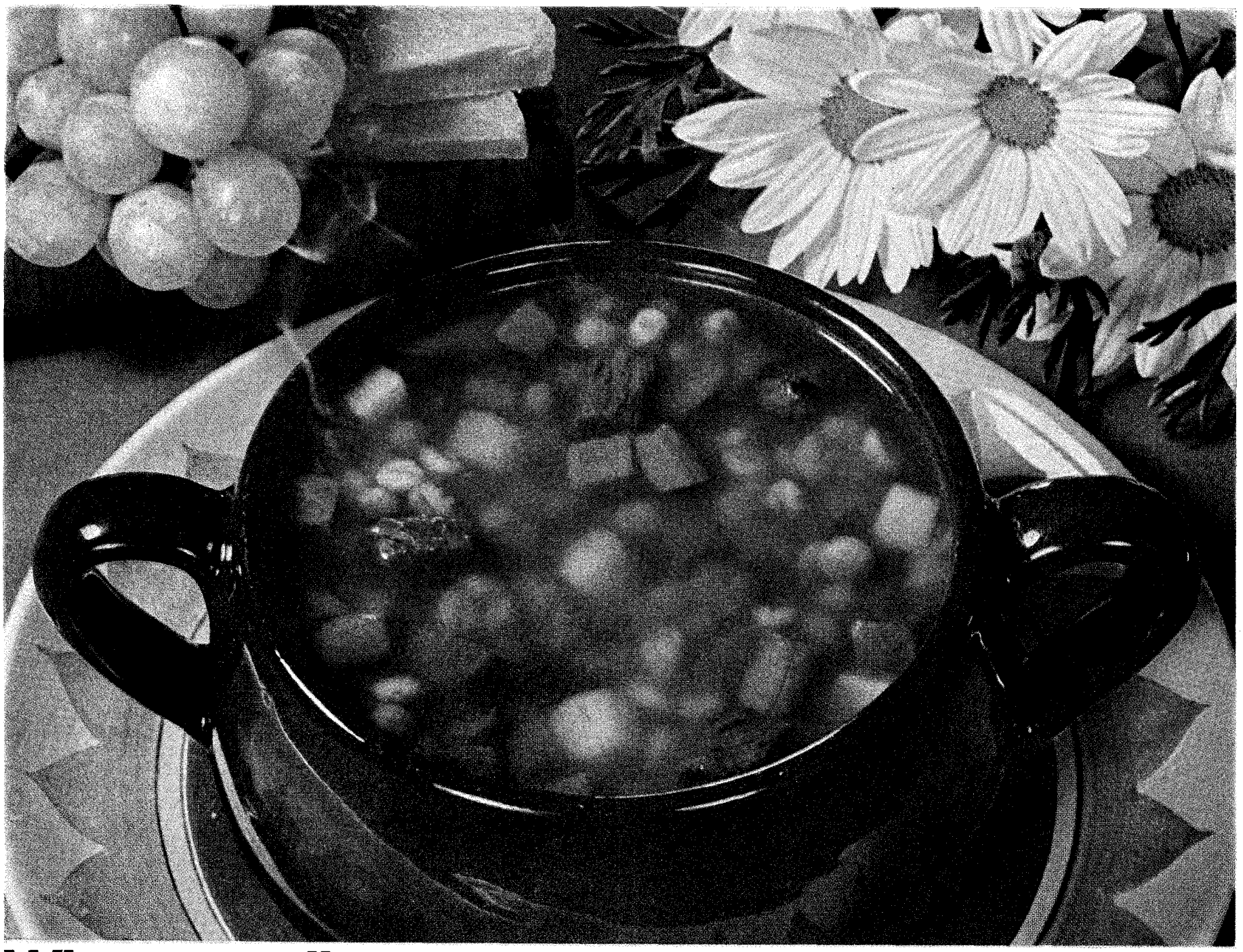
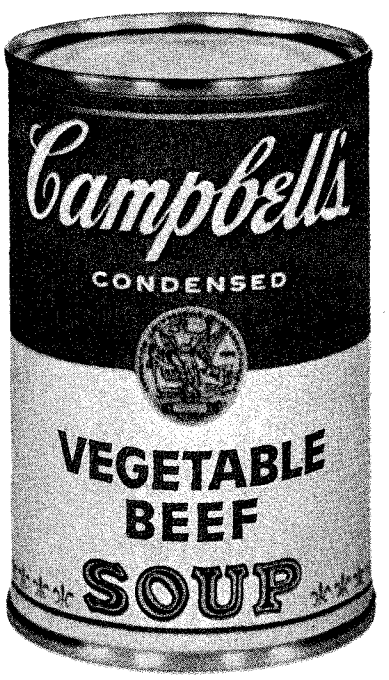


When you dip into a bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, you come up with two kinds of beef.

You come up with beef you can see, and beef you can't see. The beef you see is solid beef. Tender little chunks of beef. But the beef you don't see is just as important. Because it's simmered and simmered deep down into the heart of the soup. So the good beef broth is good beefy broth — beefier now than ever before. And the whole soup is deeper and richer and mellower because of it. Enjoy a bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Beef today. It's the vegetable beefier soup.



M'm! M'm! Good!

Also enjoy Campbell's Vegetable, Old Fashioned Vegetable, Vegetarian Vegetable and Chicken Vegetable Soups.

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citizen to his Government? What have the Justices, in their unending argument with each other, really been arguing about?

A good way to begin an answer to those questions is to consider a specific case—the case of *Ernesto A. Miranda, Petitioner, v. State of Arizona.* The Miranda case divided the Court deeply and bitterly. But both sides agreed on the essential facts. They are these:

On March 3, 1963, an 18-year-old girl was raped near Phoenix, Ariz. Ten days later Ernesto Miranda, a 23-year-old school dropout, was arrested on suspicion of the crime. The girl was summoned to the police station and picked Miranda out of the police lineup as her attacker.

Two policemen conducted Miranda into "Interrogation Room No. 2" of the Phoenix detective bureau. Miranda at first denied his guilt, but within two hours he orally confessed to the rape, and he then wrote out a full confession admitting and describing the crime. He also signed a typewritten statement to the effect that he had confessed voluntarily, without threats or promises, and "with full knowledge of my legal rights, understanding any statement I make may be used against me."

Miranda, according to a doctor who subsequently examined him, indulged in frequent sexual fantasies and had schizophrenic tendencies. But he was legally sane and competent to stand trial. Both sides on the Court agreed that the confession was not the result of physical force or the threat of force—there had been no third degree. Both sides also agreed that the policemen did not specifically inform Miranda that he had a right to have a lawyer present during the questioning.

An Arizona jury convicted Miranda, and he was sentenced to 20 to 30 years in prison. The sentence was appealed, and the case made its three-year-long way to the Supreme Court in February, 1966. The appeal was based on the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself."

Was Ernesto Miranda, in those two hours in Interrogation Room 2, compelled to be a witness against himself?

That was the question that confronted the Justices when they met, on Friday, March 4, for one of their regular day-long conferences. Every Friday during the term the Justices spend the day discussing the cases before the Court. These long and sometimes argumentative and exhausting conferences last from 10 in the morning until 5 or 6, with a half-hour break for lunch.

The Justices meet entirely alone, and they do not discuss the sessions with outsiders. This is one reason why covering the Court is considered a hellish assignment by the Washington press.

"We have no sources at all," says Fred Graham of *The New York Times*, one of the ablest of the handful of reporters assigned to the Court. "Even the law clerks hardly give us the time of day." One of the results of this aloofness is that the Court is the most underreported—and the least understood—branch of the American Government.

On this occasion, by ancient custom, each Justice shook the hands of all his "brethren" (as, by another ancient custom, the Justices refer to each other). They greeted each other by their first names, except for Warren who, by still another ancient custom, is addressed as "Chief."

The Chief Justice took his place at the south end of the conference table, facing a Rembrandt Peale portrait of "the great Chief," John Marshall. The senior Associate Justice, Hugo Black, sat opposite him. The other Justices ranged themselves in order of seniority around the table, with Abe Fortas, then junior Justice, nearest the door. (It is the junior Justice's duty to take and deliver messages at the door—during the World Series he is kept busy taking the latest baseball scores.)

Warren opened the discussion on the Miranda case. He talked for about 20 minutes, giving a number of reasons to support his conclusion that Miranda's conviction should be reversed. Black spoke next, saying simply that he "agreed with the Chief," and Douglas concurred with equal brevity. So did Brennan and Fortas, when their turns came, thus providing a majority of five to reverse Miranda's conviction. One or two of the four Justices in the minority argued with some heat against reversing the conviction, but the minds of the five men in the majority, who had almost certainly concerted their collective opinion in advance, were clearly not going to be easy to change.

There was much writing and revising of opinions before the decision was handed down, and much talk and argument among the Justices. But the five-man majority for reversal held firm. On June 13 Warren delivered the opinion, which, because it represented a majority, thereupon became "the opinion of the Court."

The "opinion of the Court" was that Ernesto Miranda had indeed been "compelled" to testify against himself, even though the two policemen had used no force, and no threat of force, to obtain his confession.

In the Chief Justice's opinion there is certainly something of the past of former District Attorney Earl Warren, who knew a lot about how cops get confessions from suspects. There is even, one suspects, in the aging Chief Justice of the Miranda decision a sort of expiatory mirror image of the rising young politician who took the lead in hounding California's Japanese-American citizens into concentration camps. At any rate, as his opinion makes very clear, Earl Warren, at the age of 76, at the pinnacle of prestige and power, remains quite capable of imagining what it must be like to be a frightened, semi-literate young man, held in a bleak interrogation room and questioned about a terrible crime.

The heart of the majority's opinion, as expressed by Warren, can be summed up very simply. Modern police practice has replaced the third degree—and other physical means of obtaining confessions—with "interrogation [which] is psychologically rather than physically oriented." In other words, the cops, instead of beating a suspect like Miranda half to death, scare him half to death.

Warren and his four concurring brethren proceeded to lay down certain rules for police behavior. A suspect who has been "taken into custody or deprived of his freedom in any significant way," must be "warned that he has a right to remain silent, that any statement he makes may be used as evidence against him, and that he has a right to the presence of an attorney, either retained or appointed." If at any point the suspect says, or "indicates in any manner," that he doesn't want to answer any more questions, that's that—the police must instantly stop questioning him.

These rules were not mere recommendations or guidelines. Since they represented "the opinion of the Court," even if only by a five-to-four majority, they instantly became the law of the land, to be obeyed by law-enforcement officers anywhere in the United States. Any policeman violating them is guilty of violating the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by "the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States."

Of the four dissenting Justices, only one, Potter Stewart, simply concurred in the main dissenting opinion, written by Justice Byron White. The others, Justice Tom Clark (who has since retired) and Justice Harlan, felt so strongly that they wrote dissenting opinions of their own.

Justice Clark, a former Attorney General, wrote tartly that "such a strict constitutional specific inserted at the nerve center of crime detection may well kill the patient." Harlan wrote that "the thrust of the new rules is to . . . discourage any confession at all."

Justice White, who has a reputation for caution, was most caustic of all. Like the other dissenters, he saw "no significant support" for the decision in the Constitution. But what worried him more was the effect of the decision in discouraging convictions of guilty criminals. As a result, White wrote, "In some unknown number of cases the Court's rule will return a killer, a rapist, or other criminal to the environment which produced him to repeat his crime whenever he pleases. As a consequence there will not be a gain, but a loss, in human dignity."

The Court's opinions, both majority and dissent, are always heavily larded with learned references to previous decisions (most of which are supplied by the law clerks), but these are little more than genuflections. In fact, the opinions of the nine men on the Court derive from no mystical contemplation of the Delphic mysteries of the Constitution. They derive instead from their own attitudes, preconceptions and experience, both as lawyers and as men.

In the Miranda case all nine Justices were really asking Earl Warren's favorite question, which he often asks in open court—"Is it *fair?*"—and coming to precisely opposite conclusions.

It is clear that those conclusions had at most a tenuous connection with the words written into the Constitution. For that matter, the men who wrote the Fifth Amendment and the rest of the Bill of Rights intended only to limit the powers of the Federal Government in its dealings with the citizenry. How does it happen, then, that the Supreme Court has applied the Fifth Amendment to the relationship between a criminal suspect and the local cops?

The answer tells a lot about what lawyers can do with words. For the answer is to be found in 52 words, the most important of all the millions of words that have been written into laws of the United States since the Union was founded:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any per-

Fifty years ago in The Post

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOLLOWING THE RED CROSS—By Elizabeth Frazer

A French girl welcomes the American Allies:

'Following the Red Cross,' by Elizabeth Frazer, October 27, 1917

"The French girl pointed to a cluster of silken Allied pennants. "Do you see the American flag there—in the center? Well, I saw them put that flag there. They raised it the morning after we received the news that America was our Ally. There was a crowd around then, watching; and so I went away. But the same night I returned. The street was empty. It was as I had hoped. And then I—I kissed that flag!"

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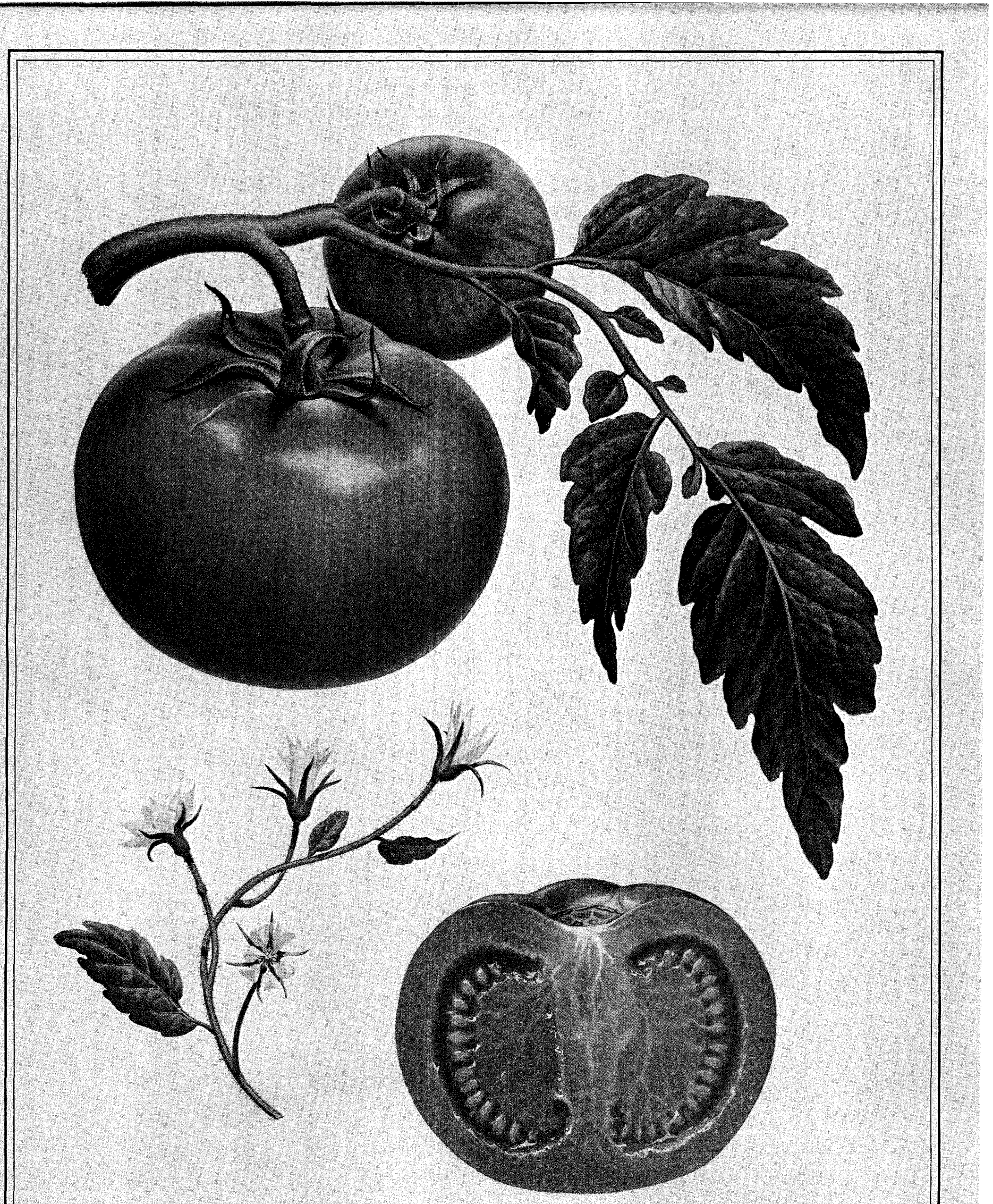

Lycopersicon esculentum

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It is believed that the tomato was first cultivated by the Incas in Peru. Has been called by such glorious names as apple of love, golden apple, apple of paradise. Contrary to popular belief, the tomato is neither a vegetable nor a fruit, botanically it's considered a berry. If you have ever had a garden then you know that the best time to eat a tomato is when the color is right.

Stokely picks just like you do...when the color is right!

Richard Mack E. H. Phillips Hubert Schmieder
Casey Sinkeldam John L. Bandera Edmond Gass

With the exception of Mr. Phillips, the gentlemen named are all master chefs and award winners in the International Culinary Competitions.

(Mr. Phillips is our man from Stokely and a great hand with a skillet himself.)

The award-winning dishes were prepared with the same fine Stokely fruits and vegetables you can buy in your local food store. More good restaurants serve Stokely fruits and vegetables than any other brand.

The winning chefs are happy to pass on to you some of their favorite recipes.

Chopped Steak Parisian

2 pounds chopped beef
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup Roquefort cheese
6 large slices French bread toasted and buttered
Stokely's Finest Catsup

Combine chopped beef and salt. Shape into 6 oval patties. Broil patties to desired doneness, turning once. Combine butter and Roquefort cheese. Place chopped steak on toast and spread 1 tablespoon cheese mixture on top. Serve with catsup. Makes 6 servings.

Edmond Gass

Tomato Souffle

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
2 cans (8 oz. each) Stokely's Finest Tomato Sauce
2 tablespoons grated onion
1 bay leaf, finely crushed
½ teaspoon oregano
4 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Butter 2-quart casserole with ½ tablespoon butter; then coat with 2½ tablespoons Parmesan cheese. Melt remaining butter, blend in flour, salt, pepper, and sugar. Add tomato sauce, onion, bay leaf and oregano. Cook and stir until sauce thickens; then simmer 3 minutes. Add remaining cheese. Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks until thick. Add tomato sauce to egg yolks; then fold tomato mixture into egg whites. Pour into casserole. Place casserole in pan of hot water and bake on bottom shelf of oven at 350° for 45 to 50 minutes or until firm. Makes 6 servings.

Casey Sinkeldam

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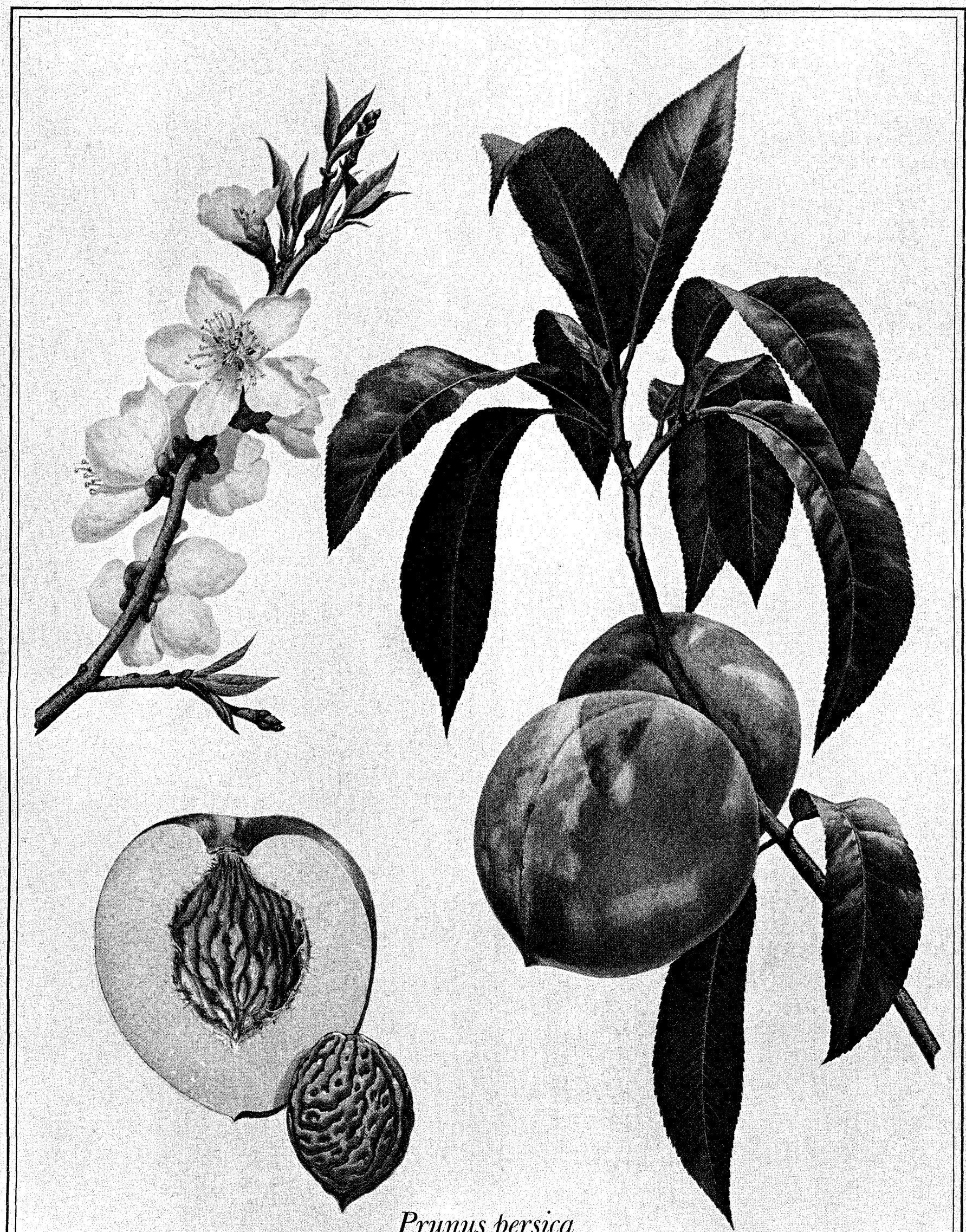

Prunus persica

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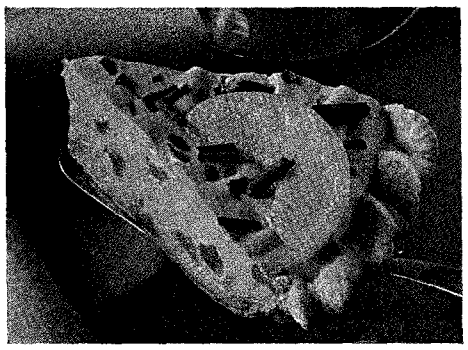
Peaches belong to the same family of stone fruits as do plums, cherries and apricots. Peaches that separate from their stone easily are named freestones. Peaches that hang on are called clingstones and the kind without fuzzy beards are nectarines. Peaches were first enjoyed in ancient China. The peachiest peaches of all are the ones that blush with sun ripened color. Stokely never picks them before.

Stokely picks just like you do...when the color is right!



Peach and Coffee Chiffon Pie

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 tablespoons instant coffee
⅓ cup sugar
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1⅓ cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) Stokely's Finest Sliced Yellow Cling Peaches
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
9-inch baked pastry shell
1 square semi-sweet chocolate

Soak gelatine in cold water. Combine coffee, ⅓ cup sugar, egg yolks, and milk in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat; add gelatine and vanilla. Chill until mixture begins to thicken.

Drain peaches, reserve half the slices; dice remaining peaches and drain on paper towels. Fold whipped cream into coffee mixture. Beat egg whites with salt until foamy. Gradually add ¼ cup sugar and beat until egg whites stand in stiff peaks. Fold into coffee mixture. Fold in diced peaches. Pour coffee filling into pastry shell and chill until firm, about 2 hours. With vegetable peeler, shave chocolate into curls. At serving time, top pie with reserved peach slices and chocolate curls. Makes 6 servings.

Richard Mack

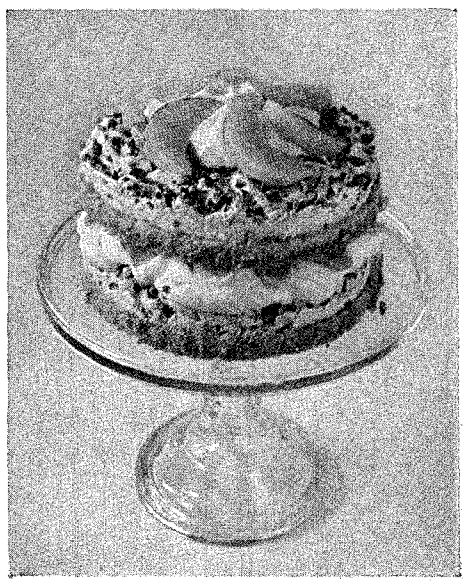
Peach Blitz Torte

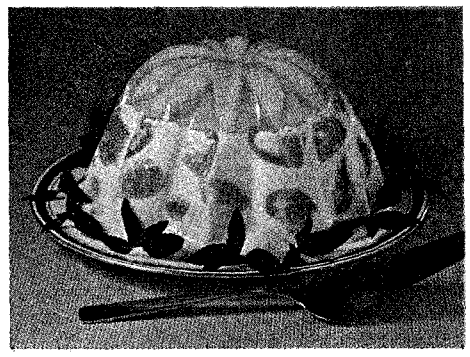
4 eggs, separated
1 box (single layer) or ½ box yellow cake mix
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup chopped nuts
1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened
1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) Stokely's Finest Sliced Yellow Cling Peaches, drained

To egg yolks add enough water to make ½ cup plus 2 tablespoons. Combine with cake mix and beat 4 minutes. Pour batter into 2 greased and floured 8-inch round cake pans.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add sugar, beating until stiff peaks are formed; add vanilla. Spread meringue on unbaked cake layers. Sprinkle with nuts. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes. Cool on racks 10 minutes; then loosen around edges; remove from pans and cool layers meringue side up. Place 1 cake layer on cake plate, meringue side up. Spread ⅔ of whipped cream over cake. Arrange ⅔ of well-drained peach slices on the cream. Place second layer on top. Spoon remaining whipped cream in center of layer and arrange remaining peach slices on top. Chill in refrigerator. Makes 12 servings.

Casey Sinkeldam





Peach Bavarian

1 package (3 oz.) lemon flavored gelatine
2 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
1 cup hot water
1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) Stokely's Finest Sliced Yellow Cling Peaches
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatine, sugar, and salt in hot water. Drain peaches well. Add ½ cup peach liquid to gelatine mixture. Pour ¼ cup gelatine mixture in bottom of 1-quart mold; arrange 8 peach slices in gelatine; chill until almost firm. Chill remaining gelatine mixture until slightly thickened; then fold in whipped cream. Cut remaining peaches in half and fold into cream mixture. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Unmold on serving plate. Garnish with mint leaves. Makes 8 servings.

Hubert Schmieder

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Thaseolus vulgaris

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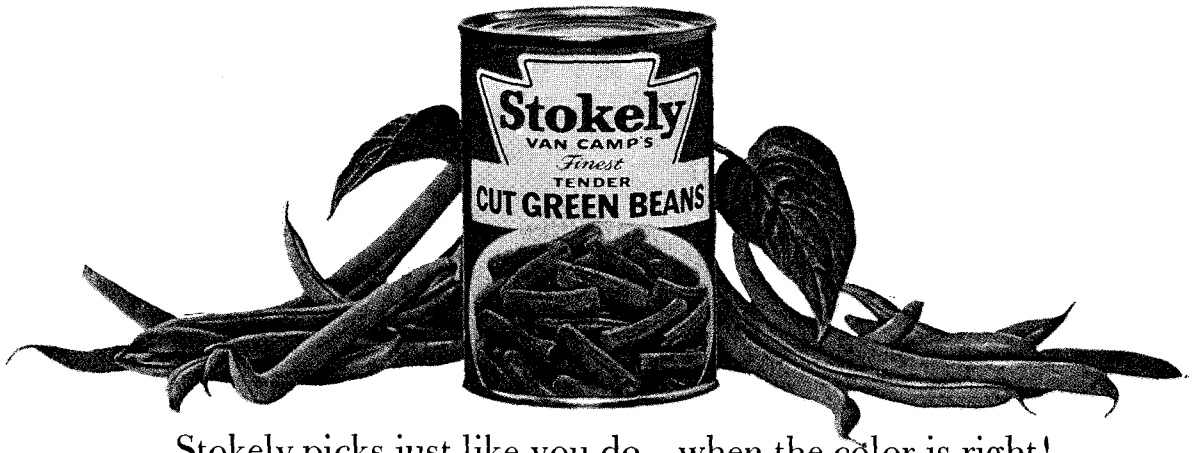
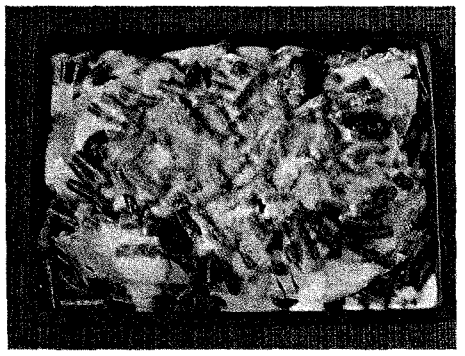
Green beans are really the seed or pod of a leguminous plant. The entire bean is eaten, compared to peas which are normally separated from the pod. Green beans are Central and South American in origin and were unknown to the old world prior to the time of Columbus. They are now grown the world over. These tender beauties taste their best when they are picked at the peak of their good green color.



Stokely picks just like you do...when the color is right!



Green Bean Divan

⅓ cup melted butter
6 tablespoons flour
2 cups chicken broth
¾ cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons sherry or sherry extract
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 cans (15½ oz.) Stokely's Finest Cut Green Beans
6 large slices breast of roast turkey

Blend butter and flour in saucepan. Gradually add chicken broth and cream. Cook and stir until sauce thickens; then simmer for 2 minutes. Remove from heat; add sherry, salt, pepper, and ¼ cup of cheese. Heat beans; drain. Pour half the beans in shallow heat proof casserole or platter. Pour half the sauce over the beans. Arrange sliced turkey on beans. Pour remaining beans over turkey. Top beans with remaining sauce. Sprinkle remaining cheese over sauce. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes; then broil 2 minutes until lightly browned. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

Richard Mack

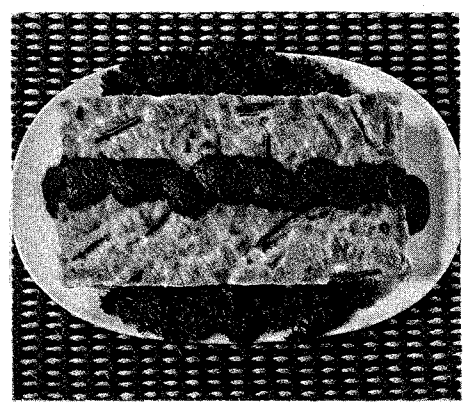
Green Bean Loaf

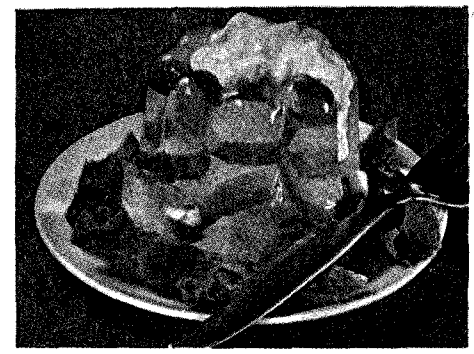
1 cup coarsely crumbled saltines
4 tablespoons melted butter
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups hot milk
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 teaspoons grated onion
1 can (15½ oz.) Stokely's Finest Cut Green Beans, drained
1 can (8 oz.) Stokely's Finest Tomato Sauce

Line a buttered 9x5-inch loaf pan with a strip of buttered foil or wax paper 4x16-inches.

Saute crackers in butter until golden brown. Combine eggs, milk, salt, pepper, and onion. Add crackers and beans. Pour mixture into loaf pan. Bake at 350° 60 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool 5 minutes. Loosen around sides; then unmold on serving plate. Serve with hot tomato sauce. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

Hubert Schmieder





Molded Green Bean Salad

1 can (15½ oz.) Stokely's Finest Cut Green Beans
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 package (3 oz.) lemon flavored gelatine
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ cup minced onion
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup diced water chestnuts

Drain beans, adding enough water to bean liquid to make 3 cups. Soak unflavored gelatine in cold water. Heat bean liquid and water to boiling; add unflavored gelatine and lemon gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Add vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Stir in beans, onion, celery, and water chestnuts. Pour into 1½ quart pan or 12 (4 oz.) molds. Chill until firm. Unmold; serve on crisp greens with Tangy Sauce.

TANGY SAUCE: Combine ½ cup grated and drained cucumber, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, and dash of pepper.

Edmond Gass

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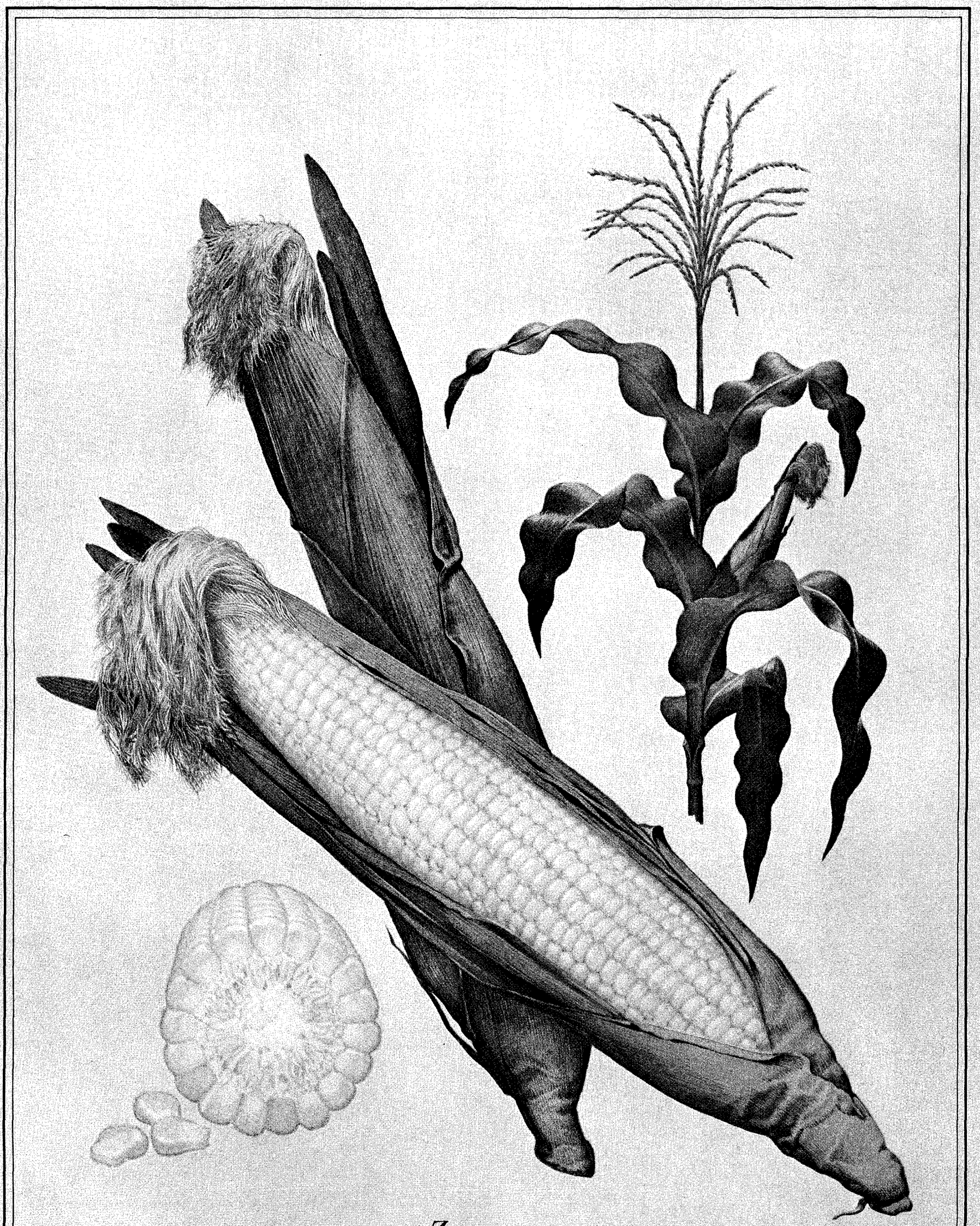

Zea mays

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"Maize" was the Indian word for corn. The early settlers changed the name because corn was then the catchall term for any small particle or grain such as sand, gunpowder and salt. Corn is singularly American in origin. The Aztecs, and other tribes, worshiped corn as a life-giving god. Loose kernels were never stepped upon. Today, corn is the world's second largest food crop. If you have ever raised a patch of your own then you know that corn is at its eating best when the ears are the color of the sun.

Stokely picks just like you do...when the color is right!

Spanish Corn Omelet

2 tablespons quick cooking tapioca
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
4 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) Stokely's Finest Whole Kernel Corn, (drained)
1 can (1 lb.) Stokely's Finest Stewed Tomatoes
1 tablespoon cornstarch

Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil. Melt butter in 10-inch skillet with heat proof handle. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks until thick. Stir tapioca mixture into egg yolks; mix well; then fold into egg whites. Fold in ½ of corn. Pour into hot skillet. Cook over low heat 3 minutes; then bake at 350° for 20 minutes.

While omelet bakes, combine remaining corn, stewed tomatoes and cornstarch in saucepan. Cook and stir until mixture simmers 3 minutes.

Loosen baked omelet around sides; cut in half, but not all the way through. Pour part of sauce on omelet; fold in half and slide onto platter. Serve with remaining corn and tomato sauce. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

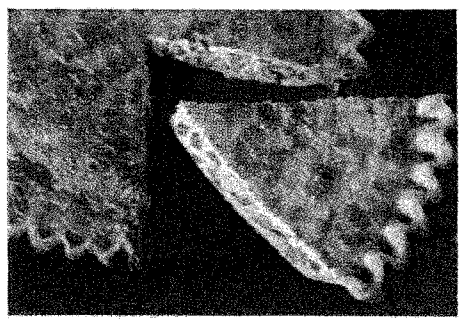
Casey Sinkeldam

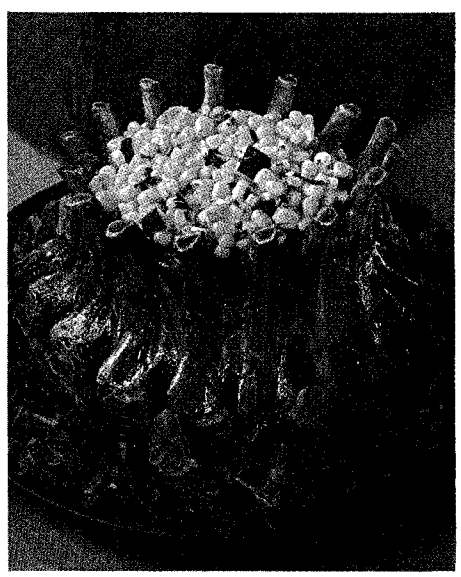
Corn Quiche Lorraine

Pastry for 9-inch pie
¼ lb. bacon, cooked, drained, and crumbled
¼ cup chopped onion
1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) Stokely's Finest Whole Kernel Golden Corn, (drained)
¼ lb. Gruyere or Swiss cheese, shredded
4 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups light cream
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Dash of cayenne

Line pie plate with pastry, chill well or freeze. Cook bacon. Saute onion in 1 tablespoon bacon drippings. Combine bacon, corn, and cheese and spread in bottom of pastry shell. Blend eggs and cream; add sauteed onion, salt, pepper, and cayenne. Pour into pie shell. Place on bottom shelf of oven and bake at 400° for 35 to 40 minutes until quiche puffs. Cool 5 minutes before cutting. Makes 6 servings as an entree or 12 to 15 servings as an appetizer.

Hubert Schmieder





Crown Pork Roast with Cornfetti Stuffing

6 lb. crown pork roast (15 to 18 ribs)
1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) Stokely's Finest Whole Kernel Golden Corn (drained)
1 cup bread cubes
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ teaspoon sage
1 tablespoon grated onion
¾ cup diced apple
1½ tablespoons milk

Have butcher make crown pork roast using 2 pork loins. Place in shallow roasting pan. Combine remaining ingredients for stuffing and fill center of crown roast. Cover stuffing with piece of foil. Roast at 325° for 3¼ hours or to 185° indicated on meat thermometer inserted in lean section of meat. Remove foil last 20 minutes. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

Edmond Gass

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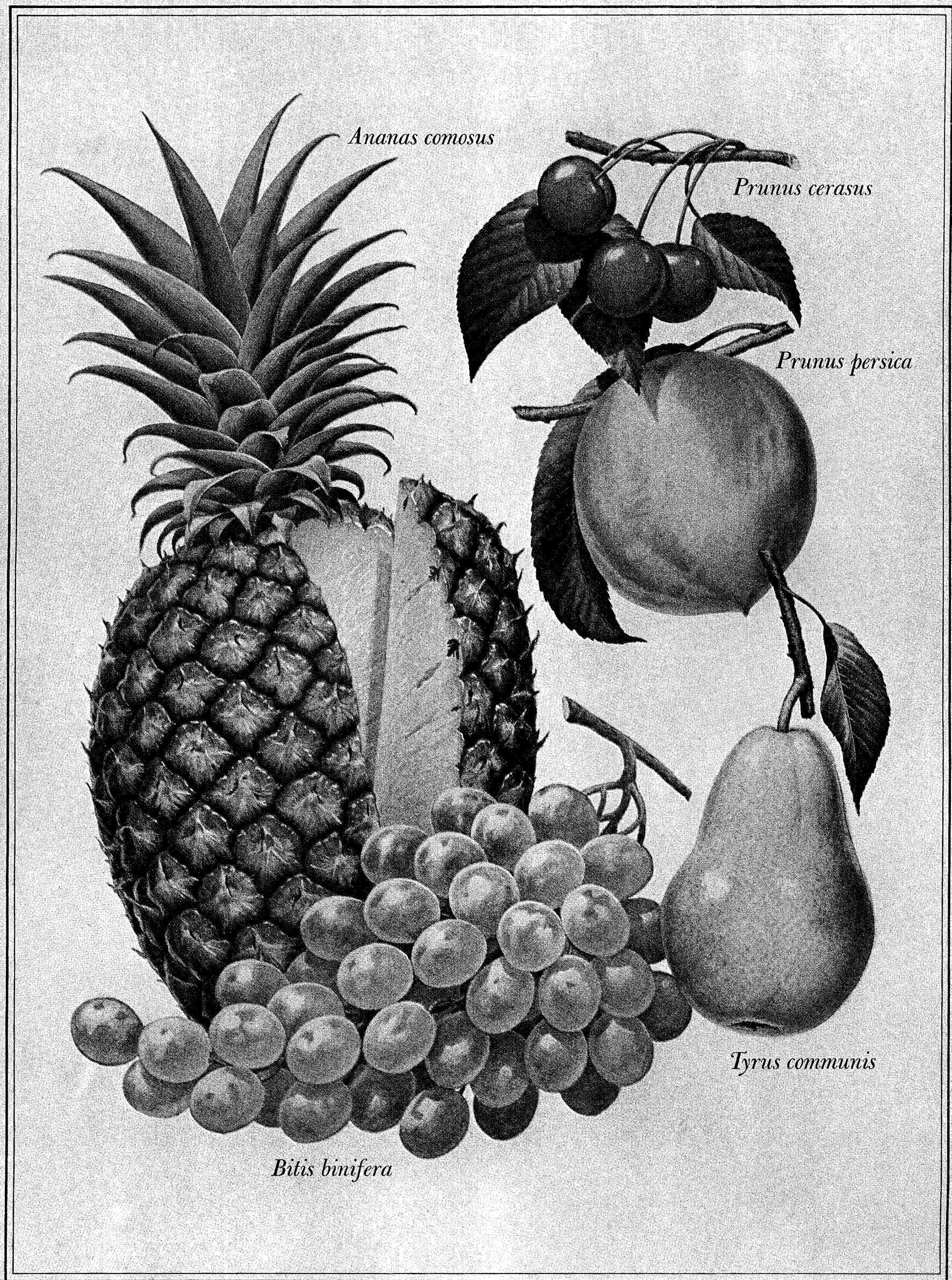

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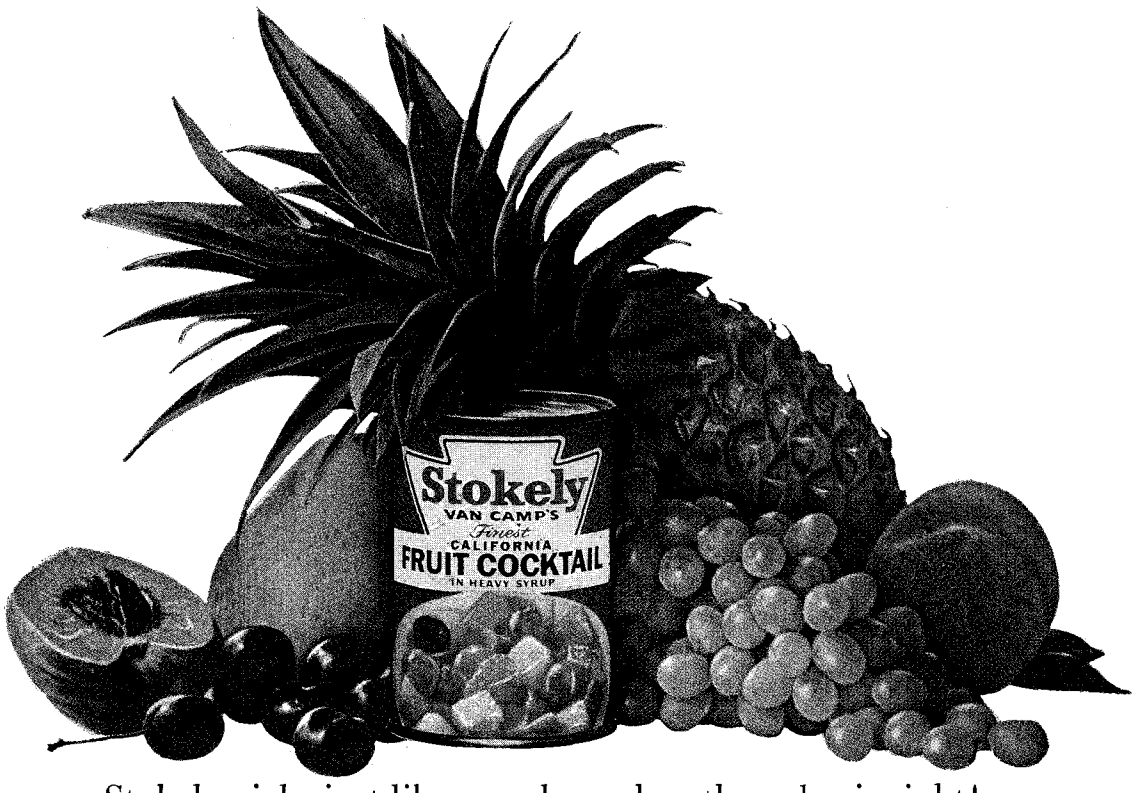
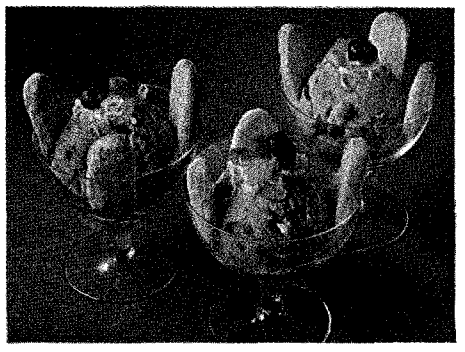
Somebody should erect a monument to the unknown genius who invented the fruit cocktail. This delightful dish makes the mouth water just to think about it. Stokely makes their fruit cocktail with a combination of the fruits you see on the opposite page. Generous chunks of pineapple, tree ripened peaches, juicy pears, white grapes and bright red cherries. Dig in!



Stokely picks just like you do...when the color is right!

Frozen Lime Fruit Cream

1 can (1 lb.) Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail
1 package (3⅝ oz.) lime pudding and pie filling
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup chopped coconut
15 ladyfingers



Drain fruit cocktail, reserving liquid. Set ¼ cup of fruit aside for garnish. Add enough water to fruit liquid to make 2¼ cups. Combine pudding, sugar, ¼ cup fruit liquid, and egg in saucepan. Stir in remaining 2 cups of fruit liquid. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil. Cool 5 minutes, stirring twice; chill 1 hour.

Fold whipped cream and coconut into chilled pudding. Stir in fruit. Pour into 8x4-inch wax paper lined loaf pan. Freeze until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses with lady-fingers. Top with additional coconut and reserved fruit cocktail. Makes 10 servings.

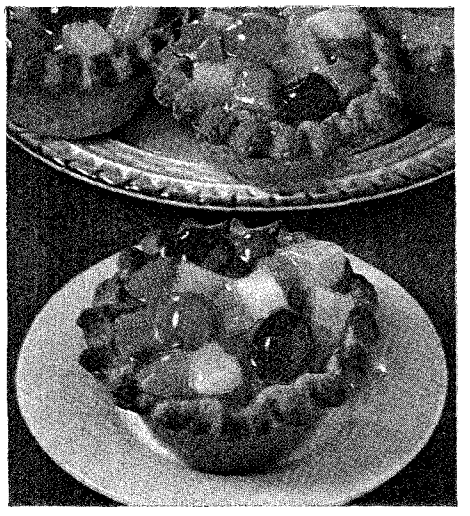
Hubert Schmieder

Golden Nugget Tarts

4 tablespoons sesame seeds
Pastry for 2-crust pie
1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail
½ cup light brown sugar
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated orange peel

Toast sesame seeds in 350° oven 10 to 15 minutes until golden; cool. Add to flour when making pastry. Fit pastry into 12 muffin cups; prick well. Bake at 425° 12 to 15 minutes until golden brown, cool.

Drain fruit cocktail well. Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan. Add ¾ cup fruit cocktail liquid to cornstarch mixture. Cook and stir until sauce thickens; then simmer 3 minutes.



Remove from heat; stir in lemon juice, butter, salt, and orange peel. Cool, stirring often. Add fruit cocktail. Spoon into cold tart shells. Makes 12 tarts.

Richard Mack

Tropical Chicken Salad

2 whole chicken breasts, cooked
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon cream or milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon curry powder
1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail, well drained
¼ cup slivered toasted almonds
2 avocados, cut in half and peeled
crisp greens or lettuce

Remove chicken from bones and cut into ½ inch cubes. Combine mayonnaise, cream, lemon juice, and curry powder; add chicken, mixing well. Chill 30 minutes. At serving time, add drained fruit cocktail and almonds. Toss gently and serve on halves of avocados on crisp greens or simply serve on a bed of crisp greens. Makes 4 servings.

Edmond Gass

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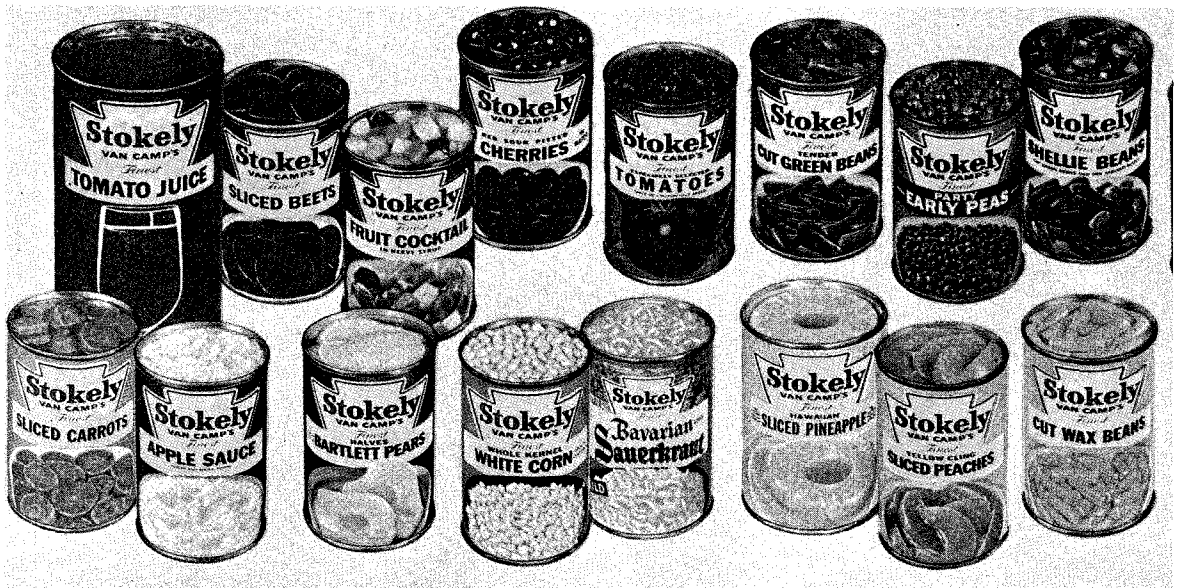

Stokely picks just like you do. when the color is right!

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son within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The words are, of course, from the Fourteenth Amendment, written into the Constitution in 1868. Learned volumes have been written on the intent of those who wrote those 52 words—Justice Black once devoted two years to studying the matter. The primary purpose was to protect the newly freed slaves, but the Fourteenth Amendment has since been used for quite different purposes. Between the Civil War and the second New Deal, the Court was a bulwark of conservatism—a good many of the Justices sympathized with the dictum of the first Chief Justice, John Jay: "Those who own the country ought to govern it." Corporations were ruled to be "persons" under the Fourteenth Amendment, and all sorts of legislation, state and federal, designed to regulate these "persons" was ruled unconstitutional.

The Warren Court, by contrast, has used the Fourteenth Amendment to protect those who *don't* "own the country"—the Negroes, the poor and the people Justice Abe Fortas calls "constitutional unpersons." The Fourteenth Amendment was first used by the Warren Court to outlaw school segregation, and it has played a key role in virtually all the Warren Court's landmark decisions. It has been used as a sort of bridge, to extend the Bill of Rights to the states. According to Justice Brennan, the Bill of Rights contains 25 "specific guarantees" of the rights of the American citizen. By this time, 17 of the 25, Brennan says, have been ruled by the Court to be "fundamental rights binding upon the states," and he makes clear that there are more to come.

By using the Fourteenth Amendment boldly to extend the reach and power of the Bill of Rights, the Warren Court has deeply altered the whole delicate relationship between the Federal Government, the states and the individual citizen. At the same time, not entirely by coincidence, it has greatly extended the reach and power of the Supreme Court.

The result, critics of the Court say, is "judge-made law." The activists cheerfully agree. "Judges have *always* made law," says Justice Brennan, emphasizing that making law is not the same thing as making laws.

Justice Fortas is the most articulate exponent of the doctrine that the Constitution not only is, but *ought to be*, "what the judges say it is." "The Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment are great statements of fundamental principles, like the Ten Commandments," Fortas says. "The problem is not to determine precisely what their framers meant, but to interpret their moral thrust in the light of the problems of today. . . . Events have so changed conditions as to require a different interpretation of the Constitution to meet those changed conditions."

The direction of this "moral thrust" is suggested by a remark Fortas recently made to this reporter: "Poverty is no longer to be regarded, like syphilis, as *prima facie* evidence of sin." The underlying philosophy of the Warren Court—or rather of the Warren majority on the Court—is profoundly egalitarian.

"In our nation the progress toward freedom for all and equality of status has not been in a straight line," Fortas wrote in a recent article for a law review. "We are now again involved in a gigantic thrust forward toward this magnificent objective. In the past years . . . we have declared the doors to the schoolhouse are open to all; the doors to the voting booths; to libraries and parks; to jobs and training and opportunity. . . . Now we are involved in the formidable, revolutionary task of implementing these declarations—of investing them with reality."

This "formidable, revolutionary task" may, in the end, bring the Court into a direct power confrontation with the Congress, and thus bring on a major constitutional crisis. Andrew Jackson once said grimly of a Court decision he disliked: "John Marshall has made his decision. Now let him enforce it." In the Congress there are many powerful men who have a similarly grim attitude toward the decisions of the Warren Court. And many of those decisions have a long way to go before they are "invested with reality."

Take, for example, *Brown v. Board of Education*, the school-integration decision. The Brown in the case was a Negro minister in Topeka, Kans., who wanted his little girl, Linda, to go to the all-white Sumner School, instead of the all-black Monroe School. The Court shook the nation by ruling that little Linda should go to the Sumner School, thus in theory outlawing segregation by race. But the Monroe School today, 13 years after that nation-shaking decision, is still overwhelmingly black, while the Sumner School has less than five percent Negroes.

The same pattern holds nationwide—only more so. There has been some token desegregation in the South, to be sure. But Harold Howe, U.S. Commissioner of Education, is the authority for the statement that there is today *more* racial segregation in the schools than in 1954, the year when the Supreme Court sent little Linda to the Sumner School.

"Separate educational facilities," the Court ruled in 1954, are "inherently unequal," and thus unconstitutional under the Fourteenth Amendment. But because of the growth of *de facto* segregation, reflecting the flight of the whites from the cities, "educational facilities" are more separate than in 1954, and as a practical matter *de facto* segregation is just as "inherently unequal" as *de jure* segregation.

If the Court moves in some way against *de facto* segregation—approving, for example, some such ruling as the recent court decision in the District of Columbia, which requires the busing of Negro children to the few remaining predominantly white schools—an enormous national uproar will certainly ensue, and the Congress will certainly react rudely against the Court.

There are other issues that may one day soon face the Court, and that could cause the Congress to react rudely. For example, Hugo Black and William Douglas, bellwethers of the liberal majority, are both "absolutists" where the guarantees of the First Amendment are concerned. Justice Black holds that "our nation cannot be imperiled by mere talk," and he therefore believes that the American system "leaves the way wide open for people to favor, discuss, advocate, or incite causes and doctrines however obnoxious and antagonistic to the rest

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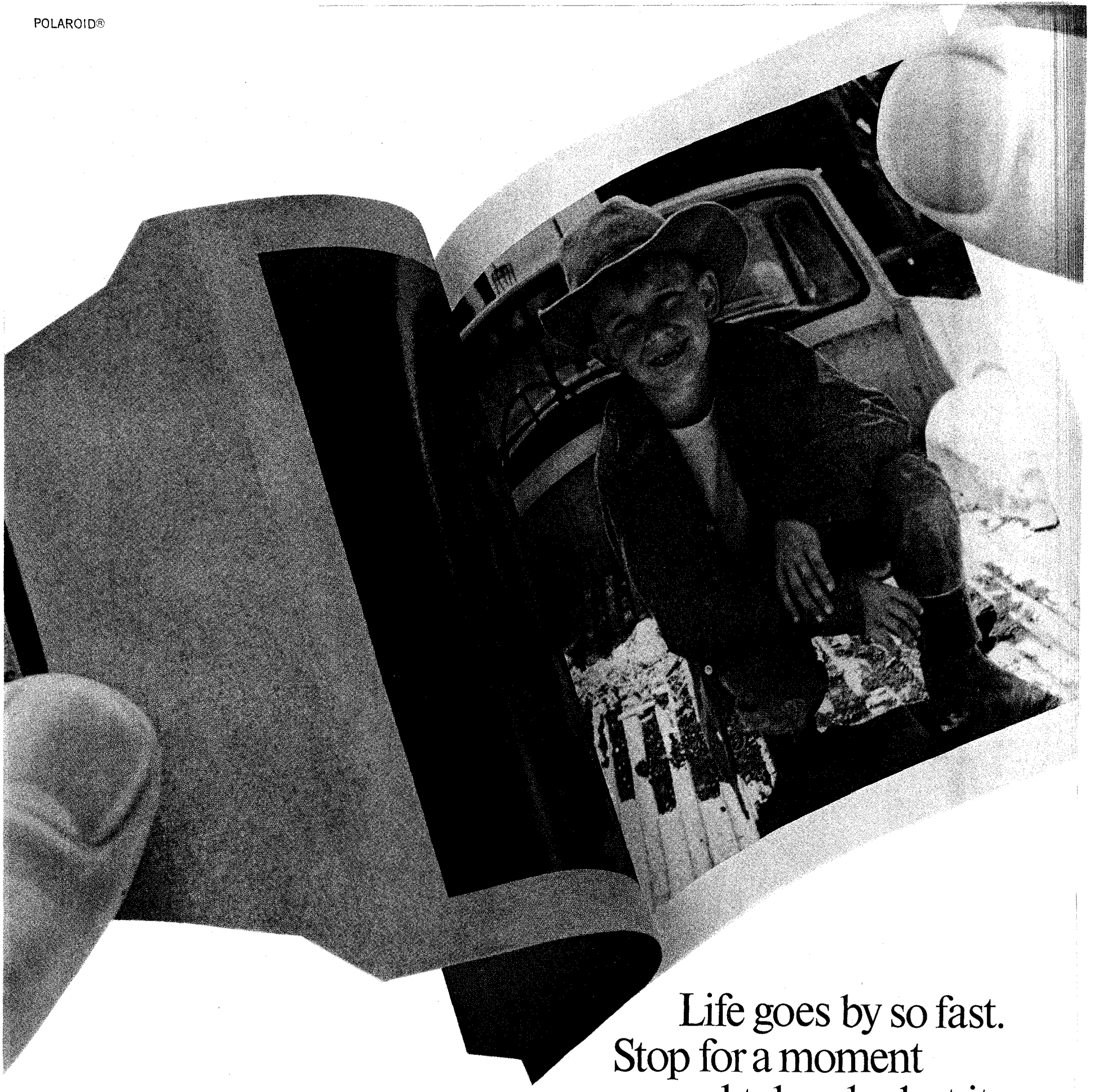

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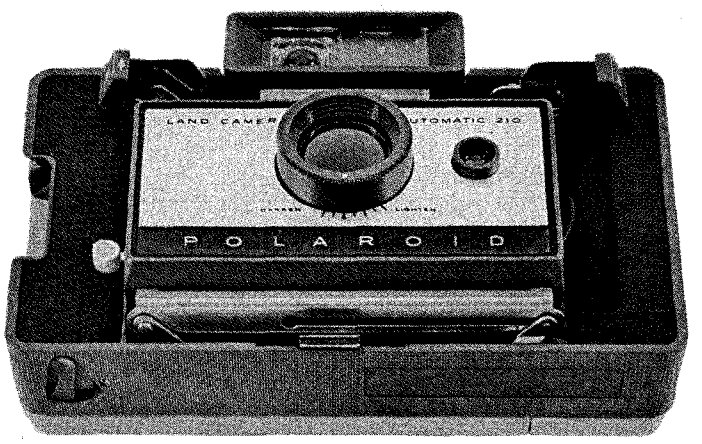

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of us." Last summer's riots have made the doctrine of Black Power extremely obnoxious to the white majority, and although "mere talk" may not imperil the nation, in the current mood of the Negro ghettos it can imperil large parts of the nation's big cities. H. Rap Brown has already been indicted for incitement to riot and arson in Maryland, and the words of Stokely Carmichael and other black militants have been as inflammatory as Brown's. Is the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech so "absolute" that it extends to the right of a Negro leader to tell his followers to "burn America down"? If the Court were so to rule, the reaction of the Congress might be very rude indeed.

Every year new measures are introduced in Congress to curb the powers of the Court or to reverse its decisions. So far, a showdown between the Court and the Congress has been averted, and the annoyance of Congress has been expressed in such picayune ways as denying to the Court the extra law clerks the Justices badly need to help them carry their case load. But a showdown could come.

Article Three of the Constitution, which creates the Supreme Court, also gives—or seems to give—the Congress the right to curb the powers of the Court by a simple majority vote. Article Three gives the Court "appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact," but it adds ominously, "with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make."

If these words mean what they seem to mean, a majority of Congress could in effect castrate the Supreme Court, by denying it jurisdiction in any area the Congress chose. The matter has been tested only once, in the post-Civil War period, when Congress forbade the Court to hear appeals in *habeas corpus* cases. On that occasion the Court complied, but the test was inconclusive.

There could have been a decisive test—and a showdown between the Court and Congress—three years ago. The one-man-one-vote rulings of the Court, starting in 1962, infuriated many powerful members of Congress. Previously the Court had sedulously avoided the "political thicket" (Frankfurter's phrase) of legislative reapportionment. It had been the exclusive province of the state legislatures to determine their own composition. But in 1962 the Court leaped into the thicket. Thereafter, in a series of split decisions, the Court ordered that both houses of a state legislature must be apportioned according to population. In 1964 the Court also ordered that the U.S. House of Representatives itself must more accurately reflect the population balance within the states, thus adding insult to injury. This series of decisions was widely interpreted as a direct challenge by the judiciary to the legislative branch of Government.

The decisions were based on the "equal-protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Outraged critics pointed out that, if the Court's reasoning was correct, the United States Senate itself did not offer the citizenry "equal protection." In 1964 the U.S. House of Representatives voted, 218 to 175, to order the Court to keep hands off legislative apportionment. If the Senate had voted the same way, a conclusive test of Article Three, and a showdown between Congress and the Court, would have been inevitable. The showdown was avoided, thanks in part to Sen. Everett Dirksen, one of the Court's bitterest critics. Dirksen sponsored a constitutional amendment to reverse the Court's one-man-one-vote ruling. When the amendment fell seven votes short of the required two thirds in the Senate, the issue became a dead letter, with the net effect that the Court's one-man-one-vote decision stands unchallenged.

It may be that there will never be a showdown between the Congress and the Court. A majority of the members of both houses of Congress are lawyers, and though many lawyers are critical of the Court, there is in the legal profession an inbred respect for the Court's prestige and authority, rather like a priest's inbred respect for the Holy See. Congress would have to be very angry indeed to try to castrate the Court. The test of power would certainly result in a constitutional crisis. For the Court would have to decide whether the action of Congress to deny the Court "appellate jurisdiction," as provided by the Constitution, was constitutional. The Court would thus be required to sit in judgment on itself.

Fortunately the Court can always duck the really hot issues by refusing to review appeals, and it has often done just that. There are signs that a majority of the Justices have quietly decided to avoid making Congress any angrier than it is already.

It is easy to see why so many people are, and always have been, angry at the Court. Great interests are at stake in the Court's decisions, and somebody's ox is always getting gored. Moreover; the rather phony grandeur of the Court's physical setting, and the carefully contrived *mystique*, invite a healthy skepticism. The words EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW are carved in giant letters on the fake-Greek portico of the Court, but the Justices have never been able to agree on what the law is, or what justice under it consists of. The Court has reversed its own decisions at least 115 times—a record for mind-changing that the most capricious lady might envy. Thus it is tempting to dismiss the Supreme Court as a pack of elderly politicians and lawyers masquerading as Delphic oracles.

And yet there *is* a certain grandeur about the Supreme Court of the United States all the same. There is something about the Supreme Court that, like the Presidency, seems to add a cubit to a man's stature, in defiance of the Biblical maxim.

Here are nine men, for the most part men of real distinction and great attainments, who do really concern themselves deeply about such matters as whether Linda Brown should have the right to go to the Sumner School, or whether Ernesto Miranda got a fair shake from the Phoenix cops. The process of deciding such matters, Justice Brennan says, "can be a lonely, troubling experience for fallible human beings." Repeatedly, the result of the process is that the Justices reach diametrically opposite conclusions. But at least they really do care about the answer to Chief Justice Warren's favorite question—"Is it *fair?*"—and they do try hard to find the right answer to that question. □

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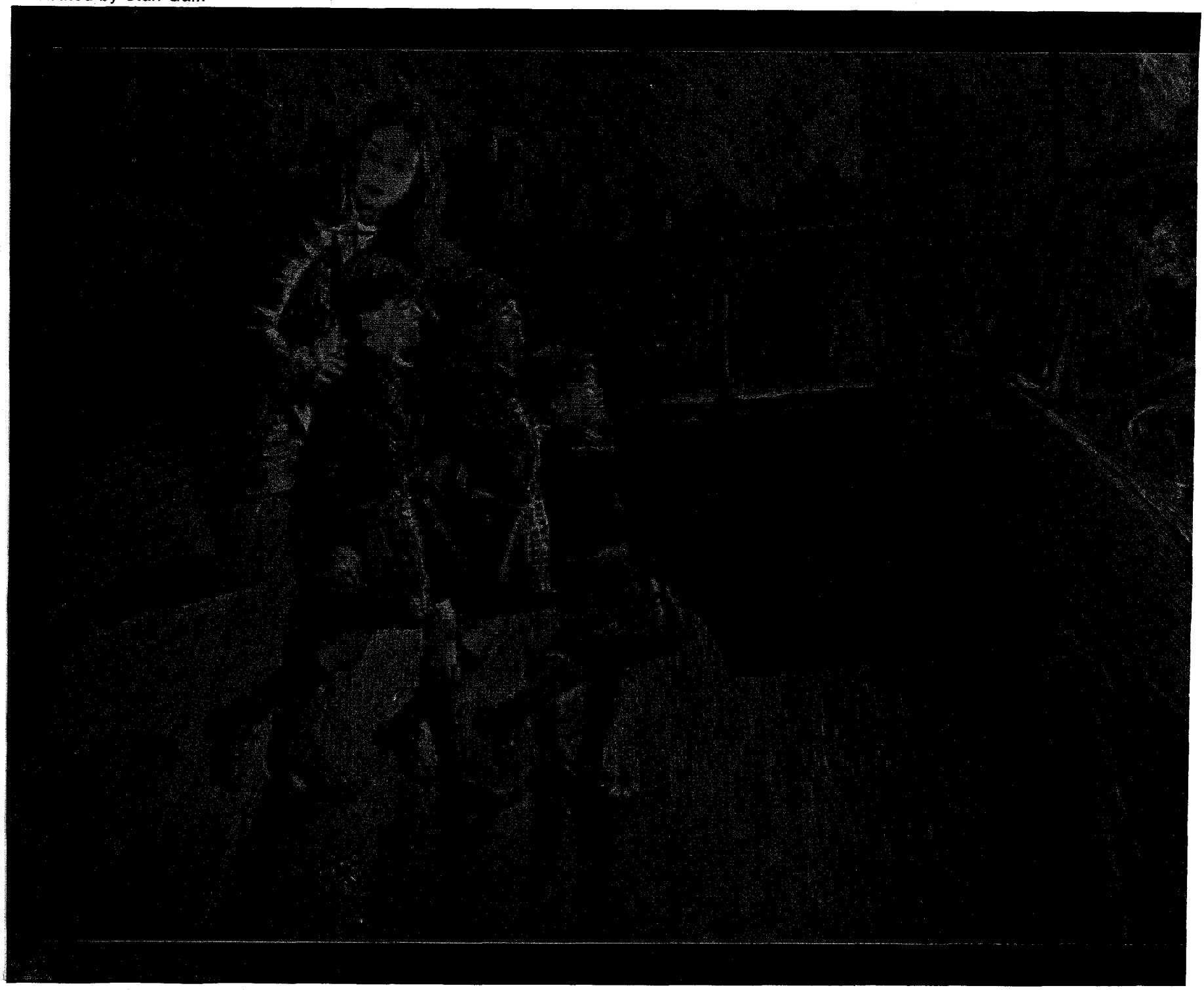

KILL THREE

The kidnaping seemed senseless, for Mrs. Nicholson had no money to ransom her children. But the kidnapers had a far different target—a rich and respectable law firm. Could its partners be forced to pay a fortune to save three innocent lives? . . . Beginning a compelling two-part serial. BY MILTON SHULMAN

The girl adjusted the rearview mirror of the Vauxhall.

"Stop fiddling with that," the man snapped.

"I can't see properly," she retorted.

"I can."

She edged away from him, irritated. "You've been in a filthy mood all morning."

"Don't be stupid," he said.

Through the rearview mirror, the house they were watching seemed some distance away. Actually it was less than fifty yards.

The street on which it stood was like many other working-class streets in suburban London. Drab, red-brick cells pressed against the narrow sidewalk with almost indecent proximity. It was not yet eight, and the street was just stretching itself into activity. A wave of men—in small cars, on bicycles, and on foot—already had left for work. Now the street paused while the women combed, fed, cajoled, and readied their children for school.

In front of the waiting couple in the Vauxhall, a milk truck was parked. Its driver was carefully picking up and depositing bottles on the sidewalks outside the doors. Just then the door opened at the house the couple had been observing, and in the rearview mirror they

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watched a short, thin woman come into the street and walk briskly in the opposite direction.

"That her?" asked the man.

"Um," said the girl sitting beside him. "On her way to B. and G.'s."

"She didn't notice us," said the man, half to himself. "Now if only that milk truck would get out of the way. . . ."

The door of the house opened again, and three children bounded into the street—two boys and a girl. They wore neat, tightly buttoned coats and carried schoolbags slung from their shoulders. After waving good-bye to an elderly woman standing in the doorway, they started to walk down the street. The old woman watched them for a moment or two and then shut the door.

"Here they come," whispered the girl in the car.

"I know. I know. But the milkman! He mustn't see you talking to them."

The children had almost come alongside the Vauxhall when the milkman got into his truck, turned left at the first corner, and disappeared from sight. The street was once again deserted.

"All right! Now!" said the man.

The girl opened the car door and quickly crossed the road toward the children. She wore no hat, and her blond hair cascaded down to her shoulders. Had her lips been fuller, her eyes less anxious, and her jaw less square, she might have been very pretty. The long, white boots, the skirt above the knees, and the tan, hip-length suede coat made her look trim and tantalizing. A graduate of the boutiques of Chelsea. She was just twenty years old.

"Hello, there," she said, as the children came up to her. "How'd you like to be on a television program?"

The children stopped, not certain she was talking to them. She bent down and repeated her invitation.

The little girl giggled and turned her head away.

"Which one?" asked the older boy.

"*Five O'Clock Special!*"

"When?"

"Right now. You see that car over there? It's to take you to the television studio."

The boy looked at his sister. She nodded her head eagerly.

"Say," he said. "Can me brother and sister come, too? I know they want to."

"Yes, of course they can. Just come with me, and I'll tell you all

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about it. What you're supposed to do, and all that."

The boy hesitated. "What about school?"

"Oh, your teachers know all about it. We'll look after that." The girl was getting anxious. Any moment someone might see them. "Come on." Her smile had lost its amiability, and her voice was sharp and impatient. "Or we'll have to pick someone else. Quickly!"

"Aw, come on, Tommy," said the boy's sister. "It's our favorite program."

"Hurry, then," said the girl, taking the two youngest by the hand and ushering them quickly toward the open rear door of the car. Tommy followed.

Now in his sixty-first year, James Samuel Cromer, senior partner of the legal firm of Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh, was a tall, hulking man whose body still recalled, in spite of a slight stoop, the amateur heavyweight boxer he had been in his youth. Weekend tennis and skiing holidays kept him fit. His suits seemed chiefly an excuse for pockets that bulged with papers, keys, coins, bus tickets, small bottles of antihistamine pills, books of stamps, ball-point pens, and the torn wrappings of chocolate bars. His hair looked uncombable, his bushy eyebrows clung over his eyes like baby bats, and his nose was prominent.

He was in the middle of the day's dictation, when one of the two telephones on his desk buzzed.

"Yes," said Cromer into the receiver. "Who? Mrs. Sarah Nicholson? No client of mine. Have you tried the others? . . . What? . . . All right, Hurst, you'd better come and have a word with me about it."

Almost immediately there was a soft knock on the door, and Hurst, the firm's senior clerk, shuffled in, with a nervous cough. He was about Cromer's age and had started with Keightley, Cromer as an office boy. Although always diffident to his superiors, he had a natural arrogance that made him contemptuous of the ability of every partner but James Cromer. He thought he knew more about the law than any of them. He ran the office administration like a top sergeant and was a petty tyrant to his family. But he remembered everything and was a meticulous organizer. The firm would have been lost without him.

The clerk stood motionless a couple of feet inside the room and coughed once again into his closed hand. It was a signal that Cromer recognized immediately. Hurst wanted their talk to be private.

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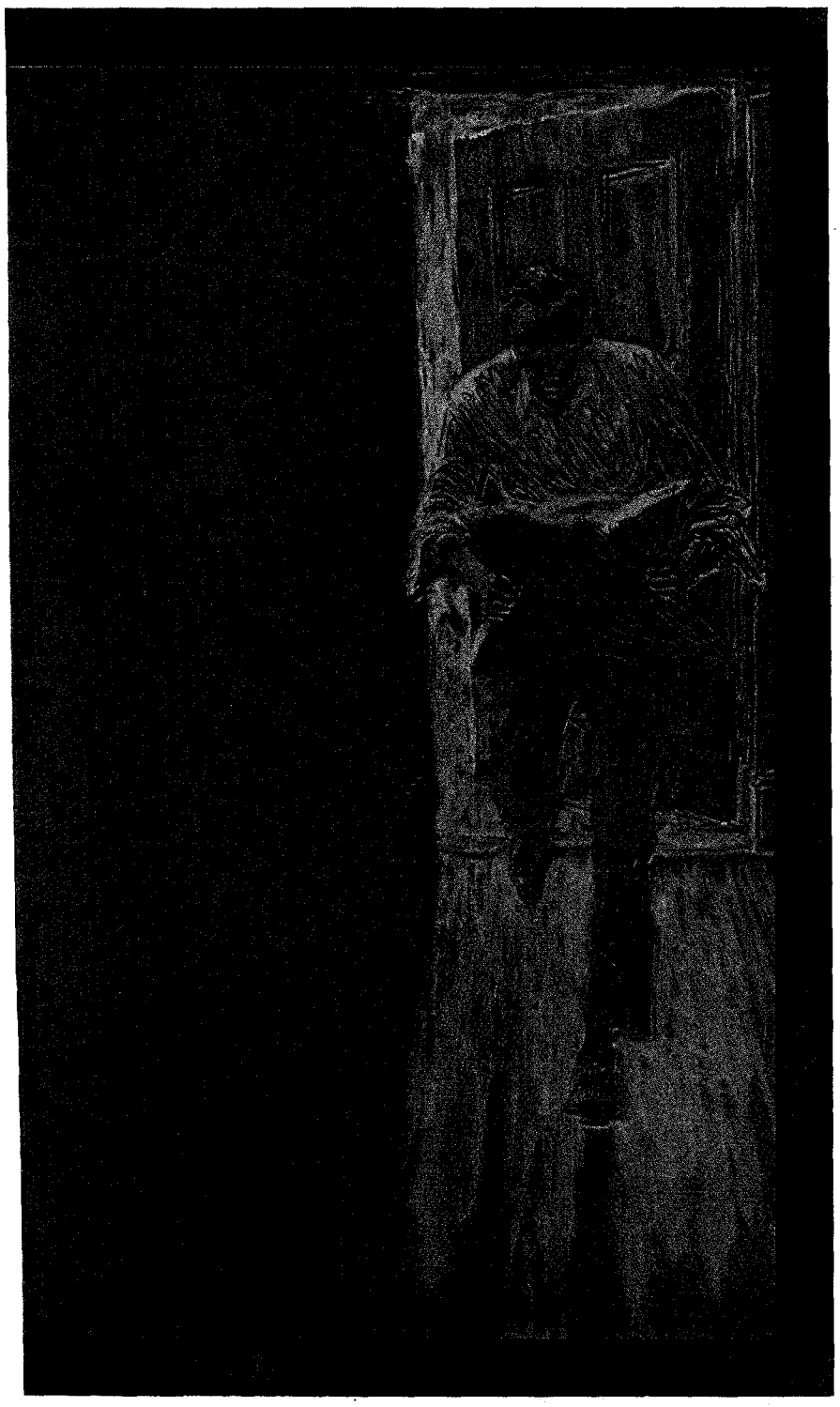

"That'll be all for the moment, Miss Williams," said Cromer to his secretary. "I'd do the settlement first. None of the letters are so important they can't wait until tomorrow."

"It's rather an odd one, sir," Hurst began as soon as they were alone. "I don't know what to make of it. I felt I'd best have a word with you before I sent her away. It's probably just some hoax."

"Come, come, Hurst," said Cromer, taking the top file from his in-box and riffling through its papers. "Who's this Mrs. Nicholson, and what does she want?"

"Well, sir, it seems her children—three of them—have been kidnaped."

"Kidnaped?" Cromer looked up, puzzled, from the open file. "But you know we don't touch crime, Hurst. Has she been to the police?"

"I'm well aware that none of the partners deals with crime, Mr. Cromer." The undertone of self-righteous indignation in Hurst's voice was not lost on Cromer. "But Mrs. Nicholson hasn't come to us for legal advice."

Hurst handed over a sheet of paper that he'd been holding behind his back. "That's the note Mrs. Nicholson claims that the kidnapers left." Hurst was fond of the verb "claim." It indicated legal skepticism. "It was found outside her door in one of the children's schoolbags. I'd handle it carefully, sir. Fingerprints, you know."

Although Cromer vaguely resented Hurst's admonition about the fingerprints, he had to admit he wouldn't have thought of it. The firm took a haughty and superior view of criminal cases. They were unsavory, and there was little money in them. Occasionally—if an old client was in trouble—they might help out. Drunken driving, embezzlement, forgery—white-collar crime—was sometimes handled by Leslie Raphael, one of the junior partners. But it was keenly felt that the image was wrong for Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh.

Cromer placed the piece of paper on the desk in front of him, and carefully read it. He looked at his wristwatch. It was just past three-thirty. He leaned back in his chair, thinking. "She hasn't been to the police?" he asked, after a few moments' silence.

"No. That's what she claims."

"Or the press?"

"No."

"What does this Mrs. Nicholson look like? Where does she live?"

"Early thirties, I'd say. Definitely working-class. Respectable. She lives in Balham."

"When were the children taken?"

"This morning, it seems. They set out for school but never arrived. Mrs. Nicholson's a widow living with her mother, and she works in a clothes shop. No one knew the children were missing until noon, when they didn't arrive home for their lunch. The school hadn't reported their absence because in that district children often take a morning or day off. Might have been flu or something."

"Has she any idea who might have kidnaped them? Any quarrels with neighbors? Any enemies?"

"I didn't go into that, sir. I thought you'd like to conduct that line of inquiry yourself."

"Quite so, Hurst. Quite so," Cromer agreed quickly. He picked up the interoffice telephone and dialed three numbers.

"Bob, will you come in and see me?" he said. There was a slight protest from the man on the line. Cromer cut him off impatiently. "No, it'll have to wait. This is urgent. Very urgent."

Cromer put down the receiver and studied the note again. "Hurst, you've been with us for almost forty years. Have you ever seen Mrs. Nicholson before? Does the name or the face ring any sort of bell?"

"No, sir. I've been scratching around in my head ever since I read that note. But I'm sure she's never been in this office before. That's what she says herself, too."

Robert Cromer entered the room without knocking. In appearance he was a smaller, blurred version of his father. Where James Cromer's features were craggy, Robert's were fuzzy. Seeing the two men together was like comparing the original with the sixth carbon copy made on a bad typewriter.

To compensate for this shortchanging by nature, Robert Cromer had cultivated a manner and personality that could never be confused with that of his father. He dressed with punctilious orthodoxy—striped trousers, black jacket, bowler, umbrella. He spoke precisely, whereas his father tended to drawl, and when frustrated he resorted to either whining or bullying. Not being too bright, he made a fetish of neatness and procedure, which irritated his colleagues—not least his father—and drove his secretaries mad.

"Father, this is a nuisance," Robert Cromer said at once. "I've been rushed all morning. I have to get that prospectus approved today. Couldn't whatever it is wait an hour or so?"

"All right, Hurst," said James Cromer, dismissing the clerk. "Tell Mrs. Nicholson to wait. I'll be seeing her in a few moments." Heedless of his son's protest, he picked up the note on his desk. "Bob, listen to this." He read slowly and deliberately. "*We have your children. They will be safe if you do what you are told. Take this note to Keightley, Cromer, Cromer and Leigh, Solicitors. We will phone James Cromer at four o'clock today with further instructions. Do not go to either the press or the police if you want your children back alive.*"

He held the note up so that Robert could see the block lettering and briefly explained the situation to him.

"What does it all mean?" asked Robert, (*continued on page 56*)

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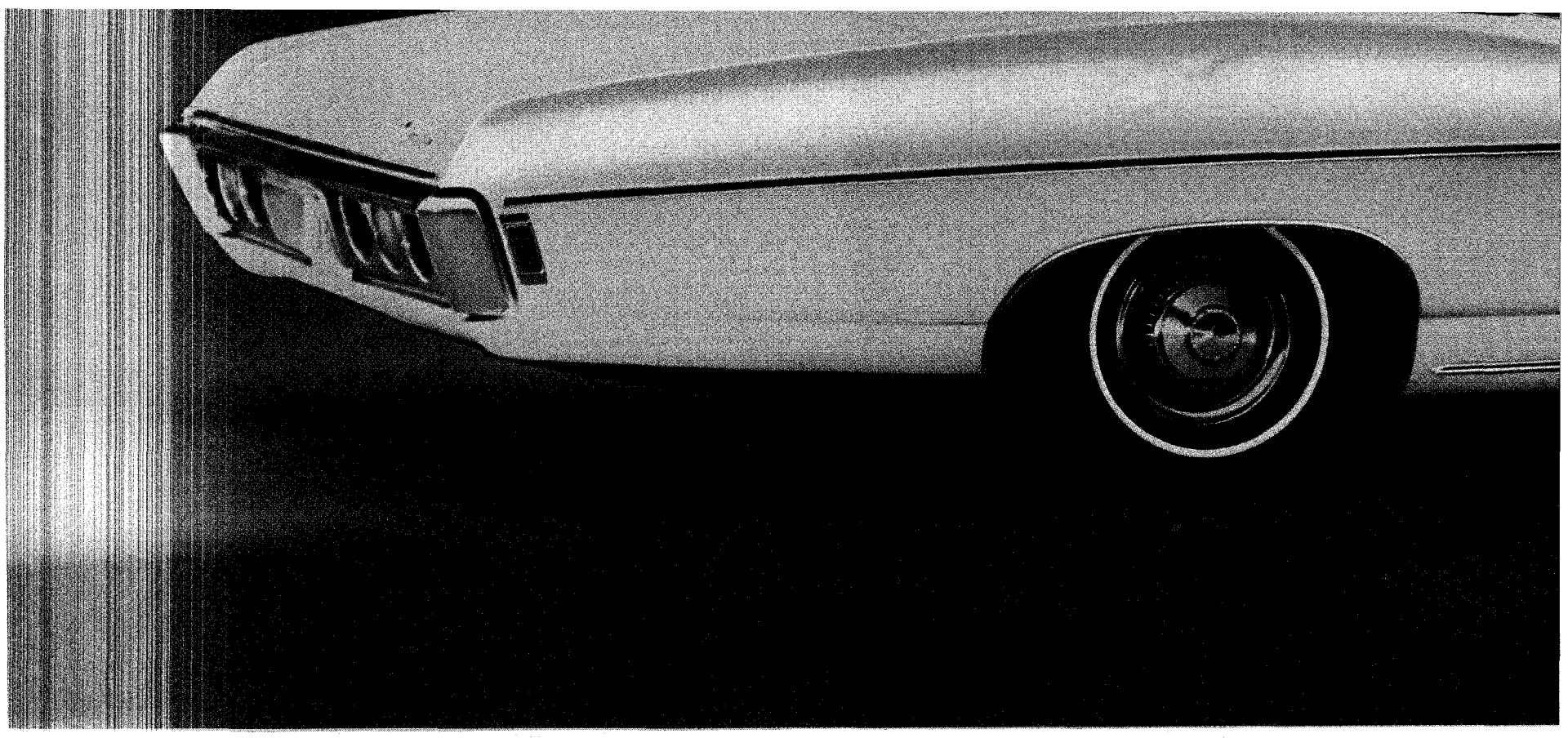

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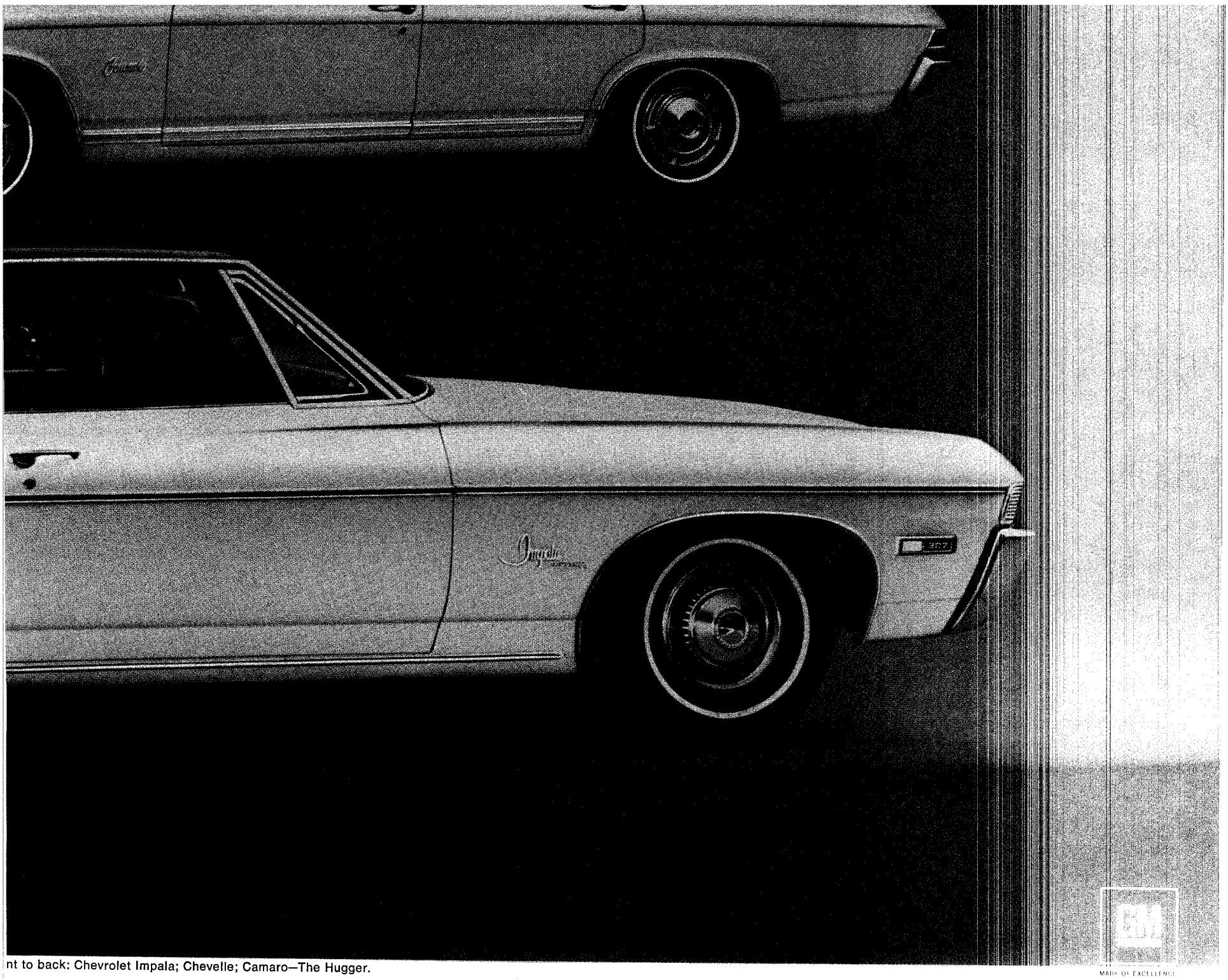

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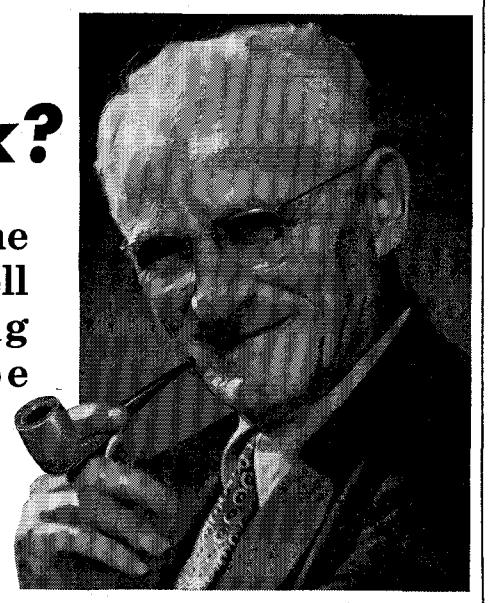
WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE

30 Days *at my Risk?*



All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.

By E. A. Carey

My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an *entirely new principle* for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years, always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets, and never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in." From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested." AND it **never has to be cleaned!** Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo **as it forms!**

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes. The claims I could make for this principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing," I also say "smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey Pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you are willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. The coupon or a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my pipe-smoking friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name and mailing address to me today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life, Free. Write:

E. A. Carey, Dept. 273L, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60640

E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 273L, Chicago, Ill. 60640

Please mail facts about the Carey Pipe postage prepaid. After reading I will decide if I want to try it for 30 Days at YOUR RISK. Everything you send is free. No salesman is to call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

after impatiently hearing his father out. "Has anyone in the firm ever acted for Mrs. Nicholson?"

"Hurst says no. And the name means nothing to me," said James Cromer, reaching for the telephone. "I'm sending for her now. I thought there'd better be two of us in the room when I see her."

Hurst's description of Mrs. Nicholson had been reasonably accurate. The brown belted coat, the dark-gray plastic handbag, the tired shoes, the light-brown hair in need of a hairdresser indicated respectability struggling against poverty. She had a small, peaked face, but there was a defiant tilt to her jaw as she followed Hurst into the room. James Cromer, a sympathetic smile stiff on his face, waved her to a chair. She gathered her coat tightly about her knees and sat up, erect and wary.

After dismissing Hurst, James Cromer turned to the woman, trying to be businesslike and solicitous at the same time. "Now, Mrs. Nicholson, let me first of all say how sorry I am about this unfortunate affair. Naturally, we will do all in our power to help. It may, of course, be just a hoax. A badly conceived lark by some local lads."

"It's not. I feel it in my bones. It's genuine." Her voice was high-pitched and shrill. "And what *I* want to know is, what are you going to do about it?"

She flung the question at them like an accusation. The Cromers, expecting someone humble, worried, anxious, suddenly found themselves on the defensive. The son was the first to react.

"What are *we* going to do about it? Surely, it's hardly our affair."

"And whose affair is it, then?" the woman snapped back. "Why is your name in that note, and why did it say to come here? I don't know you. All I know is that my children have been kidnaped, and it's clear to me that whoever's taken them has some sort of grudge against you."

"Now, now, Mrs. Nicholson," said James Cromer, using his most conciliatory voice. "That's leaping to conclusions. If this is a kidnaping—and we don't know yet whether it is, by any means—the kidnaper may be only using this firm as an intermediary. They may be after someone else. Someone we could put them in touch with. Right now it's as much a mystery to us as it is to you. But we must get on. In about five minutes that telephone call should be coming through, and I must ask you some questions."

"Well, I've got no money, if that's what you want to know. They can't expect to get any ransom from me."

"Mrs. Nicholson, our first duty, of course, is to go to the police with this note. But in view of the threat it contains, I assume you do not wish us to do so as yet." She nodded. "Now, when did the children disappear?"

Her resentment was no match for Cromer's best "family solicitor" manner. Her reply was much less aggressive.

"Tommy, the eldest—he's ten—takes his brother and sister—Eileen and Johnny—to school, which is only three streets away. I leave for work before they do—about half-past eight. My mother, who lives with me—we're both widows, you know; my husband was a lorry driver, killed over a year ago—well, my mother does the breakfast and sends them to school."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Nicholson," said James Cromer, trying to hurry her on.

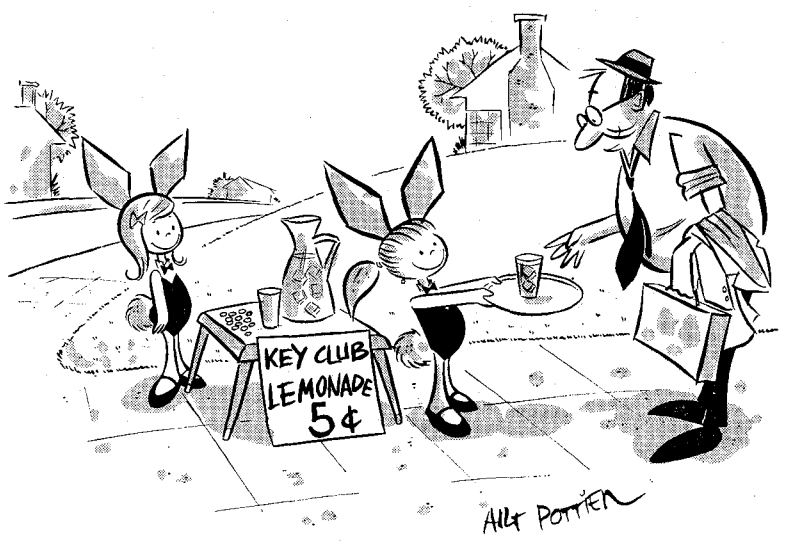
She got the hint and spoke more quickly. "It must have been just before nine o'clock, because they never did get to school. Then, you know, they didn't come in for lunch, so my mum went to the school, and they told her the children hadn't been there that morning. When she got home, she found Tommy's schoolbag with that note inside. After my mother finally got hold of me at B. and G.'s, where I work—and they don't like us taking time off, I can tell you—I went home and picked up the note and came here as fast as I could."

"Now," continued James Cromer, "can you think of anyone—anyone at all—who might have done this? Did your husband have any enemies? Have *you* any that might have done this kind of thing to you?"

Her face was anguished and bewildered. "I just can't think of anybody, Mr. Cromer. We don't know many people. I hardly go out since my husband died. I've gone through ——"

The buzzing of the telephone stopped her. James Cromer, nodding significantly to his son and to Mrs. Nicholson, picked up the telephone. "Yes. This is James Cromer," he said.

The voice at the other end of the line was muffled and obviously disguised. "Listen, Cromer, and listen carefully. I will not go over any of this again. We have the Nicholson children, and they are safe. To get them back we want a hundred thousand, paid by Keightley,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Let's say it's 95 degrees in the shade and your air conditioner is on full blast. Suddenly it conks out. Your house starts to feel like a steam room. What do you do?

Or suppose your washing machine goes on the blink right after you move into a new town. You're miles away from the dealer you bought it from and you don't know the name of a reliable serviceman. Where can you turn for help?

Or what if your refrigerator breaks down just after you've loaded it with a week's supply of food. Where are you going to find someone to fix it in a hurry?

Well, if it's a Whirlpool appliance, your search is ended. You just call the number listed above. (Or [800] 632-2243, if you live in Michigan.) Free of charge, at any time of the day or night. From anywhere in the continental United States. (By the way, if you have an access code in your area, don't forget to use it.)

When you call, our operators will give you the name and number of the Whirlpool Tech-Care Center or Whirlpool Servicing Dealer nearest your home. Which means that your appliance will be repaired by men trained and authorized by Whirlpool. Men who know every Whirlpool appliance inside and out.

So if you own a Whirlpool appliance, we suggest you cut out our number and paste it somewhere on the machine. And if you don't own a Whirlpool, we suggest you save it anyway, because someday you might.

Whirlpool is the first major appliance manufacturer in the country to provide a service like this. Although, since our machines need so few repairs, we should have been the last.

Whirlpool Corporation

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KILL THREE——

Cromer, Cromer and Leigh. One hundred thousand pounds. We are giving you twenty-four hours to make up your mind. There will be another phone call tomorrow at the same time. If you agree to pay the money, you will then receive your instructions for paying it over. If you do not agree, the children will die. You understand me, die! Do not contact the police. If you go to the police, you'll have only yourself to blame for the consequences. For your breach of trust. We will have no mercy. This is no hoax, Cromer. This is serious. If you don't want those children to die . . . one hundred thousand pounds!"

America, America

It was after five, and the editor of the *Daily Bulletin* was contemplating a drink at his club. It had been a frustrating day. The news was unexciting, and no one had come up with a good suggestion for the lead story on the front page. The *Express* and the *Mail* would undoubtedly lead on the three-man jailbreak, but Mark Shepherd thought his *Bulletin* should have something different. A reporter was now out investigating the possibility of a London bus strike.

The news editor, Baker, poked his head around the door of Shepherd's office. "Here's an odd one," he said, studying a typewritten note in his hand. "We've got a phone call from one of our contacts that there may have been a kidnaping in Balham."

He handed the note to the editor.

"Sounds unlikely," said Shepherd. "Maple Road? Not much money there. The kids are probably just lost."

"Might be a lead, though. If there were anything in it. Do you think it's worth while sending someone along? There's no phone listed."

"How good's the contact?"

"Usually very reliable. He tipped us off about that school story we ran last week. The row over lipstick for twelve-year-olds. It's the same school. He's probably a boyfriend of one of the teachers."

Shepherd took off his glasses and wearily rubbed his eyes. "I suppose we'll have to follow it up. Try that new young man. What's his name? The one just down from Oxford."

"Maitland-Moore?"

"That's right. Maitland-Moore. I suspect he's never heard of Balham. Probably think it's some place in the Old Testament."

As soon as Baker had gone, the editor's need for a drink and a change of atmosphere became overwhelming. He put on his hat and left for his club.

The partners of Keightley, Cromer, Cromer & Leigh sat in a semicircle facing James Cromer's desk. There was a rigid protocol about these partners' meetings—usually convened to deal with administrative problems or the distribution of profits—that had grown up through custom. The two Cromers and Henry Leigh—the three senior solicitors—used the armchairs that were already in the office. The three junior partners—Raphael, Briginshaw, and young Keightley, a nephew of the founder—brought chairs with them.

After studying the ransom note, they listened in silence as James Cromer described his interview with Mrs. Nicholson and the telephone demands made by the kidnaper. "Now," said Cromer, "since all of you know as much as I do about the situation, I think we should go round the room and get a consensus as to our next step. Mrs. Nicholson—not an easy woman, I can assure you—is in the waiting room, and I've promised her a decision about what we intend to do before she leaves."

Robert Cromer was the first to volunteer his comments. "Well, it's very obvious to me, for a start, that we're not going to hand over a hundred thousand. Let's settle that to begin with."

Briginshaw and Keightley nodded their heads in vigorous agreement. The firm was inevitably split into loyalties, and the two younger men—Briginshaw and Keightley—saw their main chance for a profitable future in sycophantically supporting the junior Cromer. James Cromer would be retiring soon, and his son would have a strong voice in determining when the others would be taken into full partnership.

Robert Cromer continued. "At the moment—and unless I hear some very convincing arguments to the contrary—my view is that we should wash our hands of the whole affair and send Mrs. Sarah Nicholson and her story to the police, and let them look after it."

"But what about the note?" asked Leslie Raphael. "They threaten to do the children in if the police are informed."

"Please, no interruptions now," James Cromer said. "I want each partner at this stage merely to make a statement as to how he sees the situation. We can discuss it later."

"Personally," said Robert Cromer, "I think it's all some sort of a stunt. I don't believe the children are in any danger—who on earth would expect us to pay that kind of money for children we've never heard of?—and I think we'll make ourselves look ridiculous if we take it too seriously. To sum up, I think we should put it into the hands of the police. At once."

James Cromer pointed his pencil at Henry Edward Leigh, a man in his late forties with a deceptively boyish face. Divorce occupied most of Leigh's time. Listening for years to tales of the infidelity, bestiality, hypocrisy and cruelty that broke up marriages had cultivated in Leigh a cynicism and worldliness that his fellow solicitors secretly envied. Since his clients tended to be either rich or titled, he moved in grander social circles than his partners—and he dressed the role. He was constantly changing his tailors, but they were never far from Savile Row.

Leigh had little use for Robert Cromer. He thought the senior partner's son pompous and humorless. And the tiny minds of Briginshaw and Keightley irritated him. He contemplated setting up on his own when James Cromer retired. Perhaps with Leslie Raphael.

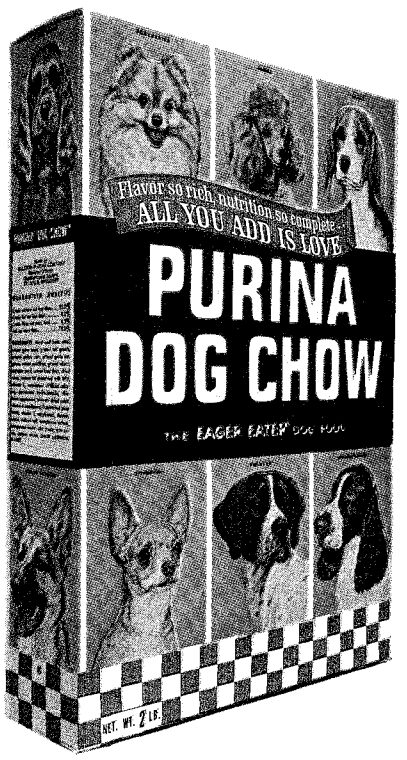
"I think there's too much wishful thinking in Bob's attitude," Leigh said. "It would be dangerous for us to gamble on its being a stunt. There are too many questions to be answered before we get the police in. For instance, what other people will be saying if they hear about it. Why Keightley, Cromer? What has this firm done? Why are we being blackmailed? Once it's in the papers, we will have to live with the subsequent stench for a long time."

"We'll just have to keep it out of the papers," said Robert Cromer.

"How?" countered Leigh.

Robert Cromer, whose thought processes tended to dry up whenever he was challenged, did not reply.

James Cromer then called on Leslie Raphael. At thirty-five, Raphael was next in line for a senior partnership.



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PLUS . . . use the attached coupon for a free triple treasure for you and your dog. Help you get a healthy, happy dog. He gets the hearty meaty taste and complete nutrition of Purina. Purina Dog Chow . . . so complete in every way that all you add is love.

RULES

1. Just print your name and address on an or all of the attached entry blanks . . . or on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper.

2. With each entry enclose a weight circle from any size package or bag of Purina Dog Chow (or Purina Puppy Chow); or hand print in plain block letters the words "PURINA DOG CHOW" (or "PURINA PUPPY CHOW" on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper. Mail entries for "PURINA KING OF THE ROAD" sweepstakes to "PURINA KING OF THE ROAD" sweepstakes, Box 35568, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Mail entries for "PURINA GLOBETROTTER" sweepstakes to "PURINA GLOBETROTTER" sweepstakes, Box 35566, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Mail entries for "PURINA SEAFARER" sweepstakes to "PURINA SEAFARER" sweepstakes, Box 35570, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. **No purchase or coupon redemption required to participate.**

3. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 31, 1967, and received no later than January 8, 1968.

4. You may enter in all three sweepstakes as often as you like, but each entry must be submitted according to the rules and mailed separately. Winners must accept prizes within specified time, no substitutes. Ralston Purina reserves the right to confirm ownership of dogs. Extra entry blanks are available wherever Purina Dog Chow or Purina Puppy Chow is sold, or can be obtained by writing to Triple Treasure Sweepstakes, Box 35571, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460.

5. Entries become the property of Ralston Purina Company. None to be returned.

6. Winners of the "PURINA KING OF THE ROAD" sweepstakes, the "PURINA GLOBETROTTER" sweepstakes, and the "PURINA SEAFARER" sweepstakes will be chosen at a drawing conducted by the Adams-Burke Corporation. Winners will be notified by mail. Note: a list of winners will not be available until March 1. To receive a copy, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Triple Treasure Sweepstakes, Ralston Purina Co., 200 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Missouri 63199.

7. All residents of the United States, its territories and possessions may enter, except residents of states or localities where the sweepstakes is taxed, prohibited or otherwise contrary to law. These sweepstakes are subject to federal, state and local regulations.

8. Employees of Ralston Purina Company, its subsidiaries, its food brokers, dealers and its advertising and judging agencies are not eligible.

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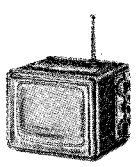
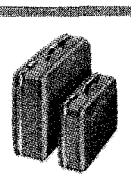


10 FIRST PRIZES
G.E. Portable Transistor TV Sets



25 SECOND PRIZES
2-piece set (man's or woman's) of American Tourister Luggage

60 THIRD PRIZES
Bulova Automatic Calendar Watches

3000 FOURTH PRIZES
Revere Instant Loading Cameras

$50,000 GLOBETROTTER SWEEPSTAKES
GRAND PRIZE

A two-week holiday for two via TWA StarStream jet to London, Paris, Rome and the Riviera... plus $5,000 spending money

Name_____

Address_____

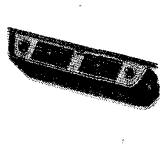
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

MAIL TO: "PURINA GLOBETROTTER" Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 35566, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460.

I enclose one weight circle from any size Purina Dog Chow (or Purina Puppy Chow) or the words "PURINA DOG CHOW" (or "PURINA PUPPY CHOW") hand printed in plain block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper to be eligible for the contest.

SWEEPSTAKES 2

6 FIRST PRIZES
Vespa Motor Scooters



10 SECOND PRIZES
Frigiking Auto Air Conditioners... installed

200 THIRD PRIZES
Schick Cordless Rechargeable Shavers (His or Hers)

3000 FOURTH PRIZES
Seth Thomas Travel Alarm Clocks

$50,000 KING OF THE ROAD SWEEPSTAKES
GRAND PRIZE

1968 air-conditioned Mercury Cougar, plus a $5,000 American Express Credit Account

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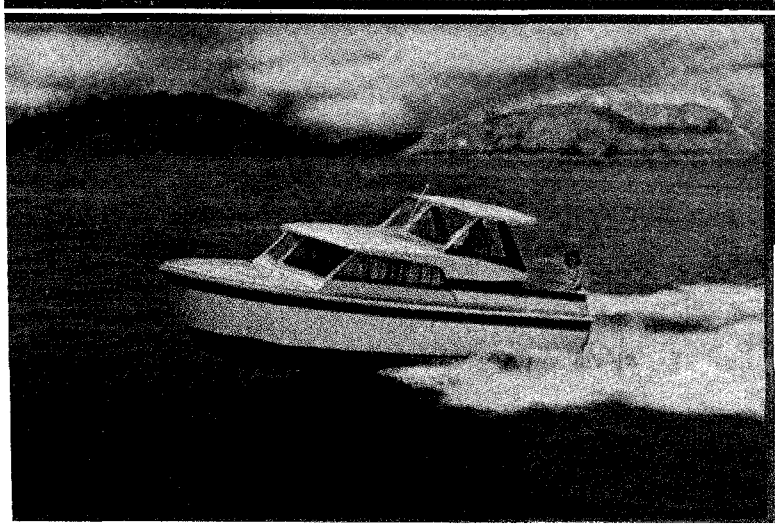
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

MAIL TO: "PURINA KING OF THE ROAD" Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 35568, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460.

I enclose one weight circle from any size Purina Dog Chow (or Purina Puppy Chow) or the words "PURINA DOG CHOW" (or "PURINA PUPPY CHOW") hand printed in plain block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper to be eligible for the contest.



SWEEPSTAKES 3

2 FIRST PRIZES
Lone Star boats... with 40-hp Chrysler outboard motors and trailers

50 SECOND PRIZES
RCA Victor 4-band radios... including AM/FM and 2 short wave

200 THIRD PRIZES
Pfleuger fishing rods and reels

3000 FOURTH PRIZES
Thermos picnic jugs

$50,000 SEAFARER SWEEPSTAKES
GRAND PRIZE

A 25-foot Owens Cruiser... plus AMF Voit water skis, snorkels and a Thermos picnic chest

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

MAIL TO: "PURINA SEAFARER" Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 35570, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460.

I enclose one weight circle from any size Purina Dog Chow (or Purina Puppy Chow) or the words "PURINA DOG CHOW" (or "PURINA PUPPY CHOW") hand printed in plain block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper to be eligible for the contest.

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It represents 96 years of insuring Americans, and more than 200 offices from coast to coast. The benefit of this experience can be yours . . . just ask any Life of Virginia representative.

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He already received twenty percent of the annual profits—as did each of the three senior partners—whereas Briginshaw and Keightley took only ten percent each. He owed his status to the fact that his father—a rich Jewish property developer—had been one of the firm's most lucrative clients for many years and had been ready to pay a large capital sum to buy his son a partnership. With a penchant for drama, Raphael enjoyed court work and was the firm's specialist on Litigation. Like Leigh, he had a low regard for the younger Cromer and was thinking of giving up law altogether and joining his father's business. His early distaste for property speculation had eroded with the increasing respectability achieved by his father. Because of his charitable gifts, there was a strong chance that the elder Raphael would soon be knighted.

In office matters, Raphael tended to side with Henry Leigh, whose tastes and sense of humor were much like his own. On this occasion he thought that Leigh, as usual, was talking more sense than Robert Cromer.

"It seems to me that we must consider three points," said Raphael, tapping consecutive fingers as he advanced his consecutive arguments. "One, what can we do to keep the thing out of the papers? Two, if it is a genuine kidnaping, who are the people, in the light of our own knowledge, that might have a serious enough grudge against the firm or a member of it, to seek this kind of revenge? And three, can we afford not to take the matter immediately to the police? I agree with Henry that this affair could turn very nasty. What, for example, would happen if the kidnaper carried out his threats and killed the children?"

"Nonsense!" Robert Cromer dismissed the possibility with a derisive shake of his head.

"Oh, you're going too far, Leslie," said Briginshaw. "Let's be practical."

"That's just what I'm trying to be. We have to study every eventuality. One of our first priorities, for instance, is to draw up a list of the names of people who might have written that note—hoax or not. Any cranks, nuts, or people with enough spite against the firm to want to get their revenge in this sort of way. It's obviously someone who knows us, and I'm sure it'll be one of the first things the police will want to know."

"Good point, Leslie," said James Cromer. "But before we examine it in detail, let's hear what Ronald and William have to say."

Ronald Wilfred Briginshaw, the only bachelor in the firm, was shaped like one of those dolls whose rounded bottoms swing them erect whenever they are knocked down. He was red-faced, wore rimless spectacles, and sweated a lot. With no income other than his earnings as a solicitor, he was constantly anxious about his future. He worked hard, and his punctilious, careful mind admirably suited him for the task of handling the firm's business in Contracts and Bankruptcy.

"I think Bob's right," said Briginshaw. His support of the younger Cromer was predictable enough. "It's a matter for the police, and the less we become involved in it, the better."

"William, you're the last," said James Cromer. "Anything to add?"

William Reginald Keightley, unambitious, slow-spoken, and much the firm's junior in status and ability, rarely said much at these partnership meetings. He now puckered his face in an effort at concentration. "Well, I think most of the important points have been covered . . . perhaps. . . ."

"Good!" James Cromer stopped Keightley before he could ramble on. "I agree." He studied the few notes he had jotted down. "I can't say that we've settled much, but there seems a general consensus that we should go to the police as soon as possible."

"Of course, once it's in police hands, it probably won't be long before it's in the papers," said Leigh. "That's what worries me. We must urge them to keep it out of the press as long as possible. After all, we have some responsibility for the children's safety."

"Naturally, Henry, naturally," James Cromer said, slightly impatient at what he thought was obvious. "Now, Leslie, do you know anybody at Scotland Yard who might be helpful?"

"Well, the police are fussy about protocol in these matters. I'm not sure the Yard should be brought in right away. Still, I'll make inquiries."

James Cromer next asked the partners to consider Leslie's point about providing the police with a list of suspects from the firm's point of view. As each new name was mentioned, James Cromer wrote it down. Only Henry Leigh displayed impatience with the course of the meeting.

"I can think of dozens of disgruntled litigants whose cases I've handled. All hating my guts. But it'll take us all night to go through the names of everyone with a grudge against the firm. Besides, we really have to give this some thought. We can't let the police descend on everyone who's lost a case at Keightley, Cromer's. It'll raise suspicions and doubts about us that we'll never live down. I agree we should prepare a list—but it must be selective."

"All right, Henry," said James Cromer. "We take your point. But the police will undoubtedly be wanting names, so everyone may as well be ready to supply them. Before you leave this evening, I would like all of you to jot down the names of everyone you think mad or violent enough to attempt something of this kind. They need not be only clients—ex-employees or anyone else might fit the bill. But do be cautious about your suspicions. We don't want to upset a lot of people unnecessarily. Any questions?"

No one had any.

"Good. Now I'll have a word with Mrs. Nicholson and tell her that we've decided it would be best to inform the police immediately."

"Oh, James!" An afterthought had struck Raphael. "Before we tell the Yard, hadn't we better decide where to meet whoever they might send? I'm thinking it might be risky to have them come here. The kidnaper might be watching the office."

"You may be right," said Cromer. "What about your apartment, Henry? It's closest to the Yard."

"You're welcome any time."

"I think, too, it would be best if only the three senior partners saw the

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police. Oh, and just one final thing. I take it that no one suggests we pay the ransom money?"

"Indeed not!" said Robert Cromer.

"Not jolly likely!" said Briginshaw.

"No!" said Keightley.

'Good!" said James Cromer.

Detective-Inspector Hayes surveyed Henry Leigh's drawing room with pleasure. Its air of unobtrusive luxury was something he respected. As one of Scotland Yard's few university graduates, Hayes displayed no undue deference to members of the legal profession. He had read a lot, enjoyed good wine and cigars, and had mixed with enough lawyers to prevent him from feeling any sense of social inferiority in their company.

Approaching forty, Hayes had only recently joined the Yard's Murder Squad. A few years back he had been in charge of a complicated embezzlement case and had seen quite a bit of Leslie Raphael. But he knew none of the other partners.

It was pure luck that he happened to have a free afternoon when Raphael called. Now that he had heard what it was all about, he was rather enjoying this informal meeting with the anxious solicitors. He hadn't allowed himself to make up his mind whether the kidnaping was serious or not. He had always found that the noncommittal approach was the best in the long run.

"I think I'll have that whiskey now, Mr. Leigh," said Hayes, sitting down for the first time in one of the large, soft chairs. He had been standing near the mantelpiece during James Cromer's recital of the facts. Since it was an unofficial visit—and since it was at this stage solely the responsibility of the Balham police—he had not taken any notes. In any case, the facts were simple, and he prided himself on his memory. He now felt he had earned the drink Leigh had previously offered him.

"Excellent plan, meeting here," he said. "As you know, I've been in touch with Balham, and they'll be sending someone along to talk to Mrs. Nicholson. But frankly, from what you tell me, I don't think she's going to be of much help. To be blunt, gentlemen, if this is a genuine kidnaping, I don't think it has anything to do with her. She's merely being used as a pawn. You're the ones they're after."

"That's the way it appears to us, too," said James Cromer. "But why?"

"When we've had a chance to study these names, I might be able to answer that question." Hayes picked up the foolscap sheet lying on the marble-topped coffee table. "I gather this is merely a preliminary list which you and your partners have put together this afternoon. Mostly clients or ex-clients?" James Cromer nodded. "Not much to go on at the moment. But it's early still."

"Have you any idea how many people might be involved?" asked Leigh. "Kidnapers, I mean."

"No idea. But more than one, I'd say. I've had a good look at that ransom note, and although I'm no expert, I'd say those block letters were written by a woman. Probably young. And it was a man who spoke on the phone. That makes two at least."

"What are the chances of anyone having seen the kidnapers?" James Cromer asked.

"People rarely see any more than they have to. The blindness potential of the human eye never ceases to astonish me. Naturally, however, every house in the area will be canvassed."

"Have you ever come across anything like this before?" asked Leigh. "Children kidnaped and complete strangers asked to pay the ransom?"

"Not in England. There was something similar in France a few years back, though. A town called Poitiers. The richest citizens were asked to cough up the ransom money. But within forty-eight hours the kidnapers got cold feet and released the children. There were three of them. Just as in this case. Shortly afterward, the police picked up the entire gang. Four or five of them, I think. I wouldn't be surprised if Poitiers was the inspiration for this lark."

"It's a shocking business! Really shocking!" Robert Cromer, who until now had allowed his father and Henry Leigh to do the talking, rose from his chair and walked angrily across the room to pour himself a drink. "We're too soft on these crooks. That's what encourages them. Namby-pamby theories by intellectuals and socialists. Inspector, isn't there anything more that can be done?"

"We can only do our best, Mr. Cromer. But I must repeat what I said when I first arrived. I am not officially in charge of this case. It is unlikely that the Yard will be called in unless the Balham police feel it is far more

(*continued on page 66*)

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The fiber glass belts are strong. And flexible.

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A wider track than any snow tire we've ever tested. As much as 26 per cent wider.

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Ordinary snow tires wear out down the center line because the tread wastes rubber wiggling around on the road.

The Sears Superwide will still have up to half its tread life left when most ordinary snow tires are on their last leg.

We put the Sears Superwide through a rugged test against some of the best ordinary snow tires on the market.

We tested it in soft, deep New England snow and it got better traction.

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After all, a snow tire spends only part of its life in snow. The rest on the highway.

Sears Superwide is a snow tire for people who want to get away from it all.

That's nice to know if you're driving from Anchorage to Palm Beach to soak up some sunshine. Or if you're driving from Palm Beach to Anchorage to loll in the snow.

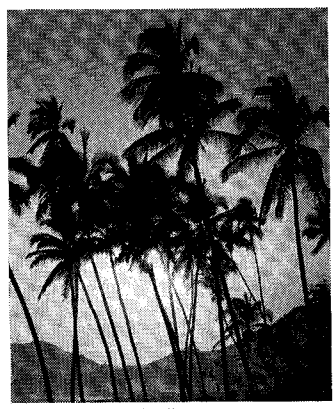
An exclusive tread design makes the Superwide run quiet. It doesn't sound as though a semi is riding on your tail. A good snow tire should be seen and not heard.

It's a sporty-looking job with a lusty wide tread. It will fit just about any car. You don't have to own a sports model or be a race buff.

The Superwide will wear up to 100 per cent longer than ordinary snow tires.

The longer the tread life, the more traction you keep. And more puncture protection.

That's a comforting thought when you figure that about



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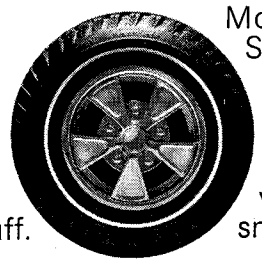

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Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

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Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out.

For How Long: 40 months.

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serious than it now seems. I will naturally pass anything you have told me over to them, but they might handle this matter far differently than I. We all have pet methods." He smiled at the lawyers condescendingly.

"Of course, of course," said James Cromer. His son's outburst had irritated him. At the last election he had voted Socialist himself. "We understand. What about the note? Any clues there? Fingerprints?"

"Probably. But they'll not be much use to us if these people haven't a criminal record. And I have a hunch they're amateurs."

"What makes you think that?" asked Robert Cromer.

"Ransom notes are usually made up of letters cut out of newspapers. This one was written in block letters—with not much effort at disguising the style. It could give our experts a lead.

"And then," continued Hayes, turning to the senior Cromer, "didn't you tell me that the man who spoke to you on the phone said that if you went to the police, it would be a 'breach of trust'? An odd phrase, don't you think? Scarcely a thought that would occur to a hardened criminal."

"Could mean anything," said Robert Cromer.

"It's the newspapers that worry me," said James Cromer. "How are we going to prevent all this from getting into print? Any suggestions, Inspector?"

"That's not going to be easy."

Although it was only shortly after seven, Mark Shepherd felt fuzzy-headed. He leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. It was the last round at the club that had done him in. Still, there wasn't very much on at the newspaper.

Baker's head came round the door of the editor's office. Seeing Shepherd asleep, he knocked discreetly on the door. The editor snapped awake. "Come in, come in," he said.

"It's that Balham business. The suspected kidnaping. It's building up into something interesting. The mother of the children broke down and told Maitland-Moore everything she knew. He's just phoned in a story."

The editor glanced through the typewritten pages that Baker handed him. "What do you think?" he asked.

"It sounds authentic."

"Maitland-Moore's pretty inexperienced."

"Yes. But he wouldn't make it up. I've got Daly checking at the Yard."

"Any pictures?" Shepherd asked.

"Maitland-Moore's cornered all the available ones, though he says they won't reproduce well. Seaside pictures at least two years old. Still, there won't be any left for the opposition to get their hands on. And, besides, the police are already there. Probably no one else will be able to get in."

"Then the police already know," said Shepherd. "The solicitors called them in. In spite of that threat to kill the kids if the police were told. . . ."

"I suspect the police won't be releasing anything, though. They know we've got the story now. Mrs. Nicholson would have told them. But with a bit of luck, we could have it to ourselves. Of course," Baker added, "we'll have to call the Yard and tell them what we know before we print."

"Well, let's hope it doesn't blow up in our faces," said the editor. "It still might be just a prank. Something to embarrass Keightley, Cromer. We'll have to go very cautiously. Might be libelous if we handle it wrong. Innuendo that the solicitors have been up to no good. Have a word with them before you run it."

Baker was well aware of the legal implications, but he thought Shepherd had too much of a phobia about libel. He had seen too many stories spiked because of extreme caution.

"We've tried to get the Cromers on the phone," said Baker. "They're obviously dodging us. They've left messages that they're out for the evening. Both of them. I've sent someone round to check. We're also trying to contact the other members of the firm."

"How are we going to play it?"

"I don't think it's a lead. Not yet, anyway. Two columns, with a picture of the kids. A second lead."

"Yes. But don't run it in the early editions. Let's keep it to ourselves."

"That's what I was thinking," agreed Baker. "Since it's a London story, let's hold it as late as possible. The opposition will have to replate if they want to pick it up. Some of them may be doubtful or unable to check at that hour. That would give us a real exclusive. We might get rid of a few thousand extra copies in Balham."

When Baker had gone, Shepherd picked up the Press Association reports of the debate on taxes in the House of Commons. It was developing into a real slanging match. Hot enough to make a good lead. And with this kidnaping story, the night was looking up.

The house was coming down. It and seven others were to be replaced by a modern block of apartments. Their windows were thick with London soot, but here and there a curtain or a gleam of light indicated that they were not all abandoned. Some tenants, waiting for their leases to expire, were still clinging stubbornly to their old-fashioned, high-ceilinged apartments. Although there was not a sign of life above ground-floor level at No. 56, the basement apartment was clearly occupied.

Gillian Tracey, sitting at her dressing table in a slip, was having difficulty with her eye makeup. The only window in the bedroom was small and caught little morning light from the courtyard. "Damn," she said, as some of the makeup got into her eye.

The young man on the crumpled double bed watched her lazily. The blanket reached only to his waist, and, from his navel up, his naked body had a grayish-white pallor. His eyes were pale blue, and his thin, cavernous face was topped by a high forehead.

The doors of the cheap pine wardrobe were open. Gillian's clothes occupied only a fraction of its space. She had shared this apartment with two other girls, but they had left some weeks before. The man's clothes were heaped in an untidy mound on the only other chair in the room. On the floor were a number of open newspapers.

"What are you putting that muck on your eyes for?" Alan West asked. "You're only going out to get some bread and eggs."

"If you don't mind," she said, "it's none of your business."

"Can they dress themselves?"

She had picked up her large black handbag and was scrabbling about in it for her lipstick. "The five-year-old can't do his shoelaces. There's something wrong with him, I think. Stupid or something. The others are all right, though."

"Any trouble over breakfast?"

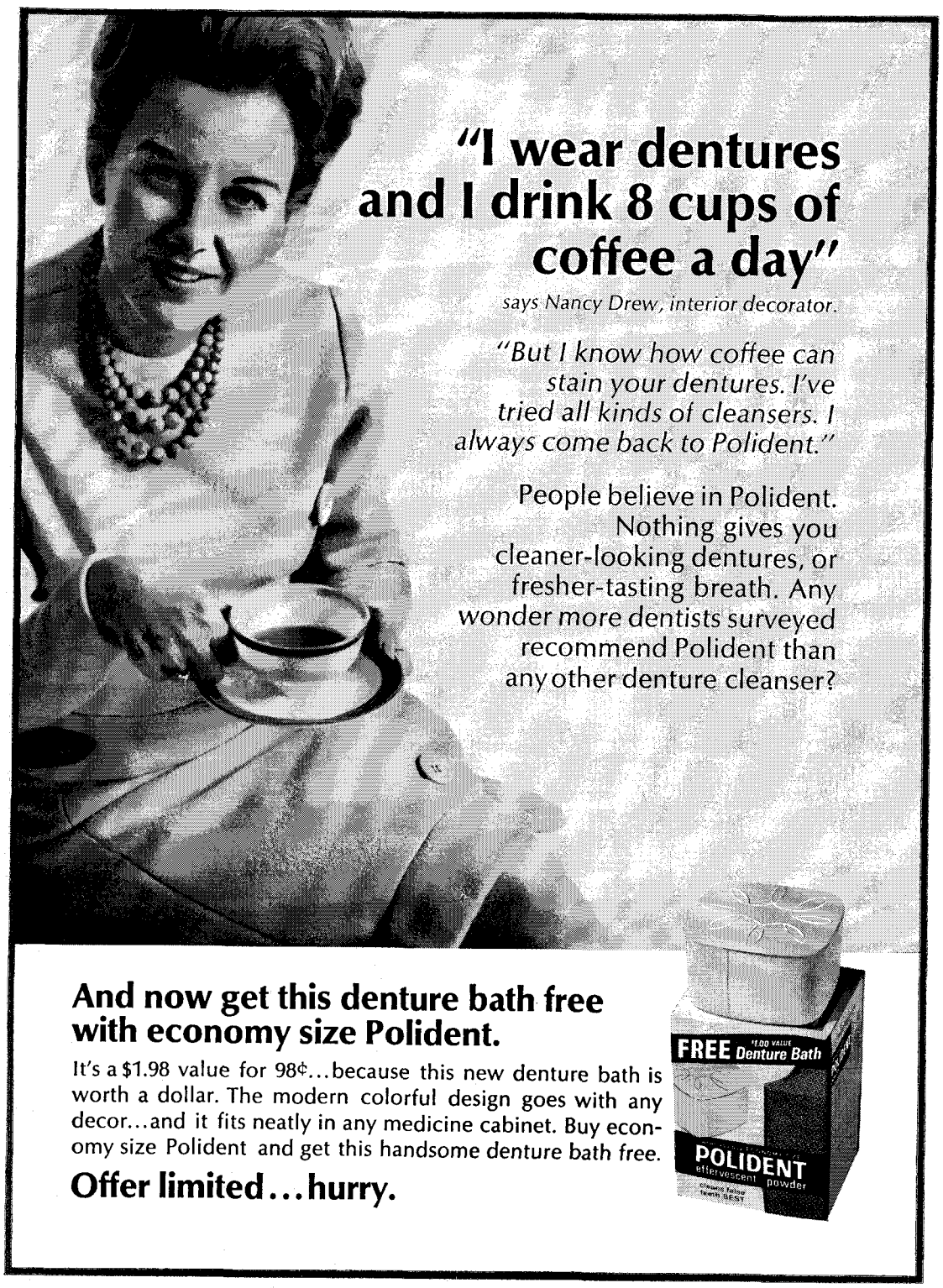
"Cornflakes was okay for the smaller ones. Tommy wanted porridge."

"To hell with him, then."

"He got cornflakes. But he's tough. He could scream the place down, I bet."

"Who'd hear him?" West tapped the wall behind the bed. "Very solid. And no one up there." He looked up at the dirty ceiling. "You're sure no one will be prowling around upstairs? Surveyors or builders or someone?"

"I've told you a thousand times. They can't start doing anything until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we're out, and the lease still has another two months to run."

"I suppose they'd never connect you with Mrs. Nicholson in a million years."

"How could they? I was just one of the models at that show at B. and G.'s." She got up and chose a blue linen dress from the wardrobe. She continued to talk as she wriggled into it.

"She was just one of the assistants. Getting the clothes for us. She was so busy talking about herself and her precious brats, she probably doesn't even remember any of us. I said I'd find out if she could get some children's clothes wholesale from Maxie Gilbert. That's why she gave me her address. I wouldn't have given her another thought if you hadn't asked me if I knew someone with two or three kids."

"It's worked like a charm," said West, stretching himself and sitting up.

"I wish you'd start thinking about how I'm going to keep them quiet for another day. You can't keep them locked in that room."

"Why not?"

"Because they're going to cry and yell or even try to escape. Especially Tommy. This is Chelsea, you know, and if he shouts loud enough some passerby might hear him. And he's beginning to ask awkward questions."

"What sort of questions?"

"Well, I can't remember exactly." She bent down to straighten the seams of her stockings. As she did so, West caught sight of a provocative ribbon of thigh. "Questions like, Why do they have to be locked up in that room? And where are the cameras?"

"Come here," West said to her.

"Oh, Alan, I've just put my lipstick on." There was no conviction in the protest. She smiled and sat down on the bed. In a moment they were crushed against each other.

At first, the hammerings on the door sounded like some irrelevant distraction. "Miss! Miss!" It was a small boy's voice, strident and persistent, and it was accompanied by a loud banging.

The girl was the first to hear it. "Yes, Tommy," she shouted. "What is it?"

"*Johnny wants to go to the toilet.*"

"Can't he wait a few minutes?"

"No! No! He wants to go now!"

"All right. I'll be in in a minute." She leaned down and kissed West affectionately. Then she got up, smoothed her wrinkled dress, and looked at herself in the mirror. "What a mess!" she said.

"It'll be all right, baby," West said, watching her straightening out her face. "Just think of it. One hundred thousand pounds! What we can do with all that lovely money. Venice, Monte Carlo. Clothes for you by Balenciaga. It's all working perfectly. Look at those papers! They don't know a thing. Not a word in the *Express* or the *Mail*. And those Cromers will pay. I'm sure of it."

Well, that finishes any talk about treating it as a local prank," said Chief Inspector Cowley. He tossed a copy of the *Daily Bulletin* to Detective-Inspector Randall.

"I've seen it," said Randell. "But I still think it's a hoax."

It was nine o'clock in the morning, and Milburn Road Police Station was damp and uncomfortable. The two men were alone in a room usually busy with the comings and goings of eight detectives. They loathed each other.

"You're entitled to your opinion," said Cowley, a thickset, large-faced man in his early forties. "But now that it's in the newspapers, we'll have to proceed on the assumption that it's a genuine kidnaping."

"What the bloody hell do the newspapers know about it?" Randell asked. He knew that Cowley was right, but he wasn't prepared to yield to him without an argument. "The story wasn't even written by their crime reporter. Who's Maitland-Moore?"

"It doesn't matter who wrote it. If you don't treat it as a serious

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Unfortunately, they aren't.

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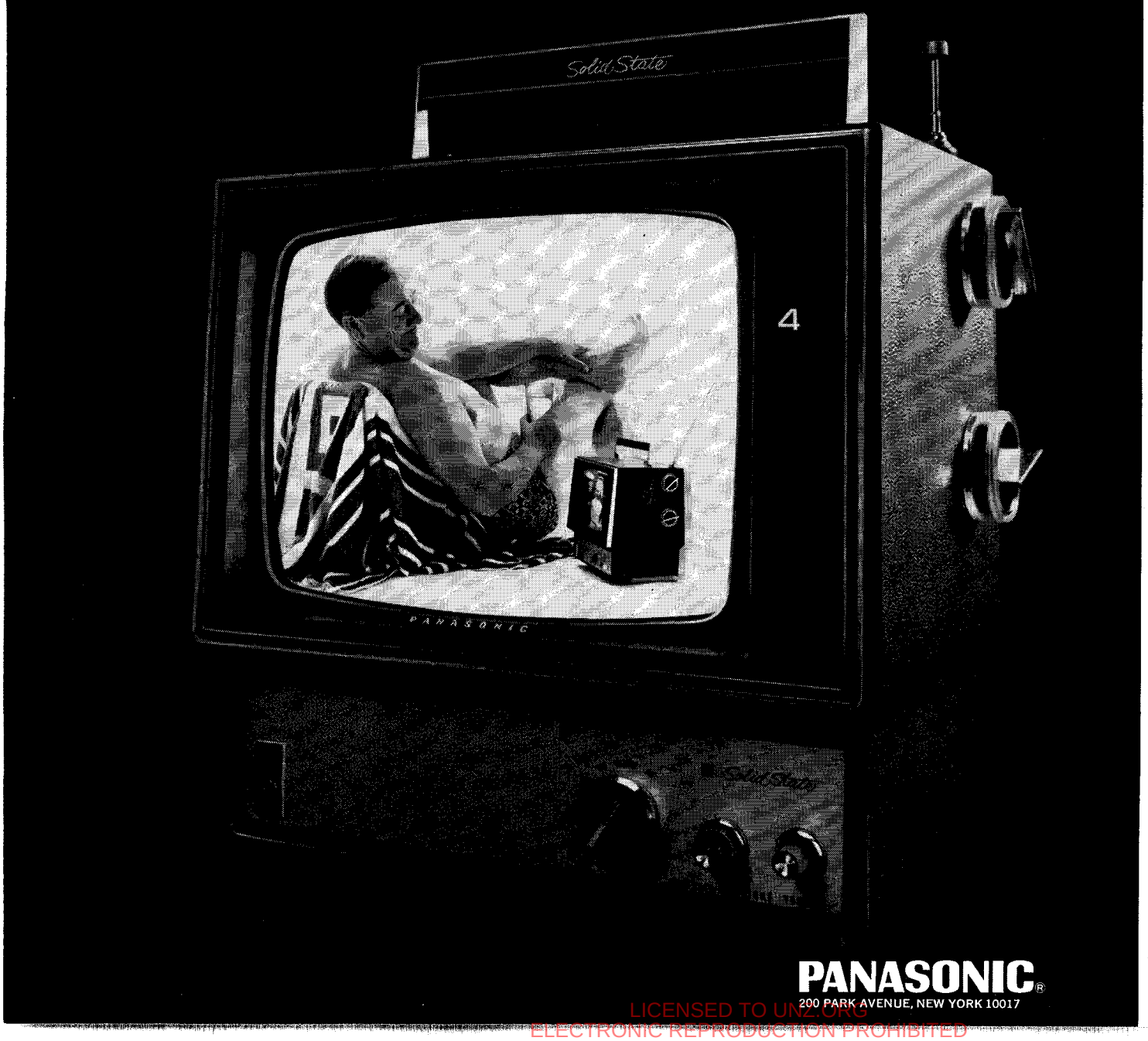

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crime—and anything happens to those kids—you'll be in the soup whether you've heard of Maitland-Moore or not." Cowley's tone was patient. He was the other man's senior in position, but Randell was five years older. Randell had never forgiven Cowley for getting a promotion he expected for himself.

"There'll be a dozen men out this morning checking everyone in the district and all the friends and relatives of Mrs. Nicholson," Randell said. "There's a policewoman at the school. Shipley and two constables are working on the names on the solicitors' list. Every metropolitan and suburban police station and every squad car has a description of the kids." Randell listed these activities almost sheepishly. It was an admission that he'd only been arguing with Cowley out of orneriness. He had, in fact, been up all the previous night organizing the inquiry.

"You'd better get some sleep," said Cowley. "I'll keep in touch. The Superintendent thinks this may hot up. I agree with him."

Randell lighted a cigarette. "Who's in charge?" he asked. "Me or you?"

"Me," said Cowley. "But I can't take over completely until tomorrow. I've got a meeting this afternoon with those insurance assessors about that suspected arson. But if it's a real kidnaping we'll naturally be working together on it."

Randell wearily rose to leave. Crimes of this kind—with the prospect of a lot of publicity—were rare in the district, and Cowley always pulled rank whenever anything big was involved.

"Oh, I forgot to mention that the Yard has already been on to the Superintendent," continued Cowley. "Because we're shorthanded—Jones is ill and Ford won't be back from his holiday until next week—there'll be a Yard fellow joining us on this case. His name's Hayes. Do you know him?"

"Had something to do with him once. He's one of those university types, isn't he? Not my cup of tea."

"The solicitors called him in originally, and I think it's best for the moment that he continues to handle them. So does the Superintendent, and so does the Yard." Cowley firmly forestalled Randell's protest. He knew Randell's sensitivity about the Yard's being called in except in the most desperate circumstances. "The lawyers are worried now that it's broken in the papers. Hayes will be seeing them this morning to give them some advice."

Detective-Inspector Hayes, who had been waiting for the senior partners since nine o'clock, joined the two Cromers and Henry Leigh in James Cromer's office.

"Then only the *Daily Bulletin* had the story?" asked James Cromer.

"Aye, they were very canny about it," said Hayes. "Didn't run the story until their last-but-one edition. They scooped the whole city. It was too late for the other morning papers to check it and print very much. But I expect the evening papers have been on to you already—the *News* and the *Standard*."

"And the BBC," said James Cromer. "The other channel as well. I've told our switchboard to block all incoming calls. We're being driven mad."

Hayes looked at him with a bland smile. "I'm afraid, Mr. Cromer, it's one of the penalties of a free press."

"Free press! Peeping Toms, more like it!" said Robert Cromer, turning from the window from which he'd been observing the crowd of reporters, photographers, and curious bystanders that had been gathered outside the office since early morning.

"I expect we'll have to make some sort of statement," said Leigh. "You promised them one, didn't you, James?"

"Yes. I told them we'd have something for them this morning. But I thought it best to say nothing specific until we'd spoken to you this morning, Inspector. What *do* you advise us to do? Should we speak to them?"

"I don't really see how you can avoid it," answered Hayes. "As the senior member of the firm, Mr. Cromer, I think you ought to make some sort of formal statement. Something vague and official, like, 'We are completely mystified as to the motive . . .'"

"Just a moment," James Cromer said. Picking up a pen, he began to write Hayes's words on a pad of ruled paper. "All right. 'We are completely mystified as to the motive . . .'"

"'. . . or the identity of the kidnapers. We are naturally cooperating fully with the police, and we do not wish at this stage to do or say anything which might complicate their investigations.' Something like that. Then you might add a few words of sympathy for Mrs. Nicholson. It'll be expected of you."

"And how long will that satisfy them?" asked Robert Cromer.

"Not long, I expect," said the detective. "It depends, of course, on how things go. If the children aren't back by tonight or tomorrow morning, you may be in for a nasty time. It's a story the papers will make a nice meal of. I can see the line. 'Would you pay a hundred thousand pounds for someone else's child?' You must admit there's plenty of heartthrob there. The rich solicitors and the poor widow."

"You mean the public might consider us to blame?" asked Leigh.

"They might. One never knows. The public can be a willful thing."

The three lawyers were silent. It had never occurred to them that they might be converted into the villains in the affair. Was there some unknown link between themselves and the abductors? Even worse, if there was no connection, would the public still expect them to ransom these children just because they had the money to do so?

"But it's got nothing to do with us," Robert Cromer protested. "We're completely innocent!"

Hayes looked hard at the younger Cromer. "Legally, perhaps," he said. "But outside the law, innocence is an arbitrary concept. Guilt is a prism, you know. It has many reflections."

He liked the metaphor. He'd used it before, in a lecture to police recruits. But having used it, he now felt slightly self-conscious. The lawyers might think he was lecturing them. "But it's too early in the morning for philosophy, don't you think?" he said, deciding to change the subject. "Now, about that phone call due from the kidnaper at four this afternoon. Naturally we'll try to trace it, but I don't expect the kidnaper will stay on the line long enough to give us much of a chance. I take it you intend to say you are flatly refusing to pay the ransom money?"

"Of course," said Robert Cromer.

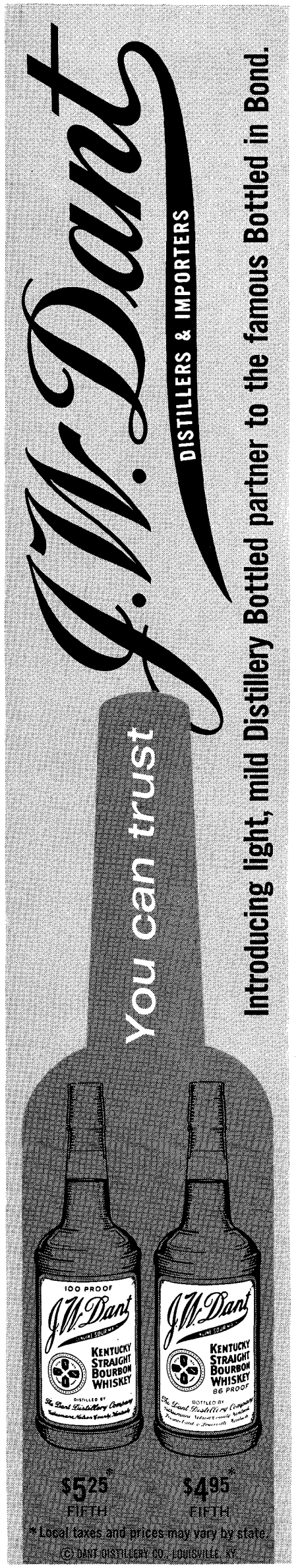
"What else can we do?" asked his father. "As we told you last night, we don't feel that we have any moral responsibility. Not, anyway, on the facts as we know them."

"Perhaps you'd like us to play for time," Leigh suggested. "We could stall them about the details of how the money is to be paid. That might enable you to set a trap for them."

Hayes shook his head. "If these were ordinary criminals, it might be worth the gamble. But I suspect they're not going to give us very much time. They won't find it easy controlling those three kids. You never can predict, either, what criminals of this sort might do in a panic. Or in cold blood. They might,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My goodness! Where did the summer go?"



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of course, just be bluffing. In that case, a flat no might just frighten them into calling the whole thing off."

"Obviously it's the only course we can take," said James Cromer. He was beginning to have twinges of guilt about the adamant stand his firm was taking. "You must also remember, Inspector Hayes, that we *are* solicitors and in some way guardians of the law."

"Well, it's your decision, gentlemen," Hayes replied. "I'll be here when the call comes through at four."

The resonant voice of the BBC announcer rolled out the news. It was merely a background to the morning for Alan West. As he lapped up his bowl of cornflakes, he concentrated on a racing form propped against the milk bottle on the table.

The radio was perched on the small, round, mahogany table in Gillian's living room. The rest of the furniture was the kind found in cheaply furnished apartments—a green sofa sagging in the middle, two low-slung chairs, a gas heater, bookshelves laden with paperbacks, knickknacks, records, and unpaid bills, a secondhand television, and a reproduction of a Picasso harlequin.

In Alan West's ears the blur of sound suddenly sharpened into something meaningful. Instinctively he reached for the volume control and turned the sound down. He was afraid the words might be heard in the second bedroom, where the children were being kept.

"The kidnapers are demanding the sum of one hundred thousand pounds for the safe return of the children." The voice—matter-of-fact and eunuchlike in its dispassion—went on. "This sum was demanded of Mr. James Samuel Cromer, senior partner of the firm of Keightley, Cromer, Cromer and Leigh, solicitors, of Gray's Inn, in a telephone call made by one of the kidnapers. In a statement just issued, Mr. Cromer says that Mrs. Nicholson and her family are complete strangers to himself and every member of his firm. The statement ends with a message of sympathy for Mrs. Nicholson. . . . Twelve fire engines were called to a warehouse fire in Acton this morning. . . ."

West clicked the radio off, his mind splintering into a number of frenzied questions. Was the announcement a calculated move on the part of the police? Or did some newspaper get the story accidentally? Did anyone see them on Maple Road? Did the police have descriptions of either of them?

"Mister! Mister! Let me out!"

The sudden, shrieking intrusion of Tommy's high-pitched voice aggravated the feverish tension in West's mind and snapped his self-control. He leaped from the sofa, lurched down the hall toward the small bedroom, and turned the key in the lock of the door. The two youngest children were cowering at the far end of the room. Tommy was standing, arms folded, between the single bed and the camp bed which together filled almost every inch of floor space.

"Are you going to keep quiet?" asked West, in a menacing tone.

Eileen began to cry.

"Are you? Answer me!"

Tommy said nothing and backed in between the two beds. When West reached out his right hand to grab the boy's shoulder, the boy grabbed the hand by the wrist and sank his teeth into it just below the thumb. A bolt of pain shot through West's body. Gripping Tommy's hair, he yanked the small head back and with his free, bleeding right hand, smashed his palm into the boy's face. He hit the boy again and again, and with each blow he felt a warm glow suffusing him. He wanted to go on and on and on.

A sudden weight on his arm stopped his frenzy. The boy's body had gone limp. He was unconscious.

West dragged the body out of the room and across the hall. He opened the door of a tiny, dark storage room and flung the boy in among the empty cartons. He bent down and put his head against Tommy's chest. The boy was still breathing. He got up, closed the door, and turned the key in the lock.

Well over an hour passed before Gillian returned to the apartment. She came directly into the living room carrying a bag of groceries. She had three newspapers that she threw on the sofa where Alan West was sitting.

"It's all over the papers," said Gillian. "Front page on the *Bulletin*. And the evening papers as well. They're just out."

"I know," said West. "It's been on the radio." His voice was calm, and his mind was fresh again, capable of contemplating his next moves.

"She's talked," said West, tossing the papers aside after a quick look at them. "Mrs. Nicholson. That's obvious. Well, they don't seem to know much. I don't think they have a clue."

"What do you expect? They're not likely to put it in the papers, you know. 'Chief amongst the suspects is twenty-four-year-old Alan West. . . .' "

"When I first heard it on the radio, I thought maybe the police were releasing the story deliberately. Some sort of ploy to frighten me off. But it's clear that the papers got the story without the police knowing anything about it."

"But maybe somebody saw us," said Gillian.

"I doubt it. We'll know soon enough, anyway. They'd be issuing one of those composite pictures if they had anything positive. Anyway, it means we'll have to be careful about going out. We mustn't take unnecessary risks."

West picked up one of the evening papers again and began rereading the kidnaping story.

"What a fatuous statement from those lawyers," he said, talking more to himself than to Gillian. "I can just imagine them. Arguing it out in a genteel, slippery way. Robert Cromer, pious cant streaming out of his mouth. Then there's his wheedling, fat toady, Brigin-shaw. And that oaf, Keightley. I know what side those three will be on. Of *course* we can't allow ourselves to be blackmailed. Of *course* we must go to the police. Of *course* it's none of our business. When what they *really* mean is, Who gives a damn for three dirty, sniveling children, and who thinks we're going to part with a farthing of our own cash to save their lives? And then there are the smoothies—Leigh and Raphael. They'll argue on the other side—not because they are any keener on paying up—but just to prove their moral superiority. But in the end they'll all come out on the same side. Even old man Cromer, who's the best of the lot. Well, we'll see if we can't make them change their minds. They have the money. Plenty of it."

"Oh, I didn't know you knew them all that well," said the girl, only mildly

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interested. She had been thinking about a skirt she had seen in a boutique on the King's Road. "I thought you picked on them just because they were rich."

"They don't know me. I know them. At least, I know all about them. They're rich, all right. They owe it to me."

"Owe it to you?"

"Forget it. Did you get any cigarettes? I've run out."

Gillian did not pursue her question. In the six weeks she had known him, she had grown used to the way West veered away from subjects he did not wish to discuss. From her handbag she took a pack of cigarettes and tossed them to him. "You're smoking too much."

The sound of Tommy's voice interrupted them. "Lemme out! It's dark in here! I wanna get out!"

"What's wrong with him?" asked Gillian.

"That damned brat!" West exclaimed. He glared in the direction from which the sound had come, then, relaxing, continued to Gillian. "The kids started screaming while you were out. When I went in to make them shut up, that little bastard kicked and bit me. Tommy. Took a big chunk out of my hand. I gave him a few across the face and threw him in the storage room."

"Help! Help!" Tommy's shouts were becoming dangerously loud. "I'm gonna keep on yelling till you let me out."

"I must let him out of there," said Gillian, going toward the storage room.

"Leave him where he is!"

"But the noise! Someone will hear!"

"I'll handle him."

The strident ring of the front doorbell—unexpected and demanding—froze them into silence. Its peremptory clamor stilled Tommy, too.

"See who it is!" whispered West.

The girl raced to one of the windows and cautiously peered around the closed curtains. "The milkman! His weekly money!" she said urgently.

"We'll have to open up for him. He must have heard us. Go pay him."

When Tommy began to kick at the door again, West picked up a small cushion from one of the chairs in the living room and headed toward the storage room. Gillian, seeing the cold, twisted look on his face, hesitated. West pushed her toward the front door.

"Go on, dammit! Leave the boy to me. Pay the milkman outside. Make some excuse for closing the door."

West was at the door of the storage room in a few strides. Unlocking it and looking inside, he saw only the murky outline of the boy in the dark, confined space. Tommy lashed out with his foot and kicked West full in the groin as he stood in the doorway. As an explosion of nausea swept through him, he fell on top of Tommy and pushed the pillow he was holding over the boy's face.

After a few moments the sickening pain in West's stomach began to recede. He was conscious now of the pressure his hands were exerting on the pillow and the twitching of the skull writhing between his fingers. He felt warm and flushed. Soon the boy's limbs stopped flailing. A few spasmodic jerks, and they became still.

Inspector Hayes, the Cromers, and Henry Leigh were gathered in James Cromer's office when the second telephone call from the kidnapers came through at four o'clock. Hayes first picked up a listening device that enabled him to monitor the conversation, then nodded to the elder Cromer.

"James Cromer speaking."

West's voice was unrecognizable. "Cromer? Are you ready to pay up?"

"We have given it some thought."

"Well, what is your decision?"

"Where would we pay it?"

"You haven't answered my question. Have you the hundred thousand?"

"Tell me how you want it paid."

"You're stalling, Cromer. I know you're trying to have this call traced. But I won't give you the chance. For the last time, do you have the money?"

Cromer looked at Inspector Hayes for advice. Hayes nodded his consent to Cromer. It was clear there was little point in delaying longer. With the best of luck, it would take at least four minutes to trace a call from a pay phone.

"No, we haven't the money," said Cromer. "Nor would we pay it to you if we had. I would advise you to ——"

West cut him short. "All right. Take the consequences. You've already dishonored your promise not to go to the police. You have only yourself to blame for what happens next."

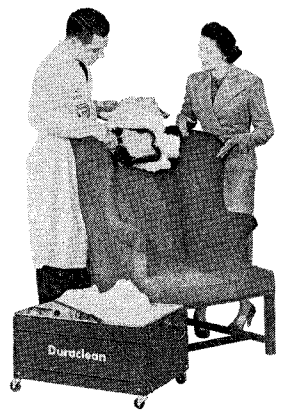
"We made no promises," Cromer protested.

"I will contact you again at noon tomorrow. You may have changed your mind. And the situation's changed, too. The price has now gone up. One hundred and fifty thousand. Do you hear me? One hundred and fifty thousand."

The hollow, metallic click was curt and final.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Would You Like to Take in $140 after Supper?



This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in $140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running $300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this $140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a *clear net profit* to you.

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You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

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Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . **before** someone takes your location.

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Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods.**

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Your Services Are Commended by

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Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me $205.70 in single day. Another, $300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in $140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged $122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for $400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed $2,012. One job came to $752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word"

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If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly.**

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With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today.**

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 7-280, Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

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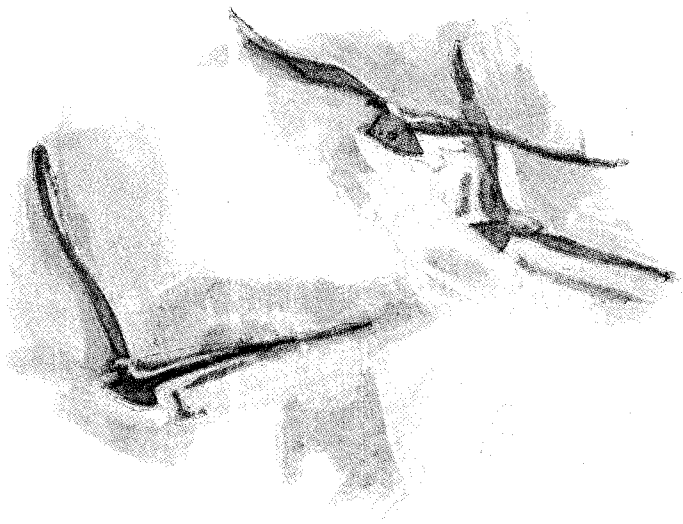
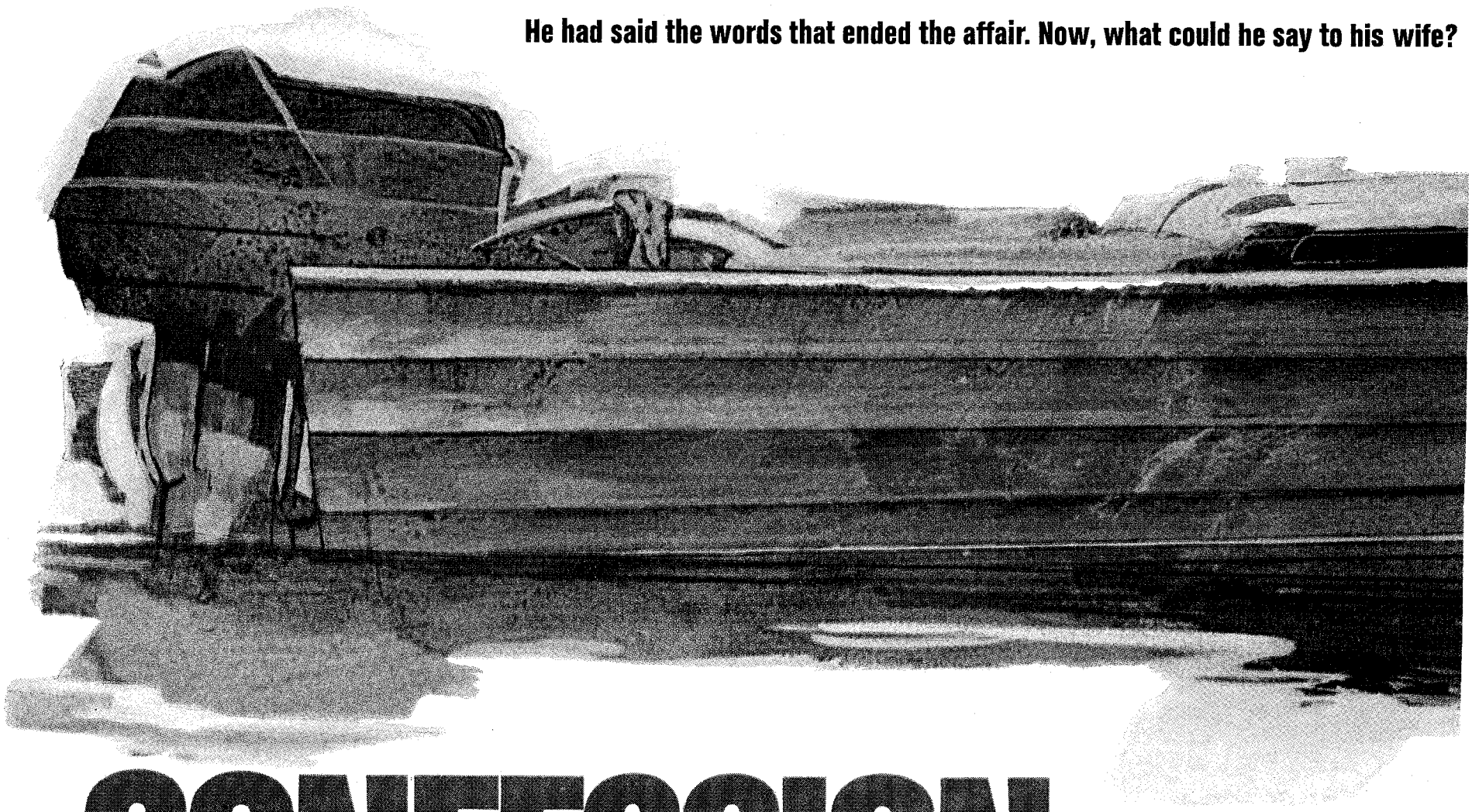


He had said the words that ended the affair. Now, what could he say to his wife?



CONFESSION

BY FRED McMORROW

They stood together on the platform in Pennsylvania Station from which his train left for Long Island. "You know," Ann said, "it's really perfectly silly, you crawling home like this, like some guilty commuter. You know I've got a car and driver; why won't you let me call for the car, and you can at least relax? You can, you can——" Out of words, as ever, she just stood there and looked at him, waiting for him to pick up the ball.

Ben Field didn't help her. He shook his head slowly and gazed past her down the tunnel; at the far end the train's lights were glowing faintly. He was always the first on the train because he knew that even before the gates opened on the upper level, you could get down to tracks 18 and 19 by a stairway next to the long rack of timetables. The more wily commuters knew that stairway was always open. He had tried to take his leave of her upstairs, and before that, in her apartment, but she had insisted on clinging as long as she could.

"You won't, then?" she said.

"No, I won't," he said. He did not want to say too much. He did not want to say anything. He just wanted it over with.

"Oh, God, is this what people say to each other at times like these? I feel so stupid," Ann said.

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't had much experience with times like these."

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

He looked at her. The little tic, which meant she was not in complete control, was starting at the right corner of her mouth.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "I didn't mean anything by that."

She took a shaky breath and looked down the tunnel. The train was beginning to move toward them.

"Well, if you won't let me order the car, can I ride part of the way with you on the train? No. No. I guess I can't, can I?"

"No."

"I can still call you, can't I? I mean, I can still call you at your office, can't I?"

The train glided in next to them, and the air it stirred riffled her hair.

"Ann," he said, "you go now. You go up those stairs. Now."

Timidly, awkwardly, she lifted her face to him and waited. He did nothing.

"Don't you at least kiss your girls good-bye

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Field handed her the knife. "Look out for the artery," he said.

when you're not going to see them anymore?" she said.

He watched the lines deepen in her face. Her mouth went into an ugly, helpless curl. She was beginning to cry. Damn her for being a woman; damn her for using it against him. A trainman was walking toward them.

"Ann, get the hell out of here."

"It has to be like this. You have to do it like this."

"No, it doesn't have to be *like* this, it has to *be* this."

"I'm going to call you."

"I won't answer. I won't talk to you. I'll tell the switchboard. I'll leave word ——"

Neither of them had noticed the trainman. He walked between them, through their conversation, and went aboard the train.

"Good-bye, Ann," he said. He boarded the train. She stood where she was and watched him take his seat. He opened his newspaper and went to work on the crossword puzzle. By the time the train was under the East River he had completed half of it, and he had not looked out of the window once, not once, not even when, as the train had begun to move, she had tapped on the window and run alongside until she could no longer keep up.

He tried to force himself to concentrate on the puzzle. At Woodside he saw a city-bound train on the opposite track and, for a wild moment, he was tempted to run for it. Instead, he just watched the doors close. His train slid on toward Jamaica.

It was Saturday noon and warm, and he loosened his tie and took off his jacket. He looked at the tie. It was the one she had bought him yesterday, along with the shirt and the underwear and the socks. He had stayed with her Thursday night, and they had made a date for the theater Friday night, and he had needed a change of clothes. It was a modest, dark, thin tie. He took it off and held it out the window, watching it flutter in the wind, and then he let it go. For the rest of the ride he just watched the deadly Long Island landscape go by. At Jamaica the wild, hell-with-the-world impulse seized him again, but he was able to fight it down. The train rolled out of Jamaica, back toward the life he had sworn and endowed himself to, the life that had drawn him to the telephone that morning to tell Mary, his wife, where he had really been, what he had really

Illustrated by David Blossom

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been doing, and that, hopelessly, he wanted to come home. The moving train closed a chapter of him called Ann.

At Lindenhurst he thought of telephoning Mary to come and get him so they could have any scene they were going to have in the car and get it over with privately. But then he thought again: It was Saturday, and the children were home. They would know who was on the other end of the telephone and they would want to come with her to meet him, and the scene, if any, would be a disaster. He took a cab. The driver was one of the neighborhood boys. Field was sure he knew the boy, but he did not know the boy's name.

"Straight home, Mr. Field?"

"Yes, thanks."

"I don't know if you remember me. I went to school with Ben, Junior," the driver said.

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I'm Jiggs Beck. You were going to give me a hundred-dollar bill one night a coupla months ago, but I made you take it back. You thought it was a buck," the boy said.

"That night's just a little dim, as I remember it. Or don't remember it," Ben Field, Senior, said.

"Oh, boy, you were gone," Jiggs said. "Wow."

"I guess I was."

"Well, listen, a guy works hard to support his family, right? He's entitled to blow his brains out every now and then, right?" Jiggs said.

"Right. And wrong, too."

"Sure it is. Makes you feel good, though. Right?"

"Right."

"I was gonna go in the Army with Ben, Junior, too, but I got rejected. Blood pressure," Jiggs said.

"A big, healthy citizen like you?"

"Well, you know how it is. You hear from Ben, Junior, lately?"

"We got a letter a week ago. He's just been on furlough in Hong Kong."

"I guess he's back in Vietnam now."

"I guess."

"Well, that's the way it goes. Second house from the left, isn't it?"

He gave Jiggs a dollar. "You better count that," he said.

Jiggs laughed. "Thanks, Mr. Field. Take care, now."

"Take care," Field said, and got out. The cab drove down the street toward the creek and turned the corner. Field started for the house, then stopped. Mary was standing in the doorway. He walked to her. The sun was glistening in her hair. As he always did, he rejoiced in her high forehead, the almost cartoonlike perfection of her face, and at the same time he braced for something like a blow because she was standing with her feet wide apart, as if she were set for some sudden act of violence.

"I'm home," Field said hopelessly.

"Obviously," she said. "That was some phone call."

"It had to be made."

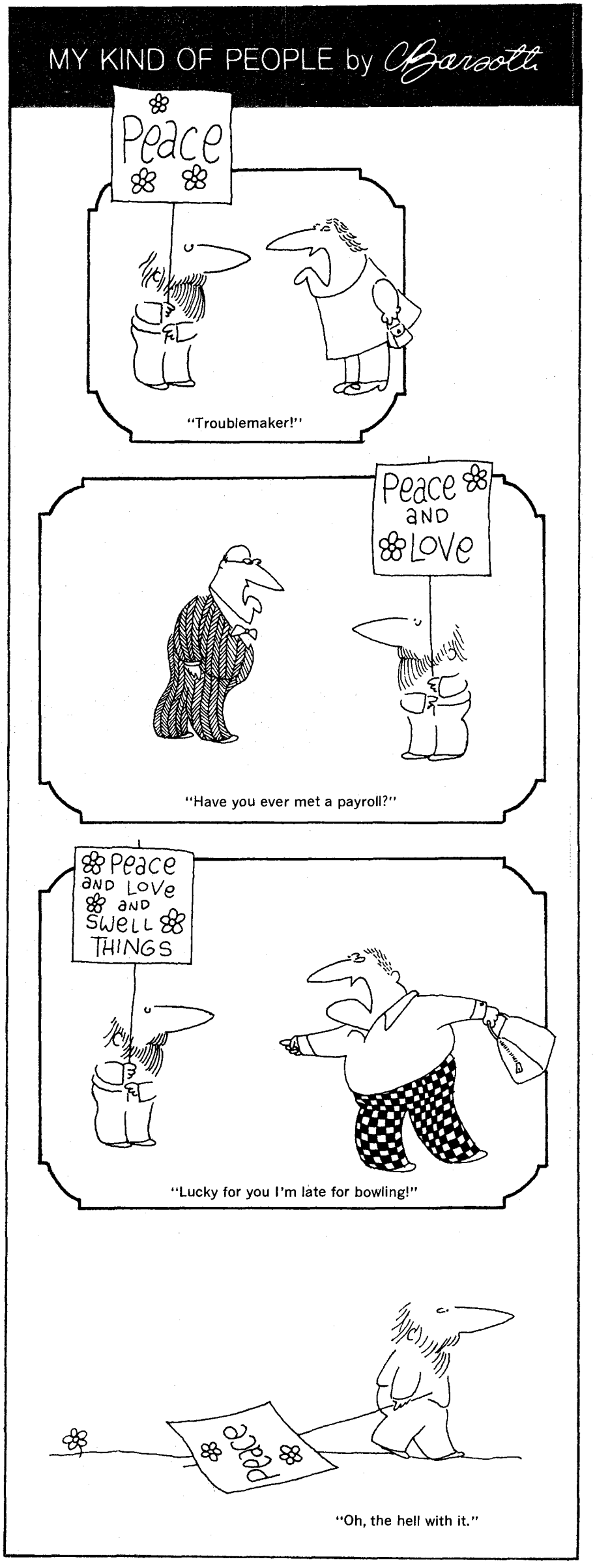
"Also obviously." Her eyes were clear and dry, and there was no threat in her face that she would not be in complete control of herself.

"I had to tell you——" he began.

"Why?"

"Why? What do you mean, why?"

"Think it over carefully and see just what it is that you've done."


MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti
Peace
"Troublemaker!"
Peace AND LOVE
"Have you ever met a payroll?"
Peace AND LOVE AND SWELL THINGS
"Lucky for you I'm late for bowling!"
"Oh, the hell with it."

"Well, I have, of course I have."

"No, I don't think so. Never mind what you've done to yourself and our marriage, I mean what you've done to me with your *confession*."

"Mary," he said, and he felt his jaw trembling, "Mary, we oughtn't to—may I come in? Can we go inside?"

"Of course," she said. "You still live here."

"Thank you," he said. They went into the living room, and he lighted a cigarette and gave her one. "Where are the kids?" he said.

"They're down at the creek with the boat. They've got the dog with them. There's something you didn't make too clear, on the phone. Do you want to marry this girl?"

"No."

"You just want to live with her?"

"No."

"But you have lived with her?"

"I told you that."

"You're going to see her again?"

"No."

"She has money."

"Yes, but we have money. I make good money, I don't see what that's got to do with anything. I wasn't living on her money, for God's sake."

"But you were living with her?"

"If you must call it that, yes."

"All those Wednesdays, and then all those Wednesdays and Thursdays when you were *so busy?*"

"Yes. And nights. But I want to make it clear about the money. I didn't take her money. I only said, she *has* money."

"It seemed to be important to you to tell me that."

"Yes, but it was just an *incidental*. I mean, I was telling you who she was, what kind of person she was."

"I know what kind of person she was. *Is!* What kind of person would you suppose I'd *think* she was?"

"There's no mystery about who she is. Or how it happened. She's a girl I used to know, long ago, and I guess I always had a thing for her, and we happened to meet again, and ——"

"Oh, God, why don't you sing it?" Mary said. "That's something that ought to be coming out of a jukebox!"

"—and it was a business thing to begin with. She could help me, I could help her, and one thing let to another."

"And so you helped yourselves to each other. Public relations," Mary said.

"You don't have to get nasty."

"Don't I? I think I'm entitled to be. And there's also something I think I'm entitled to know."

"What?"

"I think I'm entitled to know, if it started, why did it end?"

"It ended," Field said, "because I don't want to be owned by anybody but you, and Ann was beginning to own me. She was—well, she was beginning to act like a wife, and I had to get away from her."

"Not a very becoming trait in a mistress," Mary said.

"Mary," Field said, "I know that what I have done is wrong, but it's something that happened, and now it's over with."

"It just happened. You didn't go looking for it?"

"Maybe I did. I don't really know what else to say about it."

"And you want to pick up your life here again and just go on as if nothing

(continued on page 78)

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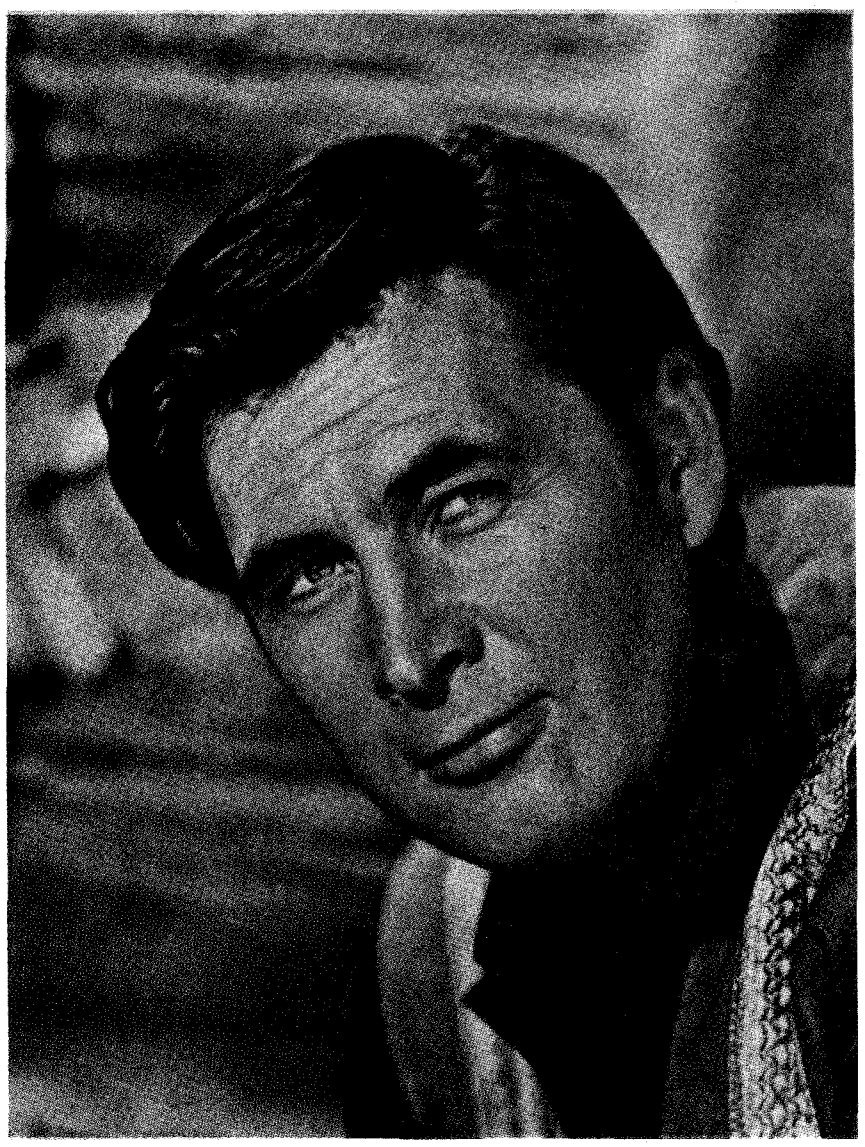

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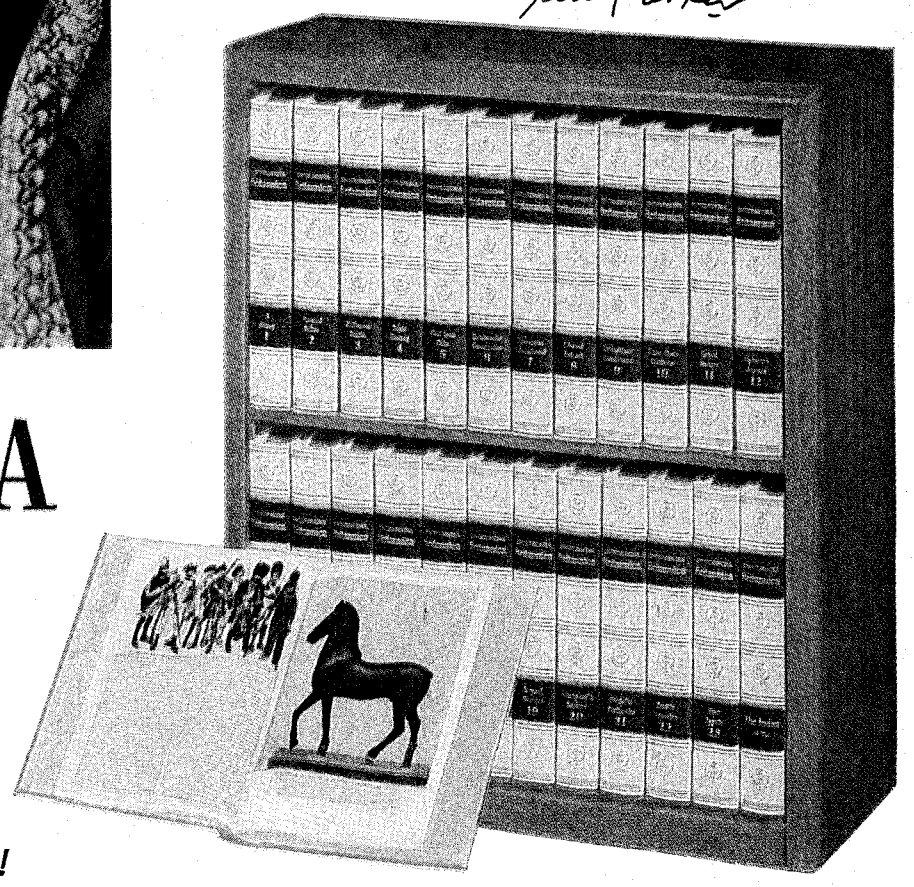
Fess Parker



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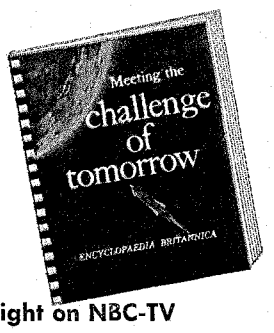

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was wrong, as if you hadn't done a thing to me?"

"No, I don't just want to do that. How could I?"

"And somehow it has not reached you yet, what you've done to me."

"I don't think I follow you."

"No, you wouldn't, would you, you goddamn man," she said. "What I'm saying is that you did whatever you did with that girl, and finally you began to feel guilty about it, and you had to unburden yourself of your guilt somewhere."

"That's uncomfortably close to the truth."

"Yes. And when you decided to unburden yourself, all that guilt had to go somewhere, and here's where it went."

"Here?"

"Me."

"Guilt? You?"

"No, just the *weight* of it; you unloaded all the weight of your guilt on me, and now you're all confessed and clean, and the burden is on me, and when—Christ!—when will you learn to keep your mouth shut?"

"You mean I shouldn't have told you at all?"

"I don't know, I don't know anything any more," she said. "If—" her eyes filled suddenly and spilled "—if I did not have my children, I would, I would, I would—end—my—life!"

She got up and tried to leave the room, but he caught her and held her fast and kissed her, and she shuddered and sobbed into him, and they held each other hard against the tides of their feeling and for whatever they had together in the whole world.

The screen door banged, and Baron, the German shepherd, and Tommy, the secondborn after Ben, Junior, were upon them. They separated quickly. Both the boy and the dog were wet, and the dog jumped up on Field happily and pawed his trousers with bay mud. Field let his son kiss his cheek.

"Where's the rest of the group?" Field said.

"I left them down by the boat. We came up to get the crab net and a coupla pails. We're going crabbing and clamming. You wanna come with us, Dad, you wanna?" Tommy chanted.

Field looked at Mary.

"They haven't seen you for a long time," she said. "I think you ought to."

"Well, I think you ought to, too. Come with us," Field said.

"Oh, yeah, Mom, that'd be *tough!*" Tommy said.

"All right," Mary said. "I guess so." She went upstairs, and Field followed her. They changed into bathing suits and shirts in their bedroom.

Field got the all-purpose fish-and-clam knife, and they went down the street toward the creek, Baron bouncing ahead of them.

"I still don't know how I feel about this," Mary said.

"Dad, could I carry the knife? Could I?" Tommy said.

"Oh, no, pal," Field said.

"I won't lose it. I promise."

"Oh, yes, you would. You'd lose your nose if it wasn't attached to your face. There we'd be, out in the middle of the bay, and all of a sudden we'd need a knife, and nobody'd have one. Your grandfather used to say, 'Boy, when you go out in a boat you haven't gotta take much along, but you've got to have a knife with you.'"

When they got to the boat, little Susan was cringing on the stern seat and Freddy was terrorizing her with a live horseshoe crab. He had it by its tail and he was poking its frantically wriggling mass of legs and claws in her face. Bobby, Susan's twin, was in the bow with another live horseshoe crab, studying it seriously.

"Mommy, Mommy, make him stop!" little Susan screamed.

"You devil!" Mary shouted, and grabbed the crab away from Freddy and threw it into the shallow water, where it scuttled off.

"I wasn't going to hurt her!" Freddy said.

"I'll hurt *you!*" his mother said, and gave him a whack across the beam, and he took his behind in his hands and opened his mouth and gave a reasonable imitation of a firehouse's noon siren. "I ought to make you eat that damn thing—alive!" Mary said.

"Dad," Bobby said, "is this crab a member of Crustacea or Mollusca, and is that a family or a species?"

"Oh, definitely," his father said. "I couldn't agree with you more. Bobby, throw that thing in the water or it'll die and smell up the boat for a week. All right, men! This is the captain! Let's turn to, here. Let go fore and aft!"

He started the motor and steered the *Mary F.* slowly down the creek to the bay. Baron was in the bow, like a figurehead.

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It was a brilliant day on the water. The sun danced on the wavelets. "We'll go into flank speed now," Field said, and turned the motor up to its full speed.

They rounded the end of Wamser Island and stopped on a flat. Mary took off her sandals and shirt, and slipped over the side. The water was up to her waist. Tommy and Freddy took off their shirts and popped into the water like two frogs. Baron looked after them and whined. Bobby had found some tackle to play with and was busily tangling it up, hoping he would not be noticed. Susan sat where she was, humming to herself.

"Come on, twins, let's get in the water," Field said.

"They're not much for this sort of thing," Mary said. Then she shrieked and executed a brief dance.

"Crab?" Field said.

"I don't know, and I don't want to know. They lie there waiting for me to step on them. Wait a minute, wait a minute, I think I've got something." She bent down, put her arm in the water up to her shoulder, and came up with two big South Bay hardshells.

"Keep treading, keep treading," Field said. "Where there's one or two clams there's got to be more." He went over the side.

"Come on, Baron!" Tommy called. Baron whined and looked at the water doubtfully.

"Leave him where he is; he'd never get back in the boat," Mary said. "Oh, yes! Here's another." She brought up another clam.

"Bobby and Susan, if you're going to stay in the boat, you have to be the bucket men," Field said. The twins got the pails, and their parents and brothers treaded clams and brought them to the twins, silently, seriously, ritualistically, and presently three pails were full.

"Bobby, give me the net, quick. I see some crabs," Field said. He went over to the boat, and Bobby handed him the crab net, net first, with the tackle tangled up in it.

Field felt the flash of pain as the fishhook barbed into his thumb. He tried to work the hook out, but it was stuck fast, and anything he did only hurt him more.

"What's the matter, Dad?" Bobby said.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, just a fishhook in my thumb, thanks to you. Give me the knife." Bobby gave him the knife, and he tried to cut his thumb, but he could not. He looked at his wife.

"That's why you take a knife along when you go out in a boat. Something happens," he said.

"Give it to me," she said. He handed her the knife, and she took his hand.

"You see where it is," he said. "You've got to cut around it to get it out."

"Just mind your own business," Mary said. She opened the knife.

"Look out for the artery," Field said.

The boys had swum up and were flanking their mother, watching like medical students in an operating-room amphitheater.

"All right, I think I can do it," Mary said. Field looked away.

Her hand moved.

"Oh, holy God almighty," Field said, and the hook was out.

Mary got one of the boys' shirts from the boat and wrapped Field's hand in it.

"I had to cut deep," she said.

"I thank you," he said.

"That's going to hurt all night, at least."

"I know."

"All this doesn't excuse anything, you know."

"I know."

"I don't know how I'm going to feel or what's going to happen to us. I don't know if I'm ever going to be able to feel the same about you ever again. And I don't know what you expect me to feel, or to do."

"I don't expect anything," Field said. "And I haven't any right to ask this, but I will. Just—just give me a chance."

She swung herself into the boat. Then she saw that he was having trouble with the bad hand, and she helped him into the boat. "Let's go home," she said. "Let's get the children home." □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I had expected sort of a little green man."

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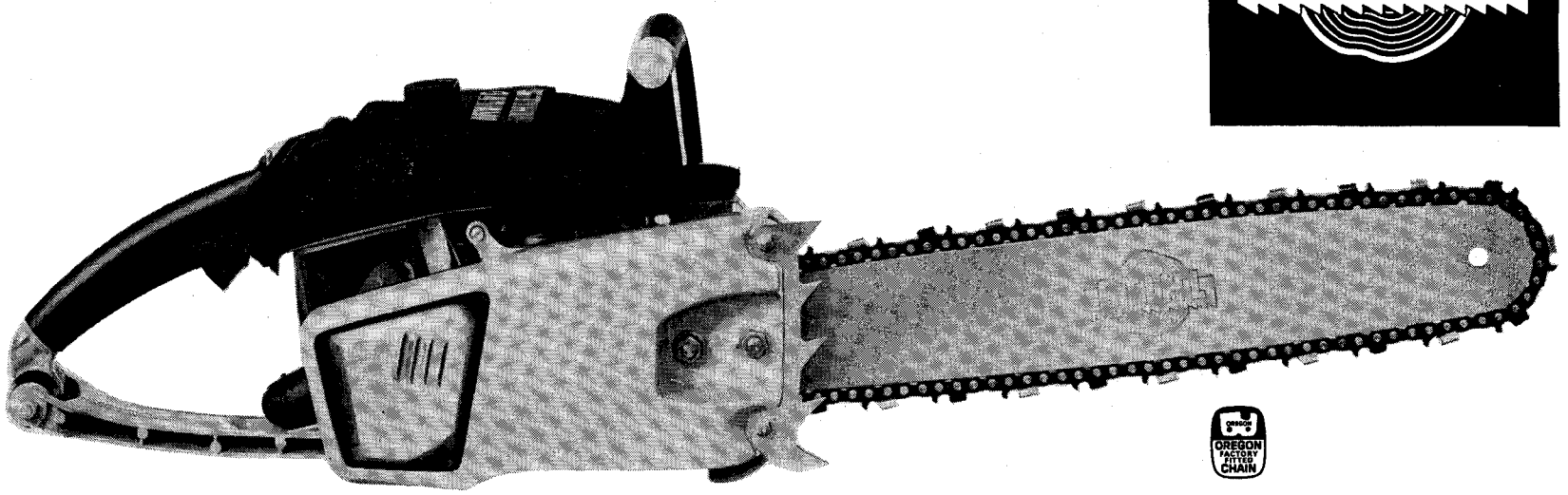

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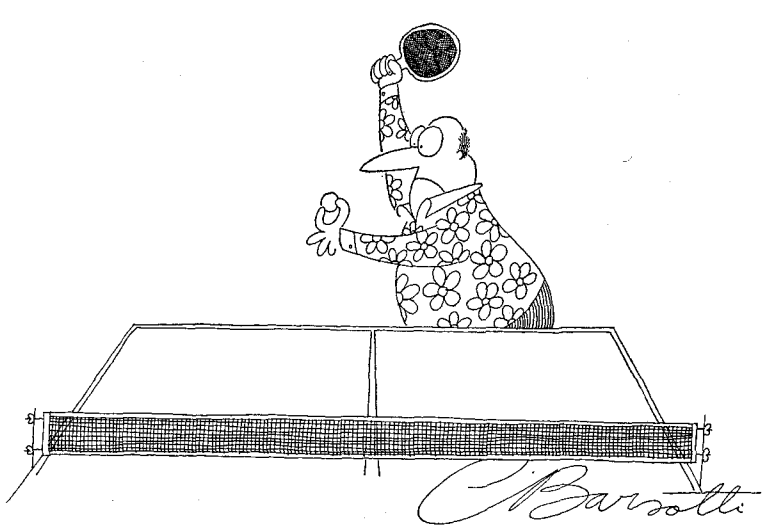

"Wait. I've come to your planet in peace."

"Dear Tooth Fairy . . ."

"Don't knock it."

"Look, mother, angels."

"How time flies! Here it is October again!"

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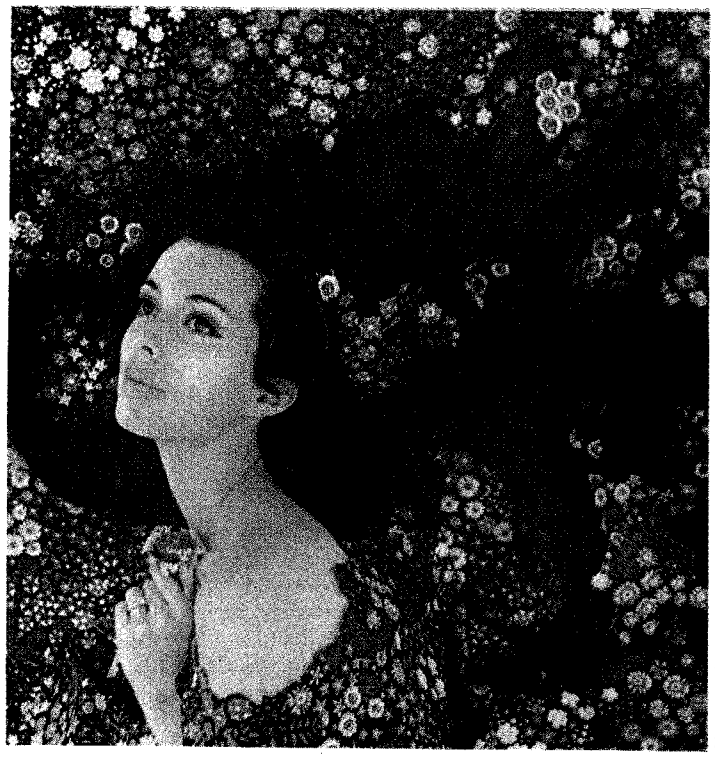

Thoughts of Love . . . photograph by Joyce Rainboldt. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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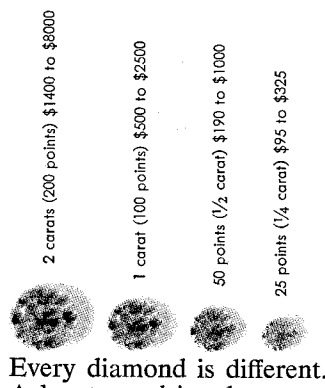

Every diamond is different. Ask a trusted jeweler to show you the differences in color, cut, clarity, size; explain how they affect beauty and value. Diamond sizes are measured in points and carats, as shown here (though these exact weights are rare). Prices are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in June, 1967. They vary widely, for quality does too.

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THE ESPIONAGE ESTABLISHMENT

(*continued from page 31*)

Besides skill in ciphers, codes and other trade craft, an illegal obviously must also have a basic knowledge of the language and customs of the country to which he is assigned. In the United States, however, a foreign accent is common enough, particularly in urban centers, so that a Soviet illegal does not have to speak flawless English to be assigned to America.

Since the early 1950's, U.S. diplomats in Moscow have heard reports of so-called American villages where Soviet agents are trained in surroundings similar to any small town in America. The villages are said to be replete with Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, supermarkets, hamburgers and ice-cream sodas. The existence of these villages is a matter of speculation, but responsible U.S. officials say it is certainly possible that they exist in some form.

Soviet state security has been in the assassination business from the beginning. As early as December, 1936, a euphemistically named Administration of Special Tasks was created within the NKVD (one of the KGB's several predecessor agencies) to carry out assignments in terror overseas through an elite corps known as the Mobile Group.

One of the most sensational stories of Soviet assassination is that of Bogdan Stashynsky, a self-described professional killer for the KGB. In 1957 the KGB ordered Stashynsky, a Soviet agent in Germany, to liquidate Lev Rebet, a Ukrainian exile leader living in Munich. To do the job, Stashynsky was given the name of Siegfried Dräger, a West German born near Potsdam. He made his first reconnaissance trip to Munich in April, and came again in May and July. Each time he took a room at the Hotel Grünwald. From there he could watch No. 9 Dachauerstrasse, the office of a Ukrainian exile newspaper where Rebet usually worked before going to his own office at No. 8 Karlsplatz.

In September, in Karlshorst, a section of East Berlin that served as Soviet administrative headquarters for East Germany, a technician arrived from Moscow to demonstrate the murder weapon. The West German court that eventually tried Stashynsky described it as follows:

> The weapon was a metal tube, about as thick as a finger and about seven inches long, and consisting of three sections screwed together. In the bottom section there is a firing pin which . . . ignites a powder charge. This causes a metal lever in the middle section to move; it crushes a glass ampule in the mouth of the tube. This glass ampule . . . contains a poison [prussic acid] that in appearance resembles water and escapes out the front of the tube in the form of vapor . . . If this vapor is fired at a person's face from a distance of about 1½ feet away, the person drops dead immediately upon inhaling the vapor. The demonstrator pointed out that since this vapor leaves no traces, it is impossible to ascertain death by violence, and added that the perpetrator suffers no harmful effects from the poisonous vapor if he swallows a certain kind of tablet beforehand as an antidote and, immediately after firing the weapon, crushes an ampule sewn up in gauze and inhales its vapor.

On October 9, 1957, "Siegfried Dräger" took an Air France flight to Munich, and registered at the Stachus Hotel. Three days in a row he gulped his antidote pill in the morning and stationed himself at the Karlsplatz to wait.

On the third day, October 12, he caught Rebet on the stairway of the office building, pointed the spray gun at Rebet's face and fired. There was, the court said, "no screaming, no blood, merely a low smacking sound as he pressed the trigger." Rebet reeled forward and Stashynsky "hurried down the stairs. In the entrance hall, he crushed the antipoison ampule and inhaled the vapor." Stashynsky burst out of the building, and, as planned, threw the weapon into a stream at the rear of the Hofgarten.

"I suddenly noticed that the sun was shining and that people looked happy," he testified. "I felt as though I had been dreaming." Not so much, however, that he failed to notice the crowd beginning to gather in the Karlsplatz, and the police car. He caught a train to Frankfurt, stayed overnight and flew back to Berlin.

Rebet was found on the stairway where he dropped. Munich police pronounced him dead of a heart attack.

Perhaps the most chilling recent KGB attack took place in September, 1964, in the unlikely setting of the 626-year-old Zagorsk Monastery, one of the holiest shrines of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Thirty-six-year-old Horst Schwirkmann, an electronics expert for West German intelligence, had been flown into Moscow, ostensibly as a minor diplomat on temporary duty in the German embassy at 17 Bolshaya Gruzinskaya. His real task was to remove any KGB "bugs" from the building.

On September 3 it was announced that Khrushchev was willing to meet with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard in Bonn. It would be the first visit of a Soviet premier to the West German Republic since its creation. It was a bold move by Khrushchev—he would be hobnobbing with the Germans, who had devastated and nearly defeated Russia in the war. It would offend the loyal Communist regime in East Germany. Undoubtedly there were those within the presidium in Moscow who opposed the move as another example of Khrushchev's adventurism. But the Soviet leader's prestige was committed.

Schwirkmann completed his assignment. On Sunday, September 6, two days before he was due to fly back to Bonn via Warsaw, he accompanied four embassy friends on a visit to the Zagorsk Monastery, an hour's drive northeast of Moscow. A young guide led the five Germans into the cathedral, where robed priests conduct services before a gilded altar surrounded by huge icons of Russian saints. They stopped to look at a painting of the Resurrection. A middle-aged man was kneeling by it, praying quietly. When the visitors arrived, he rose politely and stood behind Schwirkmann.

The young electronics technician suddenly felt his trousers become wet over his left buttock. "I had the impression that I was being sprinkled with holy water," he said later. "Then it suddenly became cold on the wet spot—like ice. As I turned around, I saw the man [who had been standing behind him] take off in a hurry."

Schwirkmann thought he detected a smell something like rotten cabbage. Within seconds he was in severe pain, a dangerous chemical eating into his skin, and his companions rushed him back to Moscow. He did not enter a Soviet hospital, because he would have been at the mercy of the KGB; they could have killed him or shot him full of truth serum to learn his secrets.

Schwirkmann's condition worsened that night. Not until Monday morning was he brought to the American embassy for medical treatment. He was still in agonizing pain. Capt. James E. Street, the U.S. embassy doctor, took one look at the tremendous blisters in the burned, four-inch-square area, and diagnosed it as a severe injury caused by nitrogen mustard gas, apparently fired from an aerosol can.

The German embassy tried to speed up Schwirkmann's departure. It attempted to book him on a KLM flight to Amsterdam Monday night. The Russians, apparently still stalling in the hope that Schwirkmann would be forced to enter a Soviet hospital, replied that no seats were available. Schwirkmann, his condition worse, was treated by Dr. Street again on Tuesday. Finally, later that day, he flew out of Moscow on his previously scheduled flight via Warsaw. After a long period on the critical list at the Bonn University clinic, he recovered and vanished back into the intelligence world.

The West Germans delayed their invitation to Khrushchev and announced that it would not be extended unless there was a satisfactory reply to the mustard-gas affair. Finally, on October 13, the Bonn Foreign Ministry announced that the Russians, in an ambiguously worded note, had expressed regret over the attack.

Two days later Khrushchev was deposed as premier. Was the KGB, in attacking Schwirkmann, deliberately attempting to scuttle the Moscow-Bonn summit, and thereby undermine Khrushchev? Only the KGB knows the answer.

How the KGB is internally organized is a matter of some dispute. It can be safely assumed from the functions the KGB performs that it must have a division dealing with foreign intelligence and clandestine political operations; a research branch to process, analyze, catalogue and evaluate the intelligence collected, in addition to preparing intelligence estimates for the Soviet leadership; a counterespionage and counterintelligence branch, roughly equivalent to the FBI; probably a separate section to keep an eye on the Soviet armed forces; a division in charge of the border troops; another, roughly equivalent to the U.S. Secret Service, to guard the Kremlin leaders; a communications section; and finally, a scientific and technical branch to design and manufacture the KGB's highly sophisticated audio and radio equipment, its secret inks, drugs, special weapons and other paraphernalia of the modern spy.

No discussion of the organization of the KGB would be complete without reference to what the CIA has called the KGB's department of disinformation, or "Department D."

According to a 20-page double-spaced document that the CIA circulated in Congress in September, 1965, Department D puts out information designed to "defame and discredit" U.S. agencies, particularly the CIA. The CIA claims the disinformation department was established in 1959, is staffed by "an estimated 40 to 50 geographical and functional specialists in Moscow alone," and "produces between 350 and 400 derogatory items annually." Its ultimate objective, the report says, "is to isolate and destroy . . . the United States."

Regardless of whether this report is entirely accurate, there is no doubt that the KGB does engage in extensive propaganda activities, including the publication of pamphlets and news stories, forgery of U.S. documents, and clandestine broadcasts.

The KGB's military counterpart, the GRU (Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie), is a worldwide intelligence/espionage apparatus. But because the GRU is subordinate to the army, it is less of an independent political force within the Soviet system than the KGB. The Red Army itself, of course, is a formidable instrument of power and counterbalance to the KGB. In general, the GRU operates in a similar fashion to the KGB. It has legals under diplomatic cover, and illegals, including many who have operated in the United States. Its targets are mainly, but not exclusively, military. The GRU is probably smaller than the KGB, but it is a large and active worldwide intelligence organization in its own right.

Stalin obviously had tight control of the secret police and used terror as the underpinning of his dictatorship. How the police and espionage apparatus has been controlled at the top since 1953 is much less clear. The overthrow of Khrushchev was prima facie evidence that whoever rules Russia today cannot always count on the espionage establishment to preserve his power.

In theory, one of the functions of the KGB is to guard the Kremlin leaders, and particularly the top leader of all. Because it controls all sensitive communications channels, the KGB is in an especially good position to know what is going on. In theory, Semichastny, a protégé and creature of Khrushchev, should have warned the premier that trouble was brewing and used the KGB's power to frustrate the revolt in the presidium. In fact, he did not. At some point in the plotting, Semichastny must have made the delicate decision to go along with those in the presidium who were about to oust Khrushchev. Indeed, there is evidence that Semichastny may have been used to bell the cat. According to information which American specialists consider reliable, when Khrushchev was summoned to Moscow from his Black Sea home at Sochi in October, 1964, for the showdown, it was Semichastny who met him at the airport in Moscow. The sight of the KGB chief waiting at the plane ramp may have given Khrushchev the first indication that it was all over. (An interesting straw in the wind was that the first news of Khrushchev's fall came from Victor Louis, a Soviet journalist whom the Russians permit to write for British newspapers. Louis, who has many contacts among the western press, telephoned the news to his London paper eight hours before it was officially announced. He is widely believed to be a KGB agent.)

As Soviet intelligence has freed itself from the bonds of the Stalin era, it has

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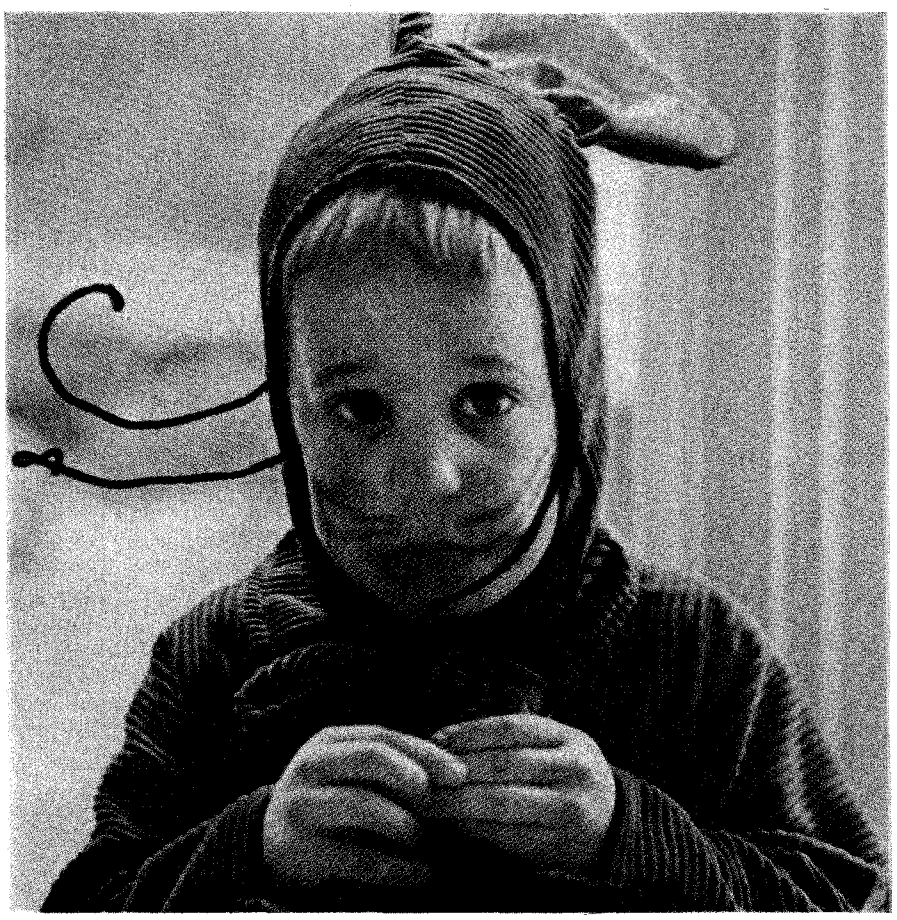
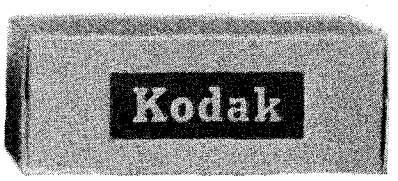


What a party! Hot chocolate flowed like champagne and the last guest didn't leave till 7 p.m. And since a party without pictures is like Halloween without pumpkins, they took loads of pictures and got everything—even mother's glad-it's-over look. That's the beauty of Kodak film—you can always depend on it to get the story. But you want to be sure the name Kodak is on the box, because boys, girls, mice **—everything comes out best on Kodak film.**



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demonstrably become more independently powerful within the Soviet hierarchy, an elusive and changeable force in the continuing struggle for power at the top. At the same time, as the more obvious forms of terror have been curtailed, a career in espionage and police work has become safer to pursue. The heads of Russian intelligence no longer are being shot. In time this is bound to improve the morale and efficiency of the KGB and the GRU, and to make Soviet espionage against the West even more effective.

On May 18, 1962, eight hundred persons had gathered in the auditorium of the Mergenthaler Vocational High School in Baltimore to see an amateur production of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic, *The Gondoliers, or the King of Barataria.* Onstage, the last man on the left in the chorus line, like the other gondoliers, engaged in a little light dancing to accompany his song. He was a tenor, a short, stocky and compact man with thinning sandy hair.

It may be that he particularly appreciated the operetta's plot, with its switched identities, since the name he used, leading all the others in alphabetical order on the printed program, was not his own. Indeed, the audience might have enjoyed the production more had they realized that the end man in the chorus, who was skipping to and fro for their amusement, was a professional agent of the Soviet GRU.

Robert Keistutis Baltch—that was the name he was using—was skilled at his work, as he had to be, for he had been chosen for a hazardous field of duty, the United States. A Soviet spy caught in England faces no more than a prison term; in America the risks are higher. Sometime during their training, Soviet intelligence agents are undoubtedly required to read Section 794, subdivision (a) of Title 18 of the United States Code, which provides, among other possibilities, that spies "shall be punished by death."

The colorful costume of a Venetian gondolier was, therefore, only one of the bizarre and incongruous aspects of Baltch's existence. His assignment in the United States was, at this point, to build up his cover by leading a life of painstaking normality. He was to become an ordinary American, a joiner, with a job, hobbies, friends and a wife.

He had managed all of these things. Baltch lived with his wife, Joy Ann, in an apartment at 3515 Greenmount Avenue. She was an intelligent woman in her early 30's, with a strong facial bone structure that made her look attractive, in a plain sort of way. He taught French at the Berlitz School and she was a hairdresser at Pierre's Beauty Salon.

The couple lived frugally, in keeping with their modest combined income, and they had a family membership in Blue Cross. Baltch had earned a "safe driver" award and was a member of the Y.M.C.A.; since he was a good citizen, he had just paid the Internal Revenue Service an additional $224.07.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about them, except that on weekends they would drive to a rented cabin in the woods in Dulaney Valley, north of Baltimore, where Baltch would tune in Radio Moscow on his Hallicrafters shortwave set, listen for his call letters at the precise time and at the exact frequency listed in his radio schedule, and write down coded instructions from headquarters.

It was the GRU which had dispatched them to the United States with orders to meet and marry in New York. The woman used the name Joy Ann Garber. According to plan, on April 20, 1959, Joy Ann Garber became Mrs. Robert Baltch. As a study in how Soviet illegals operate in the United States, their case is intriguing, if only for the reason that while a great deal has been learned about them, a great deal has not. For example, it is not known precisely how and when they entered this country. But the likelihood is that they came in on forged U.S. passports from either Canada or Mexico, probably late in the year 1958.

By the spring of 1961, within a year of moving to Baltimore, the Baltches were well established in their new surroundings, with a carefully developed background in New York that would check out perfectly should anyone bother to look into it.

Meanwhile, on May 15, 1961, a small, soft-spoken man rented a room in a suburban house at 107 Hillyer Street in East Orange, N.J. He worked in a shipyard on the New York waterfront—or so he said—and left every morning on an early commuter train for the city. He was five feet five, with dark-brown hair, and he wore steel-rimmed glasses. He told his landlady his name was Kaarlo Tuomi.

Kaarlo Rudolph Tuomi remains a mysterious figure in the shadowland of espionage, for where he walked he left only the lightest of footprints. Tuomi was a trained GRU agent. Unlike the Baltches, who were still engaged in building up their protective cover in ever-thicker layers, Tuomi was actively collecting information. When he took the commuter train into New York from East Orange each day, he would indeed go to work "in the shipyards." But this phase of his work consisted of frequenting bars and restaurants and talking with servicemen near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Brooklyn Army Terminal, the submarine base in New London and the naval shipyard at Groton, Conn. He passed on his information to other GRU agents by means of a series of dead drops located at a stone wall in Yonkers, just over the New York City line, and in other hideaways in the Bronx and Queens.

Tuomi had moved from Manhattan to Jackson Heights and finally to East Orange. Somewhere along the line the FBI had picked up his traces and turned him into a double agent—the most dangerous game in the world. If the GRU had discovered this, it would surely have killed him.

To guard against the possibility that an agent will be "turned" by counter-intelligence forces of the target country in which he is working, the GRU seldom permits one illegal to know the identities of other illegals in the same *apparat.* There is no reason, therefore, to assume that Tuomi knew the cover names, identities or whereabouts of the Baltches. But through Tuomi the FBI had penetrated the Soviet ring, and the Baltches were already in grave danger.

They did not know it, and continued to live their prosaic life in Baltimore. In the fall of 1962 they received orders to proceed to what was their ultimate target in the United States. On November 6, with their worldly possessions packed in suitcases and boxes piled in the back of their 1953 Studebaker, the Baltches drove south—to Washington.

The couple moved into the Woodbine apartments at 2839 27th Street, N.W., and Baltch was hired by George Washington University to teach evening classes in French. At the same time he enrolled as a student in a once-a-week course in intermediate German at Georgetown University. Mrs. Baltch answered a newspaper ad and obtained work at Ann Dalton Hair Designs in Cleveland House, only four blocks from their apartment.

All the while, Baltch remained in touch with the Center through shortwave radio. He had strung a wire in the hall outside his apartment in the Woodbine, and the aerial was attached to his Hallicrafters.

Finally, on Sunday, April 28, 1963, Baltch made the first of three important trips that clearly linked him to the GRU network in New York. Accompanied by his wife, Baltch took a morning train to New York. They then traveled by subway to Queens and walked a short way to the Long Island Railroad bridge on Woodside Avenue between 37th and 38th avenues. Together they walked under the bridge, observing the area.

On Saturday, May 25, Baltch alone took the afternoon train to New York. The FBI had the Long Island Railroad bridge under surveillance. At 8:10 P.M. Ivan Egorov, who was known to be a GRU officer at the U.N., and his wife, Alexandra, walked under the bridge. He attached a magnetic container to a steel girder, left and returned two hours later. Finding the container undisturbed, Egorov removed it. As he and his wife departed, Baltch came down the street from the opposite direction. He had just missed the connection. When he found nothing under the bridge, he wandered around for a time in the neighborhood, returned and then came back again at 6:30 the next morning. Finally he gave up and went back to Washington.

On June 6 the double agent Tuomi left a magnetic container at another GRU dead drop in Queens, on Astoria Boulevard. Inside was information on rocket-launching sites in the United States, obtained at the request of his superiors, but presumably first screened by the FBI. Later the same day Egorov picked up the container. Nine days afterward, Baltch took his third trip to New York. Wearing a green Tyrolean hat and a dark raincoat, he showed up near the railroad bridge in Woodside at 7:40 P.M. An hour later the Egorovs strolled under the bridge, left a package and walked off. Shortly thereafter Baltch, removing the package, cleared the drop. He then ground a piece of chalk into the pavement to signal success.

Soon after this last trip to New York, the Baltches sold the Studebaker, collected empty boxes from neighborhood stores and started packing. The FBI decided to step in.

On the evening of July 2, Baltch answered the knock on the door of his apartment. He claimed they were packing to go on vacation in New England. But inside a false-bottomed nightstand there was evidence that they were probably planning to travel farther than that. The nightstand contained three envelopes. The first two held fifty $20 bills each, for a total of $2,000, and the third held two beautifully forged U.S. passports. Another $2,160 was found inside an overshoe in a closet, and $164 more in a plastic pouch.

Hidden with the envelopes was a red silk bag with gold drawstrings containing a gold-metal compact wrapped in paper. Written on the wrapping paper was Baltch's radio schedule, giving the dates and hours when he listened to Moscow, his call numbers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"'Why be stupid?' you said. 'Why pay more? . . . These people offer the lowest air fares to Europe—let's give them the business,' you said. . . ."

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and assigned kilocycle frequency.

A linen closet in the apartment contained extensive photographic equipment, including an enlarger and an Exakta camera. The FBI also found developers for invisible ink, packaged to resemble aspirin and milk-of-magnesia tablets, and several address books, one of them with scribbled, cryptic references to addresses in France.

Meanwhile, the Egorovs were arrested in their apartment at 144-15 41st Avenue in Flushing, Queens. Both claimed to have diplomatic passports, which, in fact, they did not.

The Baltches were moved to New York, and on July 15 indicted with the Egorovs by a federal grand jury in Brooklyn. Since it is always difficult to prove that a substantive act of spying has taken place, the Department of Justice often prefers to bring charges of *conspiracy* to violate the espionage statutes. The Baltches and Egorovs were so charged. The penalty can be the same as for a substantive violation: imprisonment or death.

The next problem for the Government, and a complex one, was to try to establish the true identities of the man and woman arrested in Washington. (Curiously, the FBI had learned that the names "Robert Baltch" and "Joy Ann Garber" actually belonged to two real, innocent people living in the United States, but unrelated either to each other or to the spies.) The best clue to their identity was the address book, found in the apartment, with fragments of French addresses. Why Baltch took it to America with him, in violation of every rule of espionage, can only be attributed to the fact that spies, being human, err.

One of the entries was a girl's first name, listed this way: "Laurette, 98 Rue Jean . . . (illegible word) Villejuif."

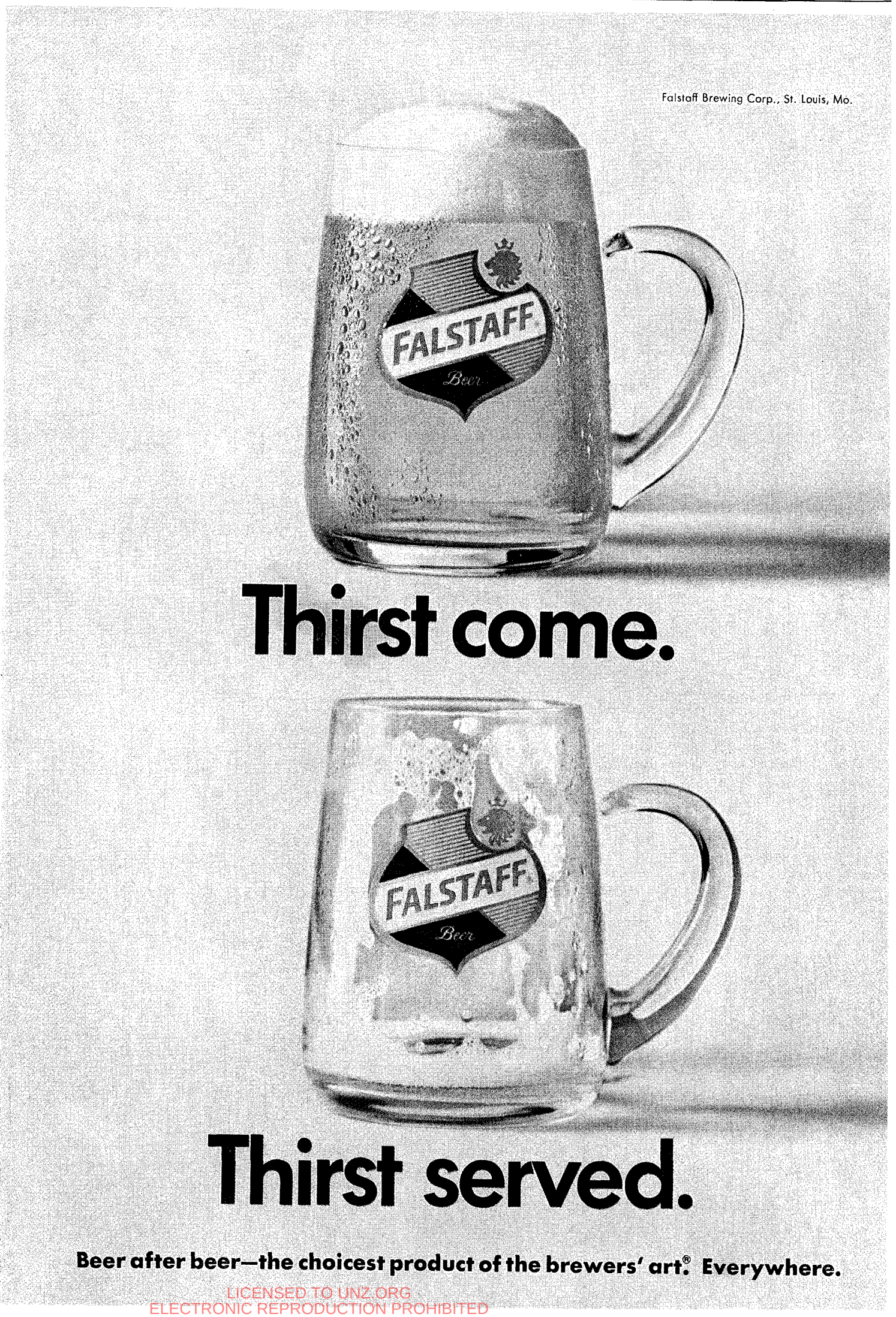
At the request of the FBI, the French police undertook the search for Laurette, and they learned that from 1941 to 1951 a young French girl named Alice Laure Eikenberry had lived at 98 Rue Jean Jaures in Villejuif, a suburb at the southern edge of Paris. She was known to her friends by her nickname Laurette. When she was shown a photograph of Baltch, she said immediately, "Why, that's Alexandre Sokolov." They had met at a dance in Paris in 1946 when she was 17, and she remembered him very well.

With Laurette's identification, the French located a rather full dossier on Alexandre Sokolov in their files, for he had come to their attention as a French citizen of pro-Soviet leanings. Born in Russia, he was raised in France, had joined the youth section of the Union of Soviet Citizens, and had registered as a member of the Communist Party. He served in the French army during World War II, but in 1947, the year after he had met Laurette and put her name in his address book, he asked to renounce his French citizenship. He was permitted to do so and obtained a Soviet passport.

Two years later he left France, ostensibly on his way to the Soviet Union via East Germany. In fact, as the trail was later retraced, he had gone to Potsdam, East Germany, where he was employed by the Soviet army until 1953. When he returned to Russia that year, he took with him an East German wife, probably the woman who appeared in New York five years later using the name Joy Ann Garber and whom he married, for the second time, in New York.

All this research took time, and meanwhile the machinery of the United States federal courts had, slowly, begun to move. On July 22 Robert Baltch and his wife pleaded not guilty in federal court in Brooklyn. The Egorovs seemed to have funds to quash the indictment, but the Baltches said they did not, and Judge Jacob Mishler appointed Edward Brodsky, a young former assistant U.S. attorney with a razor-sharp mind, to defend them. His opponent was U.S. attorney Joseph P. Hoey, a court-room veteran.

In mid-August, during the pretrial maneuvering, Brodsky asked the court to order the Government to provide a bill of particulars spelling out the espionage



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charges; he also demanded the home addresses of those who were to be Government witnesses, and he suggested that the Government had eavesdropped on the Baltches in the Woodbine. It was some months before the Government's answering briefs were filed, and in the interim there was a spectacular development in the case.

On October 11 Hoey went before Federal Judge Joseph C. Zavatt and asked that the charges against the Egorovs be dismissed so that they could be sent back to Russia in exchange for the return of two Americans, Marvin W. Makinen and the Reverend Walter Ciszek, whom the Soviets were holding as spies. Egorov, sitting in court, smiled broadly at the news.

That evening, the Russians arrived at Idlewild Airport in the custody of federal marshals and began the first leg of their return to Moscow, accompanied by Alexei Vlasov, the third secretary of the Soviet U.N. mission, who said he was returning home on "vacation." At dawn the next day Makinen and Father Ciszek arrived at Idlewild on a B.O.A.C. flight. During the night they had unknowingly passed the eastbound plane carrying the Egorovs home.

The spy exchange was publicly reported, but backstage, two people on opposite sides of the case were privately annoyed. Edward Brodsky did not learn that the Egorovs had left until his wife, Cynthia, heard it on the radio. Had he known, he would have asked that the Egorovs be held and called as witnesses, which he could not have done so long as they were defendants.

In Washington, J. Walter Yeagley, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, was equally upset, but for different reasons. He felt that it was a bad trade and would weaken the Government's case against the Baltches, now the lone defendants.

Brodsky was told at one point that the Government had tried to trade the Baltches, too, for certain Americans held in the Soviet Union, but that the Russians had refused, claiming they had no idea of who the Baltches were.

Not until Monday, September 28, 1964, did the trial begin in the United States Courthouse in Brooklyn before Judge John F. Dooling Jr. Earlier in the month Robert Kennedy had resigned to run for the Senate, and Nicholas Katzenbach was now Acting Attorney General and, as such, the top Washington official in overall charge of the case.

As the trial opened, it was disclosed that the Government's star witness against the Baltches would be Kaarlo Rudolph Tuomi, Soviet illegal and double agent for the FBI. Brodsky renewed his demand for the abode of all Government witnesses under a 1795 statute that had not been invoked before in an espionage case. More significant was Brodsky's pressure on the eavesdropping issue. The attorney had charged more than a year before that the Government had listened in on his clients in their Washington apartment. He had made the charge because he believed that the affidavit, submitted by an FBI agent to obtain a search warrant, was so detailed in its description of the ciphers, false documents and passports that might be found in the Baltches' apartment as to suggest advance knowledge. Hoey's assistant, Joseph J. Marcheso, replied in two affidavits that the eavesdropping allegation was a "mere fishing expedition" unsupported by a "scintilla of evidence."

On the opening day of the trial in federal court, Brodsky raised the question again before Judge Dooling, and Hoey assured the court that "we weren't stationed there and we did not have a microphone in the apartment."

But in Washington there was consternation behind the scenes when Katzenbach learned through Hoey and Yeagley that there had, after all, been a microphone in the wall of the Baltches' apartment in the Woodbine. Who had failed to tell this to whom cannot be determined with certainty.

In a heated meeting with Yeagley, Katzenbach argued that the case against the Baltches thus had been tainted by the microphone (which had been placed while his predecessor, Robert Kennedy, was Attorney General), and he ordered the prosecution dropped for this reason. He also ordered Hoey to correct the record that stood in the federal court in Brooklyn.

On Friday afternoon, October 2, Hoey, his face flushed, rose to remind the court that he had assured it on Monday that "we did not have a microphone in the apartment." He added, "The Government would like to clarify its answer, Your Honor, of last Monday. I made further inquiry of the Department of Justice and have ascertained that the building in question was used for more than identifying the defendants' address. I would like to point out that there was no evidence or leads obtained from that situation; that there was a microphone placed in the apartment of the Baltches prior to their entry into the apartment, and it had been removed prior to July second, 1963, when they were apprehended on this charge."

His voice dispirited, Hoey then declared, "Your Honor, I have been instructed by the Attorney General, in the interest of national security of the United States of America, to offer no testimony whatsoever in regard to . . . the only acts within the conspiracy . . . which can in any way connect the two defendants with this international conspiracy. For that reason . . . the Government moves to dismiss the indictment against both defendants."

For Baltch, the words were an almost unbelievable reprieve, a weird and unexpected ending to the story. He reached for the hand of his wife. The two spies suddenly sensed freedom instead of a long prison term or possible death sentence.

Judge Dooling is a slim, dark-haired man of great presence on the bench. He dismissed the indictment, turned to the baffled jurors and said:

"Your first sense of this must be a mixture of mystification and of the futility of our week's work together. Neither you nor I can know with what complexities our Government has had to deal . . . we can and do know this, and know it afresh today with a new sense of its meaning: This case does not go forward because the defendants are, under our Constitution, entitled to a public trial, to be informed of the accusation against them and confronted with the witnesses against them. The interest of our national security, it has been concluded, precludes that. . . . We can count ourselves honored to witness this dignified act of constitutional government. This is government as free men would have it."

Dooling is a brilliant jurist and his statement was eloquent, no less so for the fact that it did not apply to the case at hand. For even by the broadest interpretation of the term "national security," this was not the reason why the prosecution was dropped. Katzenbach had ordered the Government to withdraw for the sole reason that he felt the microphone would not only be an embarrassment but would make it difficult to win the case. From the point of view of the American system, it is well that even Soviet spies, who are enemies of that system, are afforded its constitutional protections.

On the other hand, from the security point of view, what is important about Soviet spies is that they be caught, and this the FBI did. It found them, it watched them, it unraveled their various identities and even learned Baltch's real background. Whether a spy, once caught, is imprisoned, or sent home, or traded, is probably a good deal less important than catching him and putting an end to his spying. The O. Henry ending to the Baltch case was scarcely a triumph for the GRU, whose ring was broken and whose agents were exposed.

Baltch and his wife were turned over to the immigration authorities, since they had not entered the United States legally. At a hearing in Manhattan a week later, they stood before an immigration officer and faced a 14th-floor window through which they could see the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. They declined to give their names or answer any questions (under the Fifth Amendment), but asked to be deported to Czechoslovakia.

At 9:52 P.M. on October 15, Air India flight 108, destination Prague, took off from Kennedy International Airport. Aboard were the woman who called herself Joy Ann Baltch, and Alexandre Sokolov of Tiflis, Istanbul, Paris, Potsdam, Moscow, New York, Baltimore and Washington, also known as Robert K. Baltch, language instructor, part-time song-and-dance man, and Russian spy. On the apron, a small knot of Government officials watched as the aircraft grew smaller and smaller, finally to become swallowed up in the darkness to the east.

A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery . . . a revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence.

—Mao Tse-tung

Communist China's leading spy master is a stubborn, nearsighted old man, a rich landlord's son with an implacable hostility toward the values of his ancestors and toward the United States. His name is K'ang Sheng, and although nothing can be considered permanent about a China in chaos, western experts agree that he emerged during Mao Tse-tung's "Great Proletarian Culture Revolution" as overlord of Chinese intelligence. A thin-faced man with thick, round glasses, a pencil-line moustache and a menacing half-smile, he was catapulted into Peking's upper hierarchy in August, 1966, rising from 25th to 5th place in the Politburo of the Chinese Communist Party.

Like Mao Tse-tung's wife, former actress Chiang Ch'ing, who took a

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leading role in the Cultural Revolution, K'ang's wife, Tsao Yi-ou, also became an important political figure during the rampages of the Red Guards.

K'ang was born in 1899 in Shantung Province at Chucheng, a small town 40 miles west of the port city of Tsingtao, halfway between Peking and Shanghai. He was educated at local schools and Shanghai University, where he joined a Communist youth group in his early 20's. He became a member of the Communist Party in 1925 and went to work as a labor organizer in Shanghai. He is believed to have been brought into party intelligence and security work in the wake of Chiang Kai-shek's anti-Communist purge in April, 1927.

K'ang was relieved of his Shanghai duties in 1933 and sent to Moscow to study Soviet intelligence, security and police techniques. He remained in Russia for four years, serving as the Chinese Communist Party representative to the Comintern, acquiring a good knowledge of Russian and a bit of English and German in the process.

In 1937 K'ang was called back to the Chinese Communist capital at Yenan-Shensi near the Mongolian border. He was immediately assigned to intelligence work and by 1939 apparently had become director of the Social Affairs Department, the long-standing euphemism for the party's central organ for security and intelligence. He held the post until 1946.

For eight years after World War II, as the Communists seized and consolidated power in China, K'ang operated in almost total obscurity, but he was clearly a power behind the scenes. When the Communists asserted nationwide control in 1949, he was named a member of the Central People's Government Council, the most important organ of the government prior to the reorganization of 1954. Since 1955, K'ang has received extensive publicity in Communist China's controlled press, particularly in his role as one of the principal links with the international Communist movement. In 1960, at a conference in Moscow, he fired the first direct salvo in the Sino-Soviet dispute.

As No. 5 man in China, K'ang is probably the highest-ranking intelligence chief in the world. His power is also enhanced by the nature of the Chinese intelligence system, which places him in charge of both internal security and foreign intelligence—that is, the secret police and the espionage apparatus. In American terms, he is both director of Central Intelligence and head of the FBI.

K'ang's overall control is enforced through the Social Affairs Department, which keeps watch over the loyalty of party members and coordinates the intelligence activities of other party and government agencies.

Domestic security is delegated to the Ministry of Public Affairs, which also has responsibility for Hong Kong, Macao and Formosa in addition to the mainland. It employs approximately 250,000 members of the armed popular police, roughly one for every 2,500 citizens. The police, in turn, organize "voluntary committees" of housewives and other private citizens at the local level, providing the ministry with an all-pervasive network of informers and street wardens.

Foreign-intelligence operations are delegated by the Social Affairs Department to two other central organs of the Politburo—the United Front Workers Department and the International Liaison Department.

The United Front Workers Department serves a dual purpose. At home it provides a democratic façade for the party's dictatorship by enlisting the support of non-Communist experts and sympathizers. Abroad it acts as the principal link with the 15 million ethnic Chinese who are permanent residents of other countries. It seeks to align the overseas Chinese in support of Peking's propaganda and diplomacy, to entice them into espionage, and occasionally, as in Malaya in the 1950's, to organize them for military insurgency.

The United Front also encourages talented or prestigious members of the overseas Chinese community to return to the mainland. Its two prize catches have been Ch'ien Hsueh-shen, a U.S.-trained engineer who developed China's first nuclear missile, and Gen. Li Tsung-jen, former acting president of Nationalist China, who lived in the United States from 1950 to 1965.

Beyond normal intelligence gathering, the primary function of a Chinese agent is to speed revolution wherever possible, particularly in the underdeveloped nations.

Peking has thus devoted most of its attention to the countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The Russians have been content to woo the newly independent nations in the hope that a natural socialist transformation would eventually steer them into the Com-

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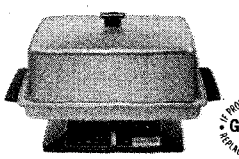

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munist camp. But the Chinese have refused to accept nationalist uprisings as more than a stopgap solution, insisting that there must be another wave of international revolution to smash all remnants of traditional order.

In its dealings with the world, Peking has availed itself of all the conventional deceptions of the art of intelligence. Where it has normal relations, it uses its embassy to provide diplomatic cover for espionage. Where it is unable to operate an embassy, it seeks to establish either a trade mission to act as a front for clandestine activity, or a bureau of Hsinhua (the New China News Agency), which was largely designed for this purpose. Where neither is possible, it tries to gain admission for visiting delegations that can perform the intelligence function for a short period and possibly lay the groundwork for a more enduring arrangement.

Peking's espionage establishment, like that of the other major powers, is intent upon acquiring as much intelligence as possible about other nations. But what distinguishes it is the emphasis it places on fomenting violent revolution whenever it can, particularly in the "third world." In Indonesia, for example, Peking appeared on the verge of a complete takeover prior to the abortive Communist coup of September 30, 1965, which backfired and cost Sukarno his power. The pro-Peking Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), financed by money extracted from the local Chinese business community, had been rapidly growing in strength, and Djakarta had become a base for Maoist insurgency movements in Malaysia and the Philippines. A PKI intelligence school had been established in the southern Philippines in an attempt to resurrect the Huk movement, which had been crushed by Ramón Magsaysay in the early 1950's.

In Thailand, Peking set up the Thai Patriotic Front early in 1965 with a vow "to drive the U.S. imperialists out of Thailand and overthrow the traitorous, fascist and dictatorial Bangkok government." Because the bulk of the Thai population was relatively well-off and loyal to the king, Chinese agents concentrated on the three million ethnic Chinese, Vietnamese, Laotians and hill tribesmen along the neglected, impoverished northern frontier.

A special school was set up in Peking in 1960 to train Latin American Communists in subversion and violence. Recruits have come from Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador and Peru. Pro-Peking parties have been established in Brazil, Peru, Colombia and Bolivia, and splinter groups exist in Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala and Uruguay.

China has relied very heavily upon Cuba as a staging area for these operations in Latin America. But Fidel Castro made it clear in 1966 that his hospitality was wearing thin. In a speech on March 13 he attacked Mao as senile and barbarous, accused the Chinese of "launching an imperialist-type campaign against Cuba," and threatened to break off diplomatic relations.

Peking has had even greater difficulties in establishing a solid footing in Europe. Prior to the open split with Moscow, the Chinese operated out of their embassy in Prague, nicely situated on the border between eastern and western Europe. But when the Czechs clamped down in 1963, the Chinese were forced to transfer their espionage headquarters to the embassy in Switzerland. Today it is the center of Peking's spy operations in Europe.

The Chinese maintain a diplomatic establishment of more than 200 persons at the Bern embassy. A sizable portion is attached to an embassy school that trains Chinese diplomats in the niceties of western etiquette and protocol. But it is obvious that the embassy is also being used for less academic purposes. In June, 1965, the Swiss government warned the Chinese ambassador, Li Ching-ch'uan, that it would no longer tolerate his "irregular activities," which included the financing and direction of agents of the pro-Peking French Federation of Marxist-Leninist Circles. The following February an embassy secretary and a Nationalist Chinese official were expelled from Switzerland as alleged members of an international ring transmitting information about Nationalist China to Peking.

Peking also operates in Europe from its base in Albania, its lone ally in the Communist bloc, and through the pro-Chinese Belgian Communist Party, headed by Jacques Grippa. Grippa, who was prominently displayed on the official podium in Peking at the start of the Cultural Revolution in August, 1966, reputedly receives a bankroll of $100,000 a year from China.

Peking's intelligence activities in the United States are limited largely to the massive collection of unclassified material. Peking will buy virtually any book, magazine, newspaper or technical journal it can lay its hands on. It acquires them openly through U.S. publishers and distributors, or indirectly from a variety of sources: ethnic Chinese residing in the United States, New China News Agency offices in Ottawa and Latin America, friendly Europeans traveling in the United States, and seemingly innocent individuals and mail-order houses located in Hong Kong and Europe.

A publisher in Washington, for example, once received a letter bearing the return address "W-8, Berlin, Germany." It was sent from the Communist-controlled Eastern Sector of the city, but the writer, a Chinese agent, implied otherwise: "As I live in Berlin and wish to get the newest technical papers of the American Rocket Society, I sincerely hope that you would help and send them to me regularly. . . . I shall pay for this, and I believe you will offer me a suitable price."

Over a number of months the writer, using a pseudonym, had succeeded in acquiring a mass of maps, blueprints, scientific documents and other valuable data from business firms, industrial plants, universities, publishing houses and technical societies.

As of the start of 1967, Chinese espionage within the United States did not come near matching Soviet operations, since Communist China had no diplomatic base in America. This was reflected in the fact that as of that date, there had been no arrests by the FBI of any Chinese Communist espionage agents in the United States. Presumably, however, the Government worries about a number of the 49 ethnic Chinese employed by the United Nations Secretariat. Most of the Chinese were originally accredited to the U.N. through Nationalist China, but some of them have traveled to the mainland during their biennial home leaves.

The overwhelmingly loyal Chinese-American community appeared virtually immune to Peking's persuasions, although there have been isolated instances of Communist sympathy. The Petrel Club, a group of young Chinese-Americans in San Francisco, was implicated in Chinese Communist-front activity during the 1950's, prior to a crackdown by the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

The *China Daily News*, a newspaper founded in New York in 1949, is generally regarded by Chinese-Americans as pro-Peking. In 1955 the paper paid a $25,000 fine and its late editor, Eugene Moy, began to serve a two-year prison term for violation of the Trading With the Enemy Act. The paper had printed advertisements for Chinese Communist banks that were seeking to induce Chinese in the United States to send money to the mainland.

Such activity, however, is limited and there is no evidence so far that Peking has been able to establish a base of any significance within the Chinese community. Nevertheless, a special training school on Chinese espionage was established by the FBI in 1966, mainly as a hedge against the day when Peking gains recognition in the U.N. and, with it, diplomatic cover for intelligence operations.

Just as the United States and Europe have proved difficult targets for Chinese espionage, the "third world" has also become an elusive arena. The excesses of the Cultural Revolution rapidly dried up a natural reservoir of sympathy toward Peking in Africa and South America. Revolutionaries, previously attracted by China's militancy, began to harbor second thoughts. Chided for having closer relations with "imperialist" Britain than "socialist" China, Dr. Hastings Banda, the prime minister of Malawi, retorted, "I am less afraid of Queen Elizabeth II than I am of the Kubla Khan in Peking." Even within the extreme left wing, a previously fertile source of Chinese intelligence agents, disaffection grew. In its first issue of 1967, the far-left *African Statesmen* warned that Peking's influence in Africa would evaporate unless it climbed down from its "pinnacle of self-deception to deeply study and understand Africa's problems."

The comment reflected a general failing of Chinese intelligence. The ultimate test of any intelligence system is how well it describes and analyzes the world scene for its national leadership. Peking's conception of the forces at work outside China—particularly in the United States and the Soviet Union—was so warped that it could only reflect a serious breakdown of the intelligence process. Much of this could be attributed to Mao's dogmatism and his decision to rule by terror. All intelligence systems are susceptible to the temptation of telling their leaders what they want to hear. China's system is the most susceptible of all.

Yet, fanaticism is not without its strengths, and Peking's setbacks in the world may only inspire its espionage establishment to even greater effort and violence. Despite repeated failures of diplomacy and intelligence, there has been no sign that Peking has lost its conviction of ultimate triumph.

In the next issue Wise and Ross report on espionage establishments in England and America.

—The Editors.

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When was the last time
you shared
a coffee break with mom?

And just talked about
people you know. Or
little things that happen.
If you can't go see her soon,
why not do it by Long
Distance? It's the next
best thing to being there.

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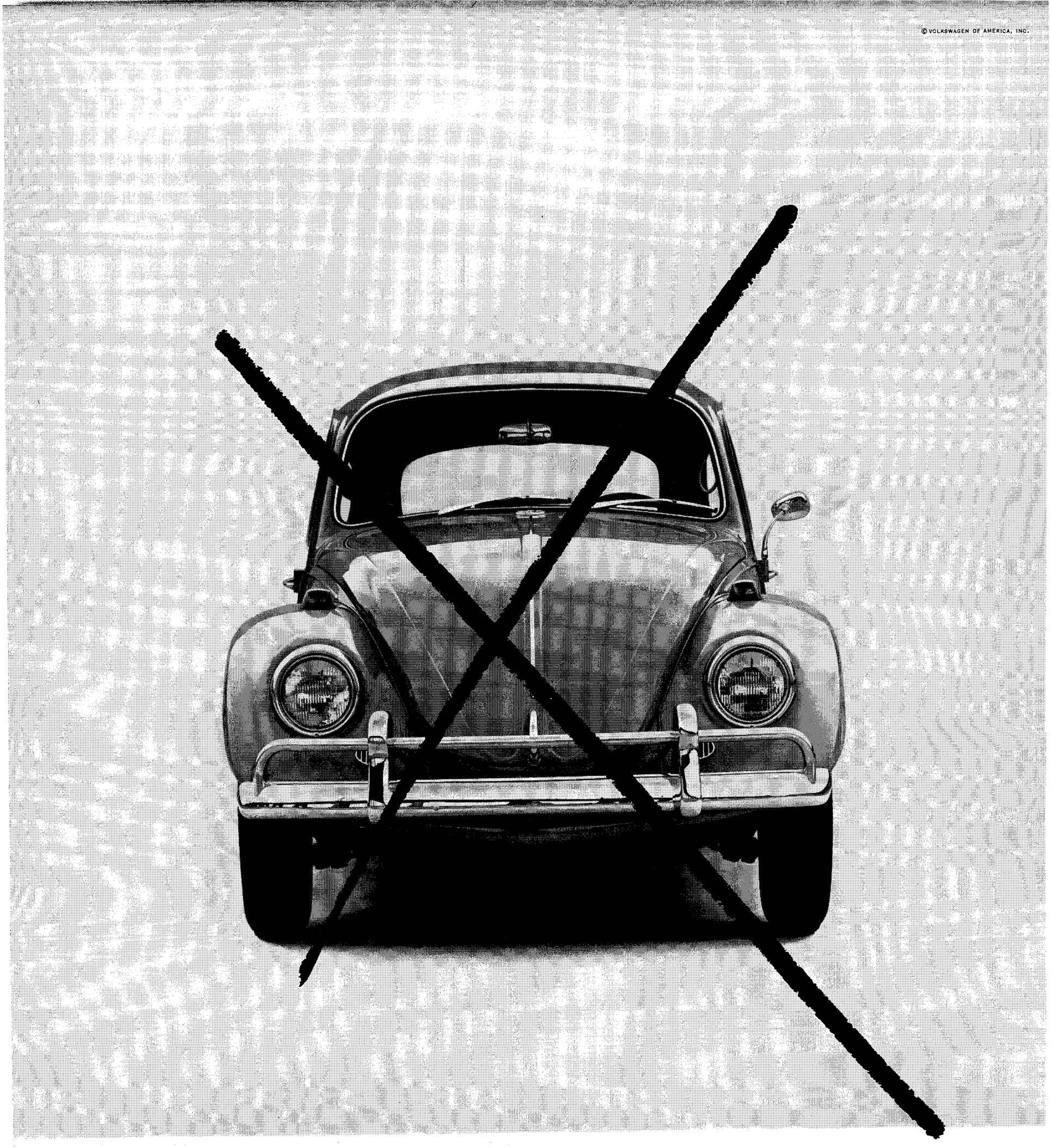

It's been replaced.

For the 19th consecutive year, we've replaced the bug.

With another bug.

To those of you who expected something fancier, sorry. (The '68 looks just like the '67 crossed out above.)

To those of you who now own a VW, congratulations. (Once again your model has not gone out of style.)

To those of you who've been thinking about buying a new one, nice thinking.

The front seats are more comfortable. (They have built-in headrests.)

The windshield wipers are much more efficient. (They're larger.)

Even the shifting is easier. (We put a decal on the window to show you how.)

All in all, we feel that the 36 nice little changes on this year's Volkswagen make it the best ever.

Of course, every year we build the "perfect" Volkswagen.

And then we do a masterful job of proving ourselves wrong.

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HAPPINESS ENDED LAST OCTOBER'

This Welsh mining town lost 116 children in an avalanche. Life there

In the Grove Field in the valley of the Taff in South Wales, t
ister was running a holiday camp for the children of the vi
war, and a blue swimming pool, and tea and sandwiches unc
Late in the autumn evening many of the children gathered
field and played by themselves. After a while the minister
they were playing so intently, and they told him it was a
"The children of the tip, sir."

Just above the field, on an outcrop of bare rock, sheep
grass. They ought to be white sheep, but they are blac
Farther up, on the Merthyr mountain, are the tips -the s
mining -and to the south, four fields away, is the cemetery
Aberfan. And in the houses of Aberfan, in the front rooms
offered tea, the walls are hung with portraits, in oils, of the

It is a year now, last October 21, since tip No. 7, 1,040 fe
ing 550 feet above the village, changed from a precarious
liquid twice as dense as water and burst from the mountain
ing wave of muck higher than a house, with a noise as if lo
running down an incline, moving fast, said Howard Rees, wh
a car goes in a town, and drowned and crushed Pantglas J

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Disaster Fund. There are those in the village who will tell you, in their distress, when you have talked with them for a while, and they have shown you their dead children's toys and cursed the National Coal Board, that they wish all the money had never come: "Give it back, lad." There are others who demand their share now, in full, not in greed but in an anguished desire for justice. Others again, who have already received, say, £1,000 ($2,800) in compensation, keep the checks, not knowing what to do with the money. Everywhere there is bitterness, and faction, and yet, everywhere, good faith.

Today Aberfan is quiet, and extraordinarily tolerant toward visitors. If you approach from Newport, through Pontypridd and then on a road high on the east escarpment of the Taff valley, you come to Mount Pleasant. Throughout the valley the mountains are capped with coal spoil, and from Mount Pleasant the view is of a scrap heap of ancient coal cars, of the Merthyr Vale colliery, which was first worked in 1869 and nationalized in 1947, and of the tips above Aberfan, a village of 3,000 people.

On a clear day any weekend, tourists by the hundreds turn left off the main road, not needing to ask their way but following the others, and drive to the school where 116 children died.

Aberfan is a tourist stop. Bulldozers leveled the

Some fathers identified daughters by the stitching on a dress.

school site, and it was used as a parking lot until the police fenced it off. But still, on a Sunday afternoon, I saw 63 cars parked on Moy Road and Pantglas Road where the houses were crushed, and as many others parked in side streets a decent way off.

Those houses which were ruined but not utterly destroyed are still as they were left by the slide. At 16 Pantglas Road, in the front room, are a stained scarf and a child's shoe. In No. 17 a Boston pianoforte caked with coal slurry; beside it a novel, *A Stumbler in Wide Shoes*, with the name Kathleen Brickham on the flyleaf; on the floor, half buried, sheet music of the hymn *Once in Royal David's City*. In the back room, a stocking, a child's shoe, a box of shave lotion, a birthday card with "love to dad from Vi and Graham." Through these rooms the tourists wander, kicking at the shreds of curtains half buried in the muck.

At first, when one local bus company ran trips from Somerset at $2.80 per head, to see the school and the tips, the Aberfan parents protested. But now, with a degree of tolerance difficult for an outsider to understand, they give visitors directions.

"Yes [pointing up to the cemetery], that's where they are, see?"

"Oh yes, that young girl, it landed in her hair. Lucky to be alive, she is."

The way to the cemetery is littered with Kodacolor film cartons, packets of Players cigarettes, empty bags of Golden Wonder Crisps with that Smokey Bacon Flavour. Outside the cemetery gates two police NO WAITING signs have been flattened by cars rolling over them.

In the cemetery itself, at the top of the steep slope above the older graves, 81 children lie in two rows where they were buried the Thursday after, in the sight of God and in the face of those tips. Altogether 85 families were bereaved, and many chose to bury their children elsewhere, but on a hot Sunday afternoon, in half an hour, I saw 313 people walk the length of the graves reading the inscriptions, mostly simple and hand-lettered on wooden crosses, to Susan, to Clive and Philip (who were brothers), Antony and Timmy and so many others. All the graves are heaped with flowers. Several have little ceramic representations of prayer books, open at the Lord's Prayer. Again, dominating everything are the tips, with the yellow bulldozers at work on them, making them safe for certain, but too late. The parents have just started to make a memorial among the graves, where visitors can rest, and on the north side they will plant tall trees to screen the tips.

"No," said Mr. Arthur Goldsworthy, "we don't mind the tourists. This was worldwide, more than just the village, wasn't it? I mean, we did mind picnicking on the school site, but not going to the cemetery. We're grateful. It's a pilgrimage." Mr. Goldsworthy is a retired schoolmaster. His wife Gwenda has also taught, and both knew most of the children who died. They lost their own son Richard. Mr. Goldsworthy is a member of the management committee of the disaster fund, as his wife is of the Bereaved Mothers' Association.

These are only two of many groups that have sprung up. First there was the Ratepayers' Association, then the Parents' and Residents' Association, then the Disaster Fund committee, then the Bereaved Mothers—who met every Tuesday, and later thought it might be better to call themselves the Tuesday Night Club—then the Bereaved Fathers' Association, and even an association of mothers whose children escaped, which called itself the Surviving Mothers' Association. There are also the workingmen's clubs and the pubs. But of all these groups it is the fund committee, the bereaved mothers, and the parents and residents who have come to have the largest voice. Mr. Goldsworthy is eager to explain what has happened to the fund so far. It was registered as a charity, and a committee of 15 was created to manage it, of whom 5 were elected from Aberfan and 10 appointed—a bishop, the member of parliament, the judge of Quarter Sessions, the lord lieutenant of Glamorgan, and other notables.

Why then has there been so much trouble?

"Well," said Mr. Goldsworthy, "has there been all that much? That much dissension?"

"Look," said his wife, "it's the same as the Pied Piper. You know, The Piper of Hamelin. The people lost their children, so they attacked the mayor and corporation. Here it's been shock, sadness, belligerence, revenge. Blame the Coal Board, blame the mayor."

But does she blame anyone? She shook her head. "The naming of names in the report appalled me." The report she meant is that of the government tribunal of inquiry. It was published on August 3, said the disaster could and should have been prevented, found that the Coal Board had since 1958 been tipping waste over a spring which it should have known to be dangerous, and that there had

Mr. and Mrs. David Richards visit the grave of their daughter Lorrain, 10 years old when she died. Behind them are two remaining slag heaps like the one that fell.

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been previous slides. Many witnesses, said the report, had not seen what lay before their eyes. It had not entered their consciousness: "They were like moles being asked about the habits of birds." The tribunal chairman, Lord Justice Edmund Davies, said that in truth there were no villains, but his report, which in its tone of indignation recalls the great Royal Commission inquiries into child labor during the 1840's, did censure nine men. "No," said Mrs. Goldsworthy; "no naming of names. A man who worked on that tip, I met him in church this morning. I couldn't call him a murderer? It's too late to be bitter. That way madness lies. And nine out of ten of us are on drugs."

For a long time, while his wife talked, Mr. Goldsworthy had been silent. He is a shaken man, and prefers to talk of tangible things, of figures. From the fund, he said, each bereaved parent received $980, but this was the same whether one or two children of the family died. Each of the 38 families made homeless got $5,600. Other householders were compensated for damage. Each surviving child received $560. Children and adults, more than 150 of them, had been sent on holiday to Italy, Greece, Belgium—anything to divert them, to get their minds off those tips. That leaves a lot, about $4,340,000, invested to produce $5,600 interest a month, and this residue is to be used for the general good of Aberfan, for a community center, for anything to make it a better place to live.

Had the Goldsworthys never wanted to leave?

"The first thought," said Mrs. Goldsworthy, "yes, the first, was, let's get out."

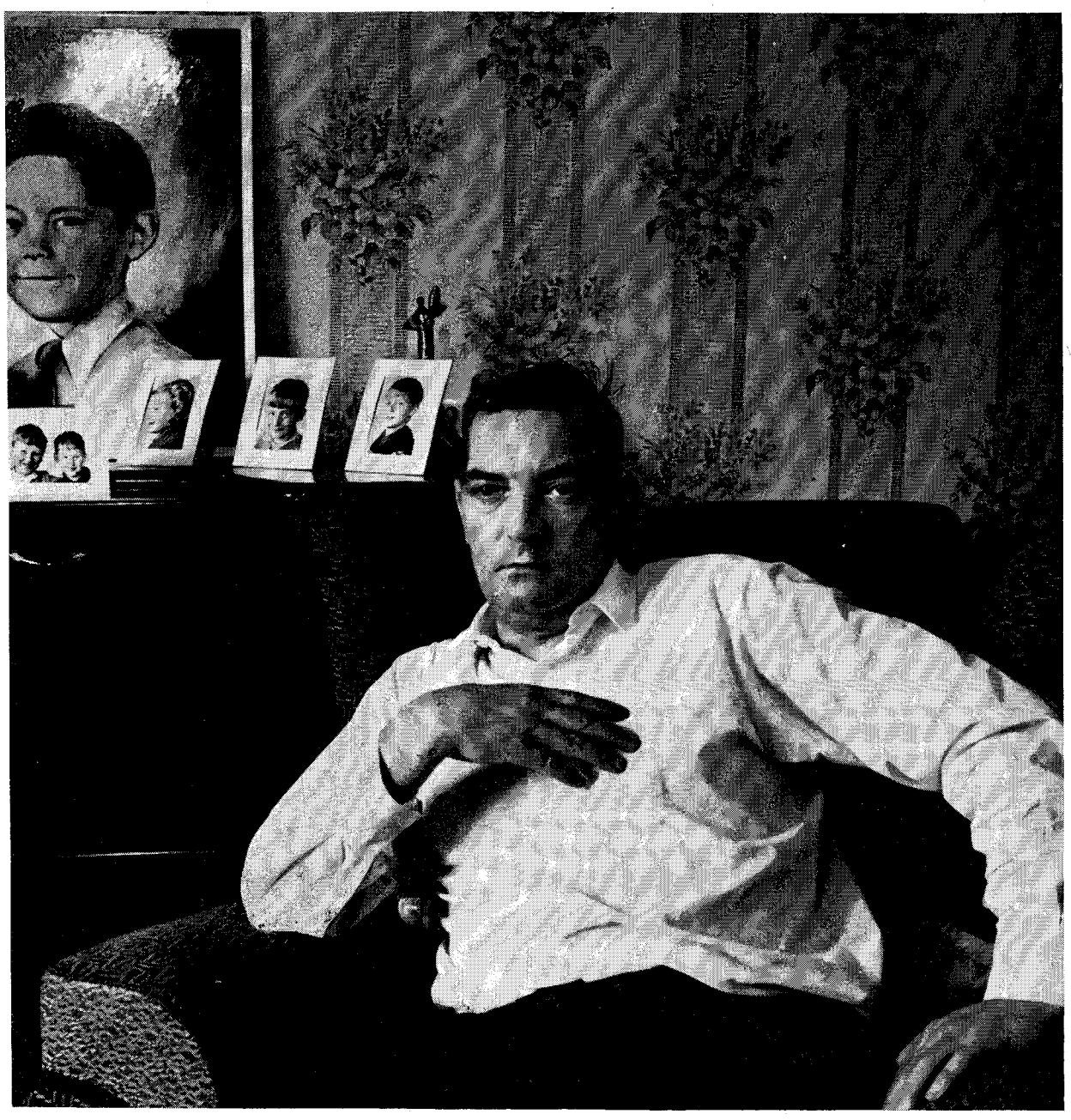
"But some," said her husband, "feel tied because of the cemetery, feel they would be leaving the children behind them."

A reporter going to Aberfan is diffident. Can he in decency intrude on the grief of these people? Will they want to talk about the disaster and what has followed? And yet, the truth is they want to talk of little else, and must, and do this with no indelicacy on their part. And so, in their front room, Mr. and Mrs. Goldsworthy spoke with propriety and dignity of what they saw that day. Their son Richard, who was 10, was unmarked when he was brought out. "And clean," said Mr. Goldsworthy. "I was very lucky. When I feel down, I think of others." Of the others, perhaps, who identified their daughters by the stitching on the hem of a dress. "The men," said Mrs. Goldsworthy, "never told their wives."

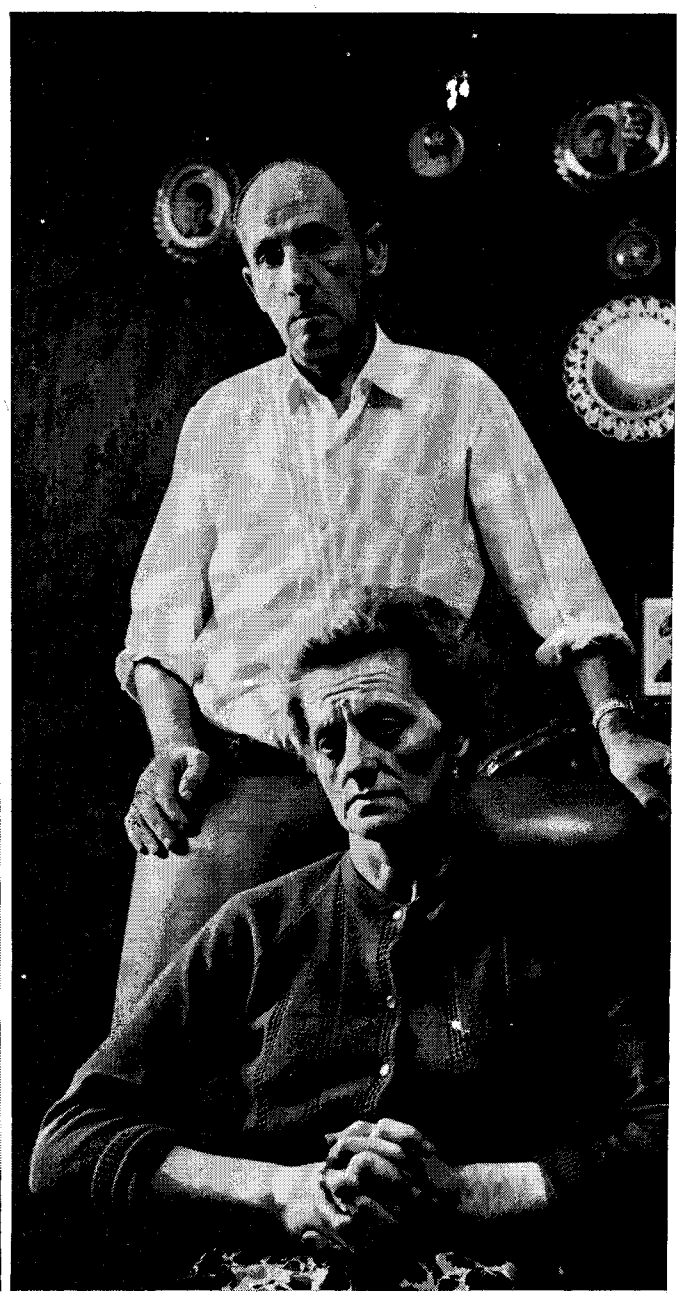
And then she burst out, as far as Mrs. Goldsworthy can be said to burst out, because she is a quiet and rational woman, "Some say it's greed, greed in those who want the whole fund to be distributed among the bereaved. I don't want that, but I can understand. It's not grabbing. They don't mean it grabbing. No one would have sent in money for buildings, no one ever does. There'd be no fund, if the children had not died."

Chris Sullivan, an electrician, and his wife Olive, when I saw them, had come back only the day before from San Remo, Italy, with a party of 12 parents and 6 children. They had returned to Aberfan afraid. "You're from outside," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and you've got no idea. The people in Merthyr four miles away have no idea. No one has any idea, no conception, of our fear of those tips. Wherever you are your eyes go toward them." "It was hurtful," her husband said, "to see those tips, coming home yesterday. There's fear in them, lad." Avis Elizabeth was their only child. She was nine when she died. From San Remo they brought back a doll. They both try to do without sleeping pills, going without them as long as they can before going back to the doctor. They feel they cannot move from the village. "Our little girl loved music," said Mrs. Sullivan, turning to point to the piano against the parlor wall. "That was her corner. We'd never find a corner like that again."

Mr. Sullivan has become the spokesman for the Parents' and Residents' Association, and he expressed the resentment, which is general among the bereaved parents, at rumors that the children who escaped with their lives that morning were now afraid of parents whose children died. A London newspaper carried this story, and when he



Brooding beneath an oil portrait of his son Timmy and pictures of Timmy's dead friends, miner Fred Gray reveals the bitterness of his loss: "He was bloody murdered."



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilkshire, whose son and grandson died in the slide, are worn by the wrangling about the disaster fund. "Can you give the money back?" he asks.

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spoke of it Mr. Sullivan was more angry than anyone else I saw in Aberfan. There have been two anonymous letters to one mother, Mrs. Nancy Palmer, threatening to push her son Steven under a bus. On the morning of the disaster she took him to the doctor. He was away when the tip slid, and he was the only one in his class to survive. But apart from these two letters there has been nothing. The village cherishes the children who remain. A whole generation was lost, and the children in the streets are almost all under 5 or over 10.

As Mrs. Sullivan said, "Everybody knows everybody in Aberfan. There's so much intermarriage. We knew all the children. They came to this house, almost lived in here. And it wasn't like a death on the road or a drowning. When they were brought out you had to find your own, go and look at them all, and you'd known them all their lives, almost like your own. We lost five girls in this row. We don't mourn only for our own child."

One of the Sullivans' sorrows, as it is the sorrow of many, is that, as they see it, the Coal Board never even said sorry; that until the end of the inquiry it did not even concede responsibility; and that it has just sent round checks of £500 for each dead child. It's the way this was done that hurts.

"I haven't signed for my five hundred pounds," said Mrs. Sullivan. "They can keep it."

"Cold," said her husband, "cold; coal and calculating."

The Grays are near neighbors. Their bitterness is deeper. Their son Trevor Timothy died. He was nine. In the cemetery his is the wooden cross handlettered TIMMY. In the Grays' front room his is not the only photograph on the sideboard. There are seven others, all of his friends—Paul, Marilyn, Clive and Philip, the brothers, Norma, Keith and Antony. The Grays, too, have a portrait in oils of their son. They also have a letter from Morgan, Bruce and Nicholas, solicitors of Cardiff, writing on behalf of the National Coal Board "in the estate of Trevor Timothy Gray, deceased." With this letter is a check for £500, and a statement which Mr. Gray is asked to sign. The statement reads: "I accept this sum in full settlement of any claim I may have against the National Coal Board under the Law Reform (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act 1934, other than in respect of funeral expenses relating to the deceased."

They will not sign, or cash that check. Mr. Gray: "That five hundred pounds belongs to him; it's not for me to cash." Mrs. Gray: "He died for it. If we cashed it, it would be selling him up the river. No, there is no value, no money."

In the park, which is a scrubby patch with a view of the colliery winding gear, I met a distracted woman who walked with me and just said, and said again and again, how quiet the village was now all the children had gone. And there are others, a few people who keep to their houses, and do not go out, and say nothing. But apart from these, the Grays were the most shattered I saw.

"He was bloody murdered," said Mr. Gray.

"Our house is ruined," said his wife. "Our gold piece has gone from us."

Mr. Gray is 45. He trembles as he speaks. His wife used to weigh about 200 pounds, and has lost 85 pounds. Mr. Gray was a miner, earning $75.60 a week, a good wage. Since the disaster he says he has not worked a day, and draws a dole of $18.20 a week. In the first week of August he spent $14.70 to obtain a High Court writ demanding that the fund moneys should be paid into an independent bank and be audited.

The Grays believe the fund was intended for the bereaved alone. "They are envious. They don't want us to have this money. Children who weren't touched are going on holiday. Ruining the children of Aberfan, putting them on a pedestal." And yet the bereaved, many of them, will not ask for

'If you buy a coat, they think you've got your child on your back.'

proper compensation which the fund would give them, because they are too proud to ask for what they think should be freely given, and above all because they fear to take money lest the villagers whisper that they think more of the money than of their dead children. I believe this fear is baseless. There may be such people, but I met not one unbereaved parent who grudged the bereaved a penny: What matters, though, is that the bereaved, in their distress, think there is this envy In the meantime the Grays hoard their bitterness, refuse to accept the Board's £500, and still keep, in the space under their stairs, Timmy's pedal car.

Walter Heaman lives at the other end of the village and works in an insurance office. The first meetings of the Bereaved Fathers' Association were held in his front room. Then it was something to keep their minds off the cemetery, but now the meetings have fallen off. He wants to move away, but his house, which was undamaged, would now fetch only $1,000–$1,500, whereas before last October it was worth $5,000–$6,000. No one now wants to come to Aberfan. Around the room are photographs of his Pamela, who was 10, and of her friends Janet, June and Antony. He also has a portrait in oils of his daughter. It was painted, like all the others, by William Richardson, a grocer and amateur artist from Penrhyn Bay, North Wales. He has already done 51 and hopes to complete the rest by Christmas, when they may all go on display in Cardiff. The parents pressed money on him, but he refused all payment. On Mr. Heaman's mantelpiece is a card, with this verse:

I was only a little flower,
A little Lily of the Valley:
I gave in abundance my sweet perfume,
I was only a little flower,
And Jesus is my gardener now and evermore.

Long before the tip slid, Aberfan cursed the colliery. Harry Wilkshire suffered damage, as many others did, when his house was flooded by water from the mountain and the tips—flooding which the disaster tribunal was later to call scandalous. He says he never received a halfpenny compensation for this. Now he does want a substantial share of the disaster fund. His house still stands, but his son, who was eight, died under the school. "Joseph was my son, see, and Roger Summers was my grandson." Mr. Wilkshire went to London, to 10 Downing Street to see the Prime Minister, and saw a secretary. He says, as so many others say, that the fund is for the children: "Lad, lad, there'd be no fund if those poor little souls weren't up there in the cemetery." Now he is 50 and feels 90, he has ulcers, works only occasionally, and is tired of fighting. If the parents cannot have the money, then, he says, "Give it to cancer research. Give it to starving children. I don't know. I don't know. Can you give it back?"

However distraught they are in themselves, the people of Aberfan have compassion for those who in any way had to do with the colliery or the tip. Not for the Coal Board, which they detest, but for the men. For Lord Robens, chairman of the Coal Board, who could have known nothing of the tip though it was his nominal responsibility, they have little but sympathy. He offered his resignation in terms of great dignity. It was declined. And in one day, of 306 letters he received, 300 asked him to stay. He acted, or failed to act, as everyone acted or failed to act, and as everyone in the village now acts, in good faith. There were no villains, and there are none.

Aberfan is a village of churches. Apart from the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches there are 10 denominational churches, three of them holding services in Welsh. Outside the Zion English Baptist Church is a poster bearing the words: LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, BELIEVE IN GOD. At morning service the congregation sang with zest. The visiting preacher, in his resounding address, spoke of Alexander the Great who, embarking on one of his campaigns, gave away all he possessed, and when he was asked why he did this, said that material things were nothing and that he kept all he needed, which was his hope. "You, too, in this village," said the preacher, "have kept your hope, or you would not be here in Aberfan, or here this morning." In a church which would seat perhaps 500, the congregation numbered 27.

Has this disaster, then, destroyed the faith of the villagers? The Anglican vicar, the Rev. T. Wilfred Jones, is certain it has not. Those who have come to him with doubts were always doubters. Some, says Mr. Jones, are firmer than before, knowing that this was not the will of God. The Rev. Irving Penberthy, Methodist minister, agrees. He is a young man who has won the respect of the village by organizing a two-week holiday camp for children in the Grove Field, which used to be the school playing field. It was he who found the children playing ghosts. Standing by the marquees in this field, he said that the faith of some had been broadened, the faith of none shattered. As for the children, some now feared the dark, his own daughter now liked to sleep with the light on, and many children did not go to bed until their parents did.

But did no parent, not one, say to hell with it?

Mr. Penberthy's answer was direct. If he would not speak for others, he would for himself. "Almost said it myself. There were eighteen children from my Sunday school, good singers, and we were making a film. And I tried to comfort the parents, but we held hands, we cried. It was only three or four days later that I began to pray again."

In Aberfan Road, the main road of the village, stands Bethania chapel, 1885. There the children were taken as they were dug out, and laid on the seats for the fathers to identify. Some fathers waited three days and nights. Next door is Barbara's Boutique, and in the window are school uniforms for the new term just beginning. Opposite is the Aberfan Hotel, a pub where the fathers now meet and drink. There, on a Tuesday night, was Cliff Minnett, who lost a son and a daughter. He owns the field above the cemetery, and in it he put up a sign saying, WHERE IS ABERFAN'S MONEY? Someone took it down; he is going to put it back. Drinking with him was Fred Gray, explaining why the protest march he had organized for the Saturday before had fizzled out. Dyfed ap Coslett, a commander in the self-styled Free Wales Army, had turned up with six of his soldiers, one with a Free Wales flag, to lead a parents' march through the streets of Merthyr Tydfil. As they listened to his story, Mr. Gray's friends said little. The Free Wales Army is very much a fringe of a separatist fringe, and they do not care to march with it.

The march was forgotten, and then Mr. Gray said, "Night after night after night the wife tells me it's my fault we didn't move from the village when we said we would, the year before all this. She blames me." In the pub no one said a word.

The next day Mr. Gray was going to Merthyr Tydfil to see the disaster fund's secretary. This was known, and after a bit, from all over the room, men came to say they were with him in this. Most had lost no children, and most of them suffered no damage, but they believe the money, for what money is worth, should go to the bereaved.

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In the large back room of the pub, by themselves, the mothers were meeting. This is their Tuesday-night club. After they had been meeting for an hour, they sent word out front to ask if I would like to join them. At first they chatted, but then the torrent broke.

Mrs. Jess Meredith: "No one else should have anything."

Mrs. Beryl Williams: "One family put in a claim for their distress in watching it from Merthyr Vale."

Mrs. Jean Gough: "If you had one killed you get three hundred and fifty pounds from the fund. If it's two, still three hundred and fifty pounds. But if you had one who got out unscratched, if he was on the school roll and wasn't even there that morning, you get two hundred pounds. They say money won't bring them back. I tell them not having it won't bring them back either."

And then others talked all together:

"Someone claimed for a bucket and brush."

"They say, is your husband buying a car with the compensation?"

"If you buy a new coat, you're afraid to wear it; they think you've got your child on your back."

"Someone said how much his cat suffered and claimed for that."

"There's some having foreign holidays who never left the valley before."

Then Mrs. Jean Gough, who lost two children, read aloud a petition to be presented to the management committee of the disaster fund.

"Sirs, while you are meeting once a month to deliberate which way the Aberfan Disaster Fund should be apportioned, what building or statue you would like erected here in Aberfan, perhaps it would not be a bad idea if you were to lift your eyes from the trust deed to take a look at what really is happening in Aberfan. . . . Myself a mother who sent three children to school that fateful morning and never saw two of them again, have been told on more than one occasion, that the disaster fund was not set up for the likes of me to get rich on the backs of my two dead children. You are solely in charge, gentlemen, and I think that the terms of the deed 'for the relief of all persons who have suffered as a result of the disaster last October' should be carried out in pounds, shillings, and pence to the tune of £5,000 for each person who died. Surely the two thirds of the fund which would be left could [then] be quarreled over. . . . You have years to think and ponder over what to do with the money, but for us there is no time like the present. If we want to leave, and many of us do, don't let us have to ask for money from you, give it, and you will receive the thanks of us who are still suffering. This is a story to which there is no happy ending, indeed for many of us all happiness ended last October."

This was acclaimed by the meeting, signed by Mrs. Gough, and then, on a sheet of paper handed round, everyone present signed her name. (Last month the administrators of the fund announced that the parents of each child who died would receive £5,000. Within a week, parents of surviving children had asked for similar compensation.)

The secretary-treasurer of the disaster fund is Gerald Davis. His is a difficult job, which, through no fault of his own, everything about him conspires to make more difficult. His offices are in one of the few new buildings in Merthyr Tydfil. There are carpets on the floor. He dresses well. The villagers consider his salary of $8,400 a year to be too much. He is a barrister, and a former member of the British colonial service in Kenya and other African colonies. In spite of his Welsh name, he is English. Worse still, his speech is so English as to irritate a Welshman. All this does not help. He answered my questions directly, said the fund might take 10 years to wind up, or with luck, 5; remarked, not unkindly, that money does terrible things to people, and then said that the fund, in a way, was a bit of a menace.

Outside in the corridor four residents of Aberfan waited to see him, resenting having to wait, coming to demand what they see to be theirs as their right, but which Mr. Davis, who is the servant of his management committee, and moreover bound by the complex law of charitable trusts, might not be able to give them. Occasionally he has had to send applicants to the Ministry of Social Security, which is the new and softer name for what used to be the National Assistance Board: To the people of Aberfan that is charity, that is the dole, and the dole means the 1930's, which in South Wales are not forgotten, nor ever can be.

In the '30's the valley was destitute. It is still poor today. Even before the disaster of last October one third of the village was derelict. Whole rows of houses are boarded up and cracked. The Anglican church, built in 1926, is condemned because its back is broken in two places from settling caused by mining. Few houses are painted. True, now there are cars and television sets, and it would be a gross untruth to suggest anyone was ill-nourished or ill-clothed, but there is not that ease of life so general in England nowadays. If you hint at this comparative poverty, the people are surprised. "No," said a man in a pub, "see this collar, see this suit I'm wearing? Not my father, he couldn't have." And into this history of poverty, and in such a cruel way, came $4,900,000. People who never had £20 before—£20, that is, really to spare—now have what they deeply feel to be a rightful claim to thousands. It has cut deep: Aberfan is not used to being rich.

And Aberfan is no place to live. Not any more. Even for a visitor who has suffered nothing, it is no place to stay. It leaves the smell of coal dust in your hair. The great good in it is the universal courage of its people. But it leaves also the memory of the young, sober medical officer, Dr. Robert Williams, saying after an hour of quiet talk, "Oh, this is a picture of human frailty. We are pigs, the way we heap muck on our mountains." And of Fred Gray: "On a Friday morning the women are hopeless. It was a Friday, see? They watch the clock, for quarter past nine." And of Mrs. Goldsworthy: "We've had the first Christmas. That was tough. Now there's the school uniforms in the shops and the new school year." And of Mr. Goldsworthy: "We've got a birthday tomorrow. Richard would have been eleven. And then there's the anniversary, October 21. I'm not looking forward to Aberfan that day." And of the children in the valley of the Taff, in the Grove Field, gathering in a corner and playing ghosts: "The children of the tip, sir." □

This rubble-strewn field, the moraine of Tip No. 7's lethal advance, provides a mock battlefield for village children. Few are left to play here, where the school stood.

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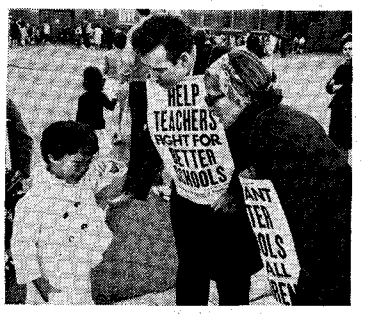
Editorial



Down the up staircase

There is a deep irony in the spectacle that we have witnessed in Illinois, Kentucky, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, New York and Michigan as the day for opening school dawned on school boards and teachers far too busy quarreling, suing and picketing to be bothered with keeping school.

In Paducah, Ky., the school board refused to raise beginning-teachers' pay from $98 to $103 a week. The teachers also objected to the top salary—$133 a week for a teacher with a master's degree and 12 years' teaching experience. So they walked out, and a week of school was lost before both sides agreed to submit to arbitration. Our schools face their greatest challenges, their gravest problems and their biggest opportunities; now all this must be postponed until we decide whether teachers shall be paid a decent wage.

The struggle has caused some serious problems to deteriorate even further. Some militant Negroes accused striking teachers of racism for refusing to teach their children. Parents of high-school seniors became angry because closed schools might prevent their children from being eligible for college. And bitterness has formed between the teachers who struck and the teachers who taught.

All this is bad enough. But by forcing the teachers to build strong, militant unions capable of wringing decent pay from reluctant taxpayers, we probably have forfeited much of our capacity to deal adequately with the challenges, problems and opportunities when we *do* get around to them. Once the unions have got satisfactory wage levels, their next objective will be a decisive role in school policy. This is already true in New York City, and there are murmurs of it elsewhere.

Wages are the beginning, of course and, in most places, the principal issue. It is the rankest kind of stupidity in a time of intense teacher shortage to expect teachers to work for garbage collectors' wages. With a flourishing economy, and its sharp competition for brains and talent, we are lucky to have as many fine, dedicated teachers as we have. Of course they have formed unions. Of course they want higher wages. *They're* not stupid.

It is perfectly true that tax rates are high, and that there is a growing resistance to rising school budgets. It is true that central-city tax sources are dwindling as the middle classes depart to be replaced by low-income groups. But it is also true that we are a nation that plans to put citizens on the moon in the near future, and it is nonsense to maintain that we cannot afford good education.

And what is going on while we wage our doomed war on underpaid teachers?

There is more racial segregation in the nation's schools today than there was when the Supreme Court outlawed public-school segregation in 1954, as Stewart Alsop notes on page 47. No week passes without another anguished cry that the ghetto children are being condemned to illiteracy, ignorance and poverty because we won't provide the requisite facilities and personnel to teach them. Many of these children cannot read; one fourth of all 18-year-old boys fail the Armed Forces Qualification Test of educational attainment; 67 percent of 18-year-old Negro boys fail. And it's not just the ghetto schools. The "good" schools spoon-feed pap—long on patriotism and lacking in perception—to children who must one day vie in a world that brandishes H-bombs.

There are deep, ugly problems that we have not even begun to face, and there are opportunities that we have not even begun to seize. We need merit systems to reward and encourage exceptional, gifted teachers who can step out of bureaucratic ruts and make creative use of the increasingly complex tools and resources for space-age education. But our teacher is a union man now, and unions, with sound reasons of self-interest, do not like merit systems.

The New York City school system—largest in a state that has resorted to a lottery to raise funds for education (and not very successfully)—provides abundant examples of everything that is wrong with the schools, as well as of what is right. This year its teachers brought educational-policy questions to the bargaining table along with their wage demands, pressing for smaller classes and intensive instruction, and for the right of teachers to remove disruptive children from their classrooms.

And who could be surprised? When teachers have organized strong unions and won adequate pay, is it reasonable to expect them to endure distended classes, shoddy curricula, poor equipment, dead-handed policies? It is not, and they won't.

The point is that children are required by law to attend school, and we have school boards elected or appointed to set school policy. The teachers who execute that policy must have an important role in it; they have a right to be heard, and a duty to speak. But policy has no place on the bargaining table; it is, ultimately, the province of the people—the people who are voting down school budgets and tolerating decay in central-city schools.

We are paying a great deal for our failures. We have been diverted from the matters that ought to be concerning us; we have forced the creation of militant, lockstep unionism when increasingly we need independent, individualistic teachers who can lift the laggard and lead the quick; and as a people we have lost the initiative in running our own public education.

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